June 19, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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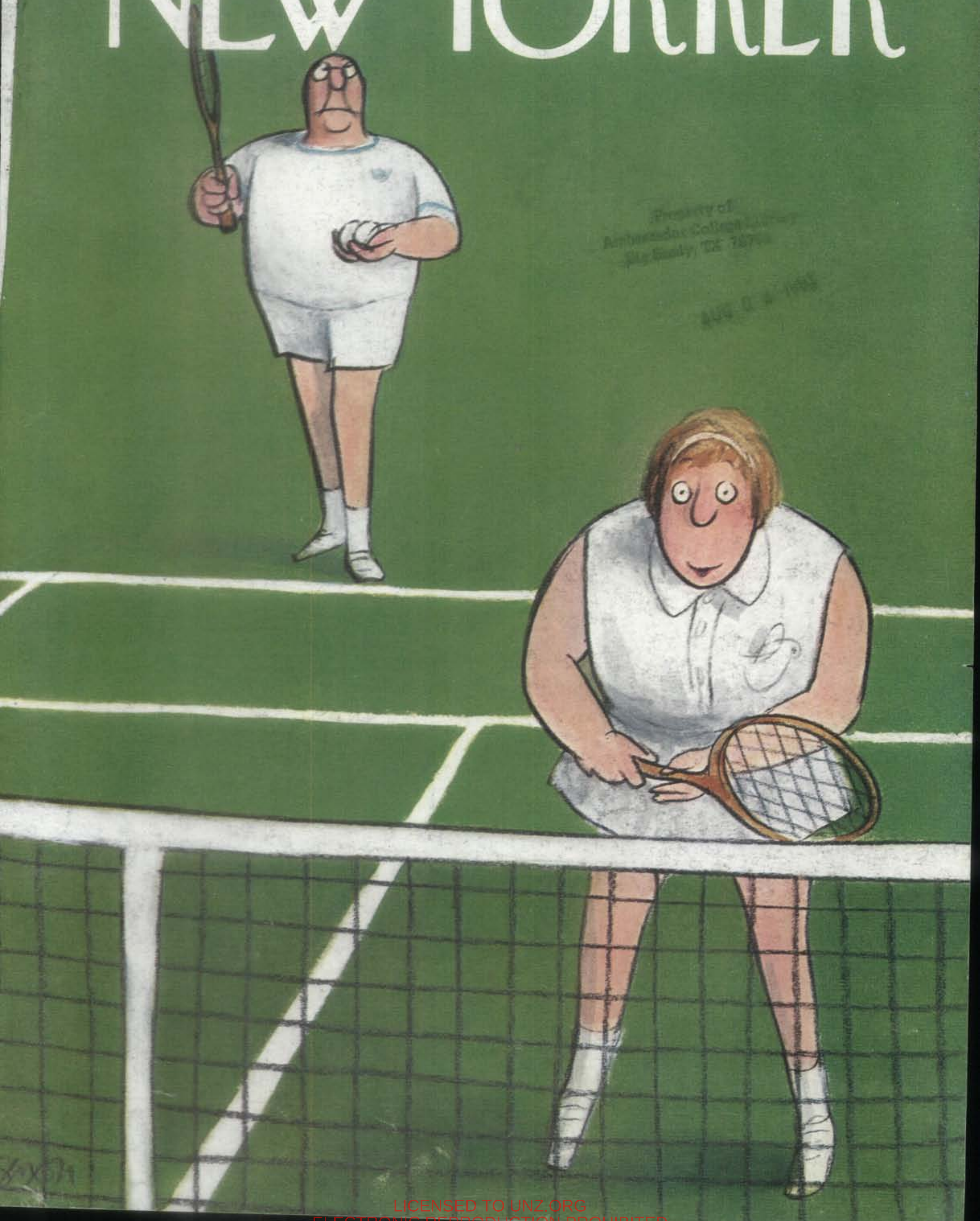

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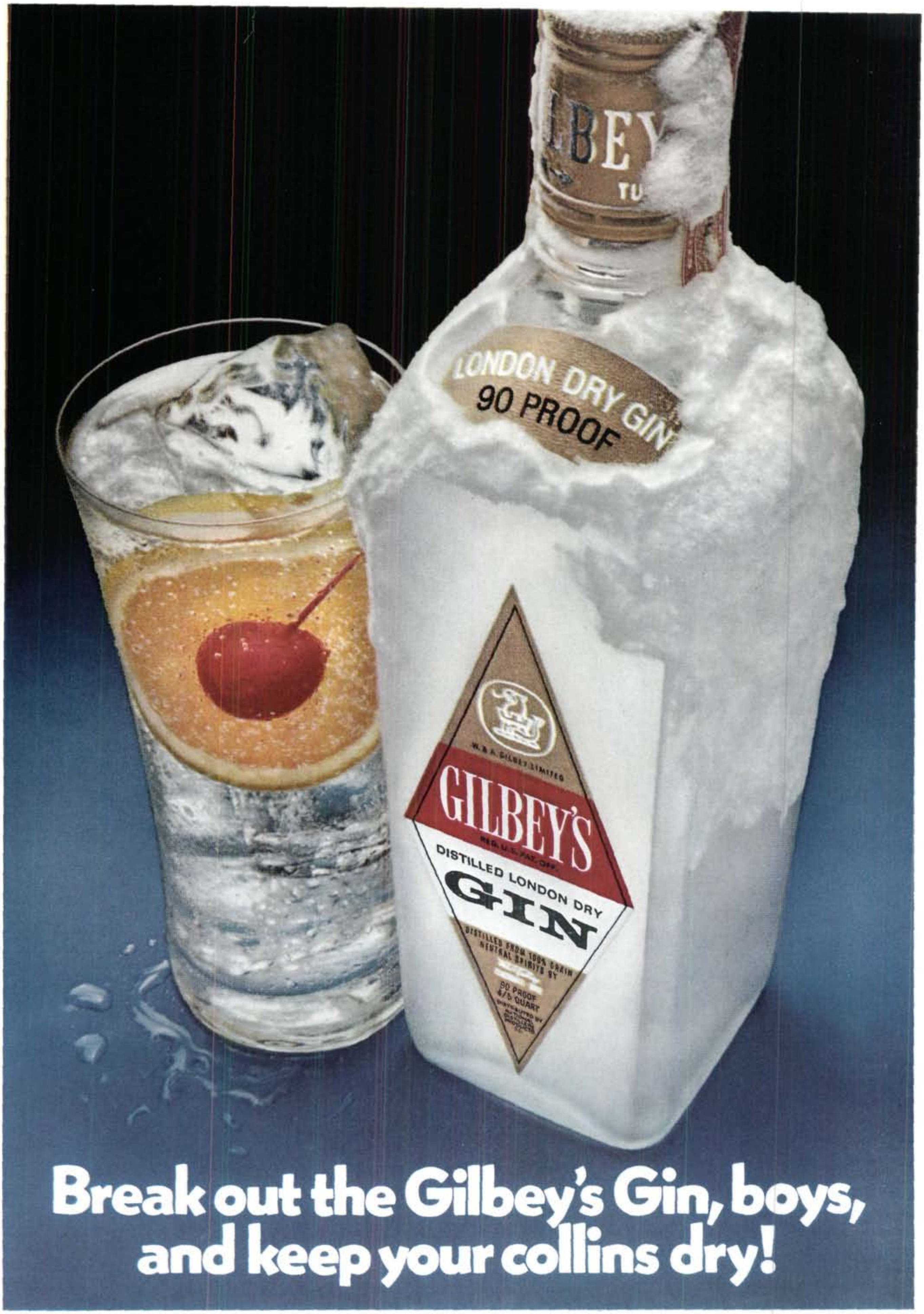
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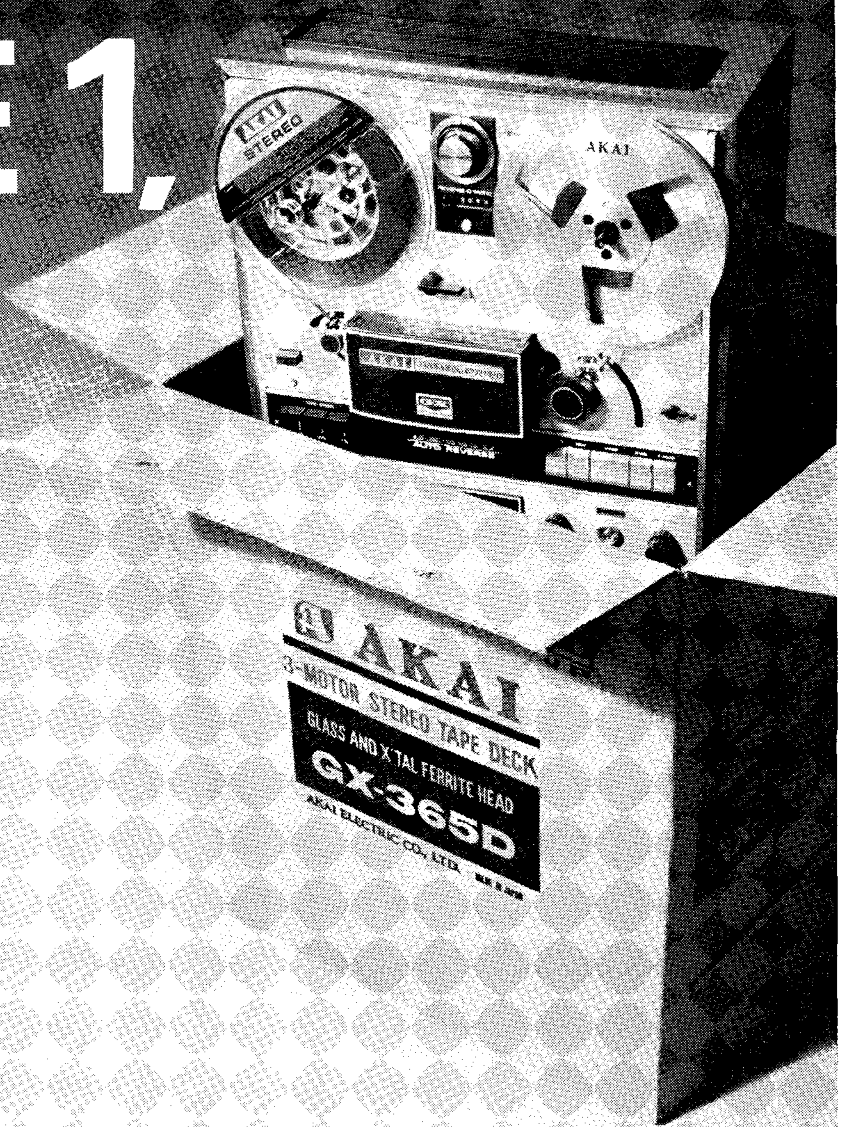

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This first play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—A play by J. E. Franklin. Opens Wednesday, June 16. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Charlie Was Here . . . and Now He's Gone—A sleazy melodrama about a heroin addict who is driven to murder by a sinister pusher. The acting—by Joe Morton as the addict, Rosalind Cash as his devoted girl, and Robert Guillaume as the pusher—is exceptionally good. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dance wi' Me; or, The Fatal Twitch—A complex, highly disciplined comic exercise, which originated at La Mama and was written by Greg Antonacci. Mr. Antonacci also plays the leading role—a clownish young man who retreats from the jangled nineteen-seventies into fantasies of the nineteen-fifties. Parts of the show are very funny, and parts are just as tiresome. Obscenities abound. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreary domestic comedy, written in English in England and now translated into coarse and unfunny American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sophocles' **ANTIGONE:** A conscientious attempt to do justice to a very great play. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—**THE METAMORPHOSES:** Ovid is well served by a company of handsome young people who know how to turn his wit into play. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE:** In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Wednesday, June 16, and Monday through Saturday, June 21-26. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées

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DRAWINGS: *Robert Day, Robert Weber, Ed Fisher, Kenneth Mahood, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman, James Stevenson, William O'Brian, Donald Reilly, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Herbert Goldberg, Alan Dunn, Chon Day, Lee Lorenz, Henry Martin*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE: Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. Dom DeLuise as a middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Cathryn Damon, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

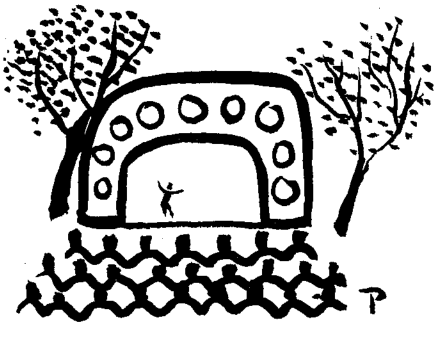
No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Long Runs—APPLAUSE: Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** He walked on, waiting to *be spoken to, trailing his ashplant by his side.* (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Its ferrule followed lightly on the path, squealing at his heels. My familiar, after me, calling Steeeeeeeeeephen. (Sullivan Street *Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St.* 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** A wavering line along the path. They will walk on it tonight, coming here in the dark. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** She was a benevolent, charitable, good woman, and capable of strong attachments, most correct in her conduct, strict in her notions of decorum, and with manners that were held a standard of good breeding. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** She had a cultivated mind, and was, generally speaking, rational and consistent; but she had prejudices on the side of ancestry; she had a value for rank and consequence, which blinded her a little to the faults of those who possessed them. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Herself the widow of only a knight, she gave the dignity of a baronet all its due; and Sir Walter, independent of his claims as an old acquaintance, an attentive neighbour, an obliging landlord, the husband of her very dear friend, the father of Anne and her sisters, was, as being Sir Walter, in her apprehension entitled to a great deal of compassion and consideration under his present difficulties. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 16, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: "PAMTGG" (première) and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "PAMTGG," "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Agon," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: "PAMTGG," "In the Night," and "Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 1: "Serenade," "Tarantella," "Four Last Songs," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "PAMTGG," and "Suite No. 3.". . . **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM:** Wednesday through Friday, June 23-25, at 8; Saturday, June 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 27, at 1 and 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and such. Starts Thursday, June 24, and will run through Sunday, July 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

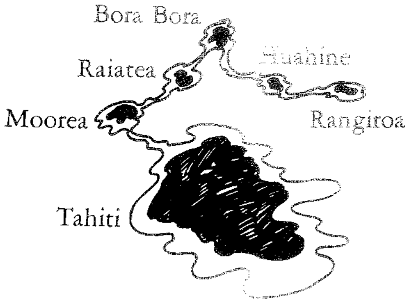
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk singer Tom Paxton begins Thursday, June 17, in this uncomfortable den. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Wednesday, June 16.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The current bandwagon contains a mixture of jazz and soul food, and this new spot makes pretty good use of both. On Wednesday, June 16, and again Thursday through Sunday, June 24-27, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will perform. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20, guitarist Attila Zoller will lead a duo, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 22-23, Hal Waters will be at the piano. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Even-tempered jazz from ten to two, usually on electric piano and bass. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, who holds that jazz is one of the communicative arts, is at her piano; alongside it stands her bass man, Jay Leonhart. Eight until one is their stint. Sundays, though, are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, who well remembers boogie-woogie because he was there at the time. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—A new-old coffeehouse that opened recently at the site of the extinct Café au Go Go. The brick walls and the wooden benches remain, and cider is still the strongest drink. Seals & Crofts, who put out an easygoing kind of music, will be here through Friday, June 18, and ace keyboard man Al Kooper will be present Friday through Monday, June 18-21. Also on the bill, through Monday, June 21, will be singer-songwriter Shawn Phillips. On Wednesday, June 23, Dick Gregory, complete with scathing wit, will come in to rap a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bit. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is apotheosized five nights a week. Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will be playing twin instruments through Sunday, June 20. Wednesday through Sunday, June 23-27, Bill Lawrence will work with a bassist. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—That old dependable quartet led by tenor man Zoot Sims and including Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles is making solid mainstream music here. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are coöperating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Monday, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19 and 25-26, Eddie Gale's quartet is on the stand. On Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire is up. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your plastic boater and hoist your beer mug, and maybe you'll think it's 1920 instead of the puzzling present. Or maybe you won't. Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Elvin Jones, leading a quartet, drums the night away until Tuesday, June 22, when pianist McCoy Tyner brings in his rapid-fire quintet. The room is a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. All sorts of medium-to-heavy sounds are being produced. A kind of spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being led by a singing cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Sundays only.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Starting at about nine-thirty, the Lee Konitz quartet entertains every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when the sound is Latin. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, June 20, Rahsaan Roland Kirk blows a number of reed instruments—some of them quite bizarre—while leading his Vibration Society. Thelonious Monk, that master of the understated pianoforte, arrives with his quartet on Tuesday, June 22. Mondays are reserved for the mighty Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, June 20, trombonist Lou McGarity will sit in. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoopla and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—A designer on a Moorish trip must have dreamed this one up, with its series of ornamental arches. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. What is all this? A transmogrified evocation of the late eighteenth century, apparently. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef.

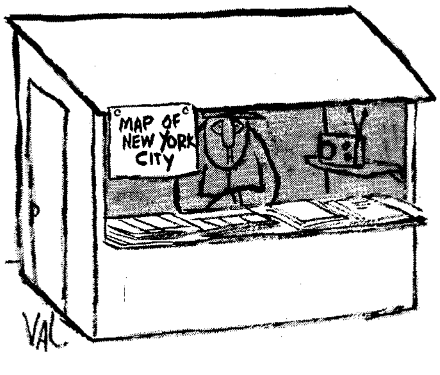
HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only roast beef is served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Good news, for Esther Marrow—who trained with both Ellington and Belafonte—is singing with soul and grace in this ornate restaurant that so often has humdrum entertainers. She captures the audience three times a night. The rest of the time, people dance to an assortment of records. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Hellfire alternates with preserved music until Tuesday, June 22, when Freeway takes over. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The Ol' Man River of discothèques—it just keeps grooving along, but on fewer nights than formerly, the doors being open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations are recommended, despite the doorkeeper's occasional lapses of memory.


MAP OF NEW YORK CITY
VAL

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Down where the Würzburger flows. The Alps in this case are Bavarian; so are the singers, prancers, and musicians, the red cabbage and sauerbraten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The management lays down, years in advance, its selections of flamencan groups, and the one now being unbottled at the Château is called La Zambra. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM,** tiny though it is, further ululation, cavorting, and music (all guitar) occur, only inches from the spectators, from eight to four every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—This is the new Copa, a long, long way from the inside jests of such as Joe E. Lewis, for after nightfall now the voice of Edwin Starr lifts itself in the primitive innocences of soul music, and the incumbent wit, whoever he may be, is new at a game that may already have been lost. The show goes on, regardless, every night. On Thursday, June 24, Phil Flowers, the reformed gospel singer who has gone wholly rhythm-and-blues, replaces the Starr turn. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can, on the other hand, still create the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Not a forest primeval but a forest primavera is **LA FORÊT,** a de-luxe limited edition (only Tuesdays through Saturdays) of a supper club. Phil Wayne's quartet (the most inventive group he has ever put together) is the principal event, and other musicians, arriving as early as eight, help him carry on until two. At two, the chefs go home, and music starts to arrive by coaxial cable. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ,** dance music every night, and (except Sundays and Mondays) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until twelve-thirty is the working night.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—During dinner and supper, Myron Cohen casually eases his way through some of the great anecdotes of our time. He is surrounded by an item designated the Barry Smith Revue, but Cohen is a man who needs no embellishment. Dancing as well, some of it disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Always something new in the old barony, such as—in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** after nine-thirty—the forthright, pungent self-expression of the tandem guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. But life begins as early as five-thirty in the **OAK ROOM,** with a buffet theatre-dinner-and-piano session. Then it proceeds to dinner and supper in both the **MAISONETTE** (more music, most of it for dancing) and **LA BOITE** (more piano). The Oak Room is a seven-day operation; the St. Regis Room is in service every night but Sunday; the Maisonette and La Boite shut down Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—One of the life-enhancing elements of "Purlie" when that musical comedy began its Broadway career was Melba Moore. Singing now, in the middle of dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM,** she gives this vast cavern a much-needed shove toward that same *joie de vivre*. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

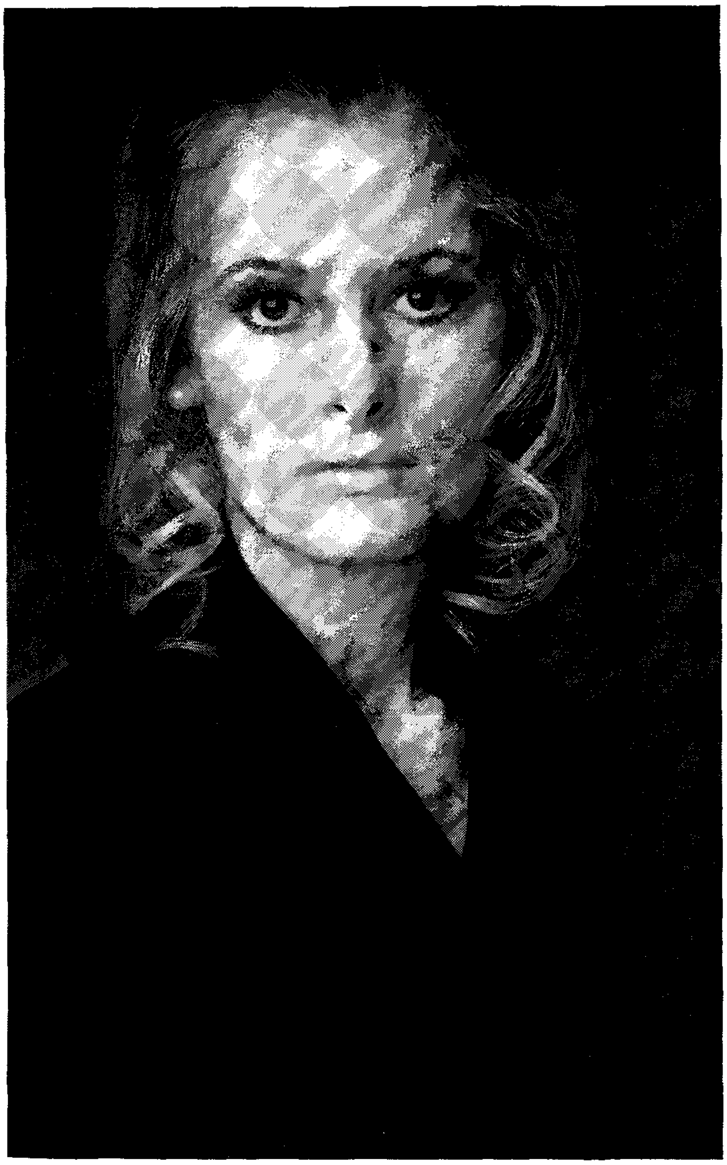
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The life that Bobby Short, who has his piano and his loyal henchmen (Beverly Peer, Dick Sheridan) front and center, sings of is just too good to be true, but it's great to hear about it in his special words and music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Irwin Corey, a Shakespearean tragedian *manqué*, is up to his old tricks of spokesmanship, and some of them (though still funny) are indeed old. He departs on Saturday, June 19; on Monday, June 21, Betty Walker, who has just finished spending the daylight hours on location for "Who Is Harry Kellerman?," will become a nighttime talker. From maybe ten until well after midnight. Music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here: whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way down upon the Jordan River, in a kibbutz sprinkled with perpetual music and song. Avram Grobard is housemaster, Yoel Sharr is the principal tenor, and the oud plucked by George Mgrdichian gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (240-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano, very American-bar-lounge in mood, in one corner from five-thirty until whenever. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): Mixing current Broadway and period-piece Manhattan and making it into a bar-and-grill is a catch-as-catch-can project, but here it is, with Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty until midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano run by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard special-



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you want to be loved
as quiet things are loved,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . CAFÉ RENAISSANCE, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . REMBRANDT ROOM, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Dan Edwards, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays; from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The walking-around musicians have departed the Roman villa after all these years; in their stead is a triad in which voice, piano, guitar, and harp are blended. Closed Sundays. . . . SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . GERALDINE'S, 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): Take a tried-and-true musical ("The Boys from Syracuse," at the moment), sandpaper it down to dining-room size, invest it with a lively young cast, and serve dinner and supper around it, one flight up, in a comfortable old brownstone—this is the venture here. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, plus an eleven-thirty rerun Fridays and Saturdays. . . . MARYMARY, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, whose happy-go-lucky reprises, commencing about ten-thirty, are done for that sort of loyal audience. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): For diners and winers in the EDWARDIAN ROOM, the traditional violin weaves its way through the dining hours every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the PALM COURT, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays and Mondays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Peter Agostini—Heads, horses, and figures in bronze and terra cotta by a veteran New York sculptor known for his work in plaster; through Friday, June 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Moshe Elzaar Castel—Relief paintings by an Israeli artist who uses calligraphy to represent impressions of the Middle East; through Saturday, June 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Couture—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century French artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janet Culbertson and Mal Luber—Silverpoint drawings of a nostalgic Midwest by the former and paintings of machines, real and imaginary, by the latter; through July 2. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in rich color; through Thursday, June 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Louise Nevelson—Welded and painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through Friday, June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Victor Vasarely—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through July 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Andy Warhol—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through Saturday, June 26. It is running concurrently with his show (ending Sunday) at the Whitney Museum. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

David Weinrib—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through Friday, June 25. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the ALONZO, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LA BOETIE, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . BYKERT, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by seven artists, including Benglis, LeWitt, Marden, and Ryman; through Tuesday, June 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . COOPER, 100 Prince St.: A changing selection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Forakis, Ginnever, Grosvenor, Quaytman, and Van Buren; through Friday, June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . DE NAGY, 29 W. 57th St.: Stanley Boxer, David Budd, Robert Goodnough, and Jacqueline Gourevitch are four of the gallery artists represented in a showing of paintings; through July 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Eight oils by leading twentieth-century Americans, also drawings by gallery artists; through Friday, June 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . DWAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, who include Andre, De Maria, Flavin, and Smithson; through Friday, June 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . FEIGEN, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by six younger artists; through June 30. . . . FRENCH & CO., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Lieberman, Newman, and Oldenburg, for example; through Wednesday, June 23. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . FRUMKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists and by some out-of-towners not shown previously; through June 30. . . . KENNEDY, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Remington, Russell, and other artists of the West; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . KNOEDLER, 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eight artists never before shown at this gallery; through July 31. . . . LEWISON, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century Americans; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures exhibited by gallery artists during the past season; through Aug. 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . O.K. HARRIS, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by about forty young artists; through Saturday, June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, Youngerman; starting Tuesday, June 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PALEY & LOWE, 59 Wooster St.: Five artists; through Wednesday, June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through Friday, June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: A gallery group of painters and sculptors, among whom are Brandt, Cavallon, Ferren, John Little, Mehring, Crovello, and Kipp; through Saturday, June 19. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 41 E. 57th St.: The first showing in New York of paintings with Optical effects by Richard Cramer and Richard Vaux, and shaped canvases by Stephen Tarantal; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; starting Saturday, June 19. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through July 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol, displayed against a wallpaper-like pattern of gentle cow heads; through Sunday, June 20. A complement to this show is his show at the Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans from the Museum's collection; starting Saturday, June 19. . . . ¶ Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; through July 18. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of work by sixty-six artists, as well as thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1960 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" through July 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

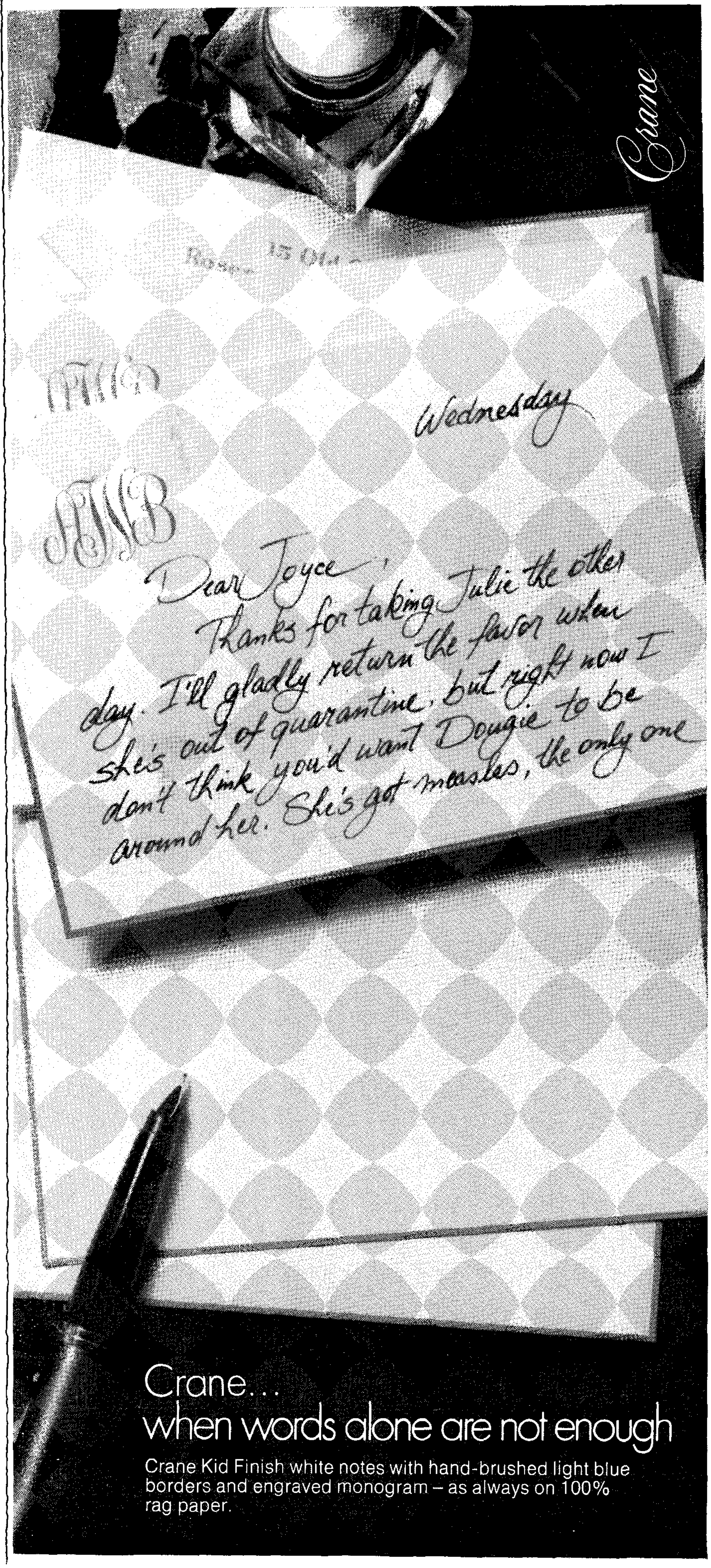
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through July 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

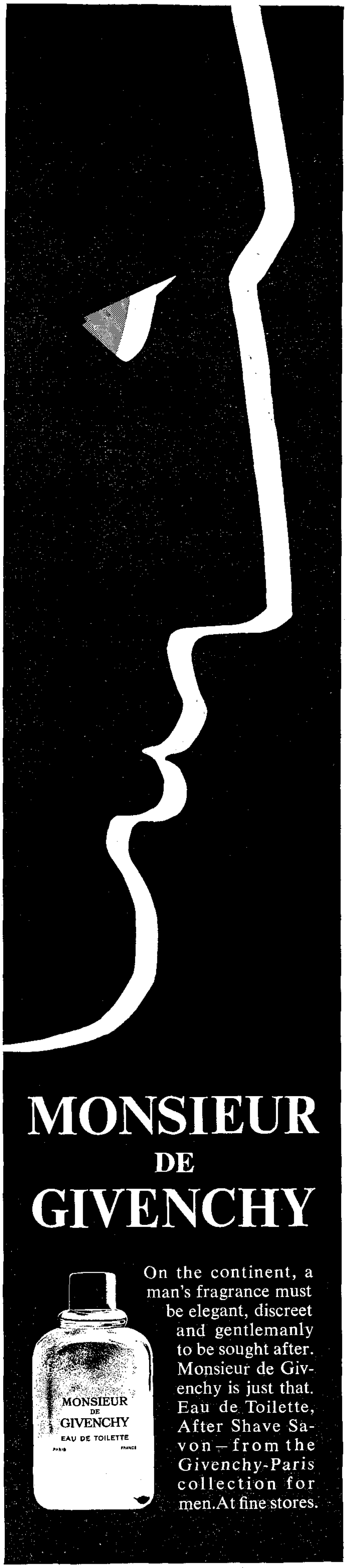
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 70th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century to post-World War II. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elliott C. Carter, Ben Weber, and Loren Eiseley. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Gwathmey, de Rivera, and others. Through Sunday, June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An


Crane
Wednesday
Dear Joyce,
Thanks for taking Julie the other day. I'll gladly return the favor when she's out of quarantine, but right now I don't think you'd want Dougie to be around her. She's got measles, the only one
Crane...
when words alone are not enough
Crane Kid Finish white notes with hand-brushed light blue borders and engraved monogram – as always on 100% rag paper.



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DE
GIVENCHY

On the continent, a man's fragrance must be elegant, discreet and gentlemanly to be sought after. Monsieur de Givenchy is just that. Eau de Toilette, After Shave Savon—from the Givenchy-Paris collection for men. At fine stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. . . . ¶ Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and watercolors by Lloyd McNeill, accompanied by recorded selections of music written by the artist and performed by his quartet; through July 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, a series of four special concerts—Aaron Copland conducting on Wednesday, June 23, at 7:30 (with Michael Rabin, violin, and William Warfield, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Robert Shaw conducting on Thursday, June 24, at 7:30 (with Lorin Hollander, piano). . . . ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Friday, June 25, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 27, at 3 (both with Misha Dichter, piano).

RECITALS

Alice Tully Hall Sampler—Final performances of a two-week series of chamber-music, vocal, and other programs—Thursday, June 17: Ignace Strasfogel conducting a chamber orchestra, with Joy Clements, soprano, and George Shirley and Leo Goeke, tenors. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: "New York, New York—A Poetic Tribute," a program of readings by Aline MacMahon, Stephen Elliott, and Paul Shyre. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20: A program called "Vienna to Broadway," presented by the Metropolitan Opera Studio. (Evenings at 8:30.)

International Josquin Festival—Monday, June 21: New York Pro Musica. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 22: Prague Madrigal Singers, directed by Miroslav Venhoda. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24: Schola Cantorum Stuttgart, directed by Clytus Gottwald. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: Capella Antiqua München, directed by Konrad Ruhland. (Alice Tully Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Big Band Festival—Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, Buddy DeFranco and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, Vaughn Monroe, Helen Forrest, Bob Eberly, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, June 16, at 7:30.)

Howard McGhee's Big Band—With Joe Carroll. (Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, June 18, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

B. B. King, Moby Grape, and Grootna—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Butterfield Blues Band, Albert King, and J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, June 19, at 7 and 10:30.

New York Bass Violin Choir—Jazz Center. Sunday, June 20, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.

Elvin Jones Group—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 24, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Johnny Winter and Edgar Winter's White Trash—Fillmore East. Thursday, June 24, at 8 and 11:30.

Barry Miles Trio—Jazz Center. Friday, June 25, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Allman Brothers Band and J. Geils Band—Fillmore East. Friday through Sunday, June 25-27, at 8 and 11:30.

Buffy Sainte-Marie—With Jonathan Edwards. (Hunter College Assembly Hall. Saturday, June 26, at 8 and 11.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 472-1003 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**prospect park,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Forst, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, William Walker, and Russell Christopher. . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill,** Bronx: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), a short program of operatic excerpts by Judith DePaul, Colette Boky, Eugenio Fernandi, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs; and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Joann Grillo, Jean Kraft, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra. . . . **crocheron park,** Bayside: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Forst, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, William Walker, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Fidelio," with Inge Borkh, Colette Boky, Ludovic Spiess, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. . . . **clove lakes park,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Faust," with Nadja Witkowska, Ivanka Myhal, Batyah Godfrey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Justino Díaz, Dominic Cossa, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith DePaul, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Richard Tucker, and Russell Christopher. . . . **central park's sheep meadow:** Saturday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Fidelio," with Inge Borkh, Joy Clements, Robert Nagy, Morley Meredith, John Macurdy, and Justino Díaz.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Thursday, Aug. 12. (First concert on Friday, June 25, at 7, for picnickers, and thereafter on Thursdays at 8.). . . ¶ Frank Brieff conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra. (Wednesday, June 23, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. First concert on Thursday, June 24, at 7 and 9:30, with Nancy Wilson and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will start on Wednesday, June 23—in the event of rain, next evening—and will run through Sunday, Aug. 15. (Wednesdays and Sundays at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, July 18—Saturday, June 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting performances of Monteverdi's "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and Richard Stilwell, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 5:30: The Philidor Trio in a program of baroque music in the Italian style. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Susan Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Michael Devlin, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: The Prague Madrigal Singers, directed by Miroslav Venhoda, in a program of Renaissance music. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 18, at 8: B. J. Thomas and the Patterns. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: Johnny Cash Show. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 2 and 8:30: Tom Jones Show. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8:30: Mary Travers Show. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: The Temptations. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by eleven selected Northeast civic ballet companies, plus Marina Eglevsky and Salvatore Aiello. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 24, at 3; Friday, June 25, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 26, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 18, at 8:05; Saturday, June 19, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 20, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, June 22, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, June 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, June 25, at 8, and Saturday, June 26, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 19; varsity race at 7:15.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 26. The National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 16; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 19; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 23; and the Saranac, Saturday, June 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 19.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 19.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 18), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

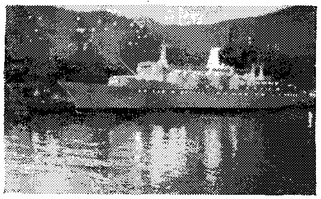
The Great Outdoors—"Greenwich Village," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, June 20. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

Auctions—Final auctions of the season—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, June 16, at 2: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from several collectors. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, from 10 to 5.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Revolutionary" (1970), directed by Paul Williams, with Jon Voight. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Out of It" (1967), directed by Paul Williams, with Barry Gordon and Jon Voight. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "Whoopee" (1930), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Eddie Cantor. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Jazz Singer" (1927), directed by Alan Crosland, with Al Jolson. . . . ¶ June 19 at 11:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a documentary film, directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ June 19 at 3 and 5:30: "Whoopee" (1930). . . . ¶ June 20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Broadway Melody" (1929), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Charles King and Anita Page. . . . ¶ June 21 at 1: "The Singing Fool" (1928), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Al Jolson and Betty Bronson. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wadja. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2: "The Singing Fool" (1928). . . . ¶ June 22 at 5:30: A program of five short films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cocoanuts" (1929), directed by Joseph Santley and Robert Florey, with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2: "Flight" (1929), directed by Frank Capra. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5:30: "Dirigible" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "American Madness" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Walter Huston. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 17: "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (1961), directed by Val Guest, with Edward Judd and Janet Munro. . . . ¶ June 18-19: "Odd Man Out" (1947), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason and Robert Newton. . . . ¶ June 20 and 23: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Robert Newton and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Starting June 24: "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1946), directed by Anthony Pelissier, with Valerie Hobson and John Howard Davies. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4 and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE
45-DAYS-
AROUND-
SOUTH
AMERICA
CRUISE
à la
PAQUET

At each of 16 fascinating stops there are superb restaurants, yet some people say the finest place to dine is on board the Renaissance.



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**The Renaissance Sails
January 16, 1972
From Port Everglades, Fla.**

Cristobal, Galapagos Islands, Callao, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Buenos Aires, Santos, **Carnival in Rio de Janeiro,** Bahia, Devil's Island, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Thomas. Returns Port Everglades March 1.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 16: "The Maltese Falcon" and "Key Largo."
June 17-20: "Casablanca" and "The Big Sleep."
June 21-23: "Passage to Marseille" and "Marked Woman."
From June 24: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Petrified Forest."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th St. (982-6410)
June 16: "Paths of Glory."
June 17: "King of Hearts."
June 18: "The Incredible Shrinking Man."
June 19: "Persona."
June 20: "Footlight Parade."
June 21: "3:10 to Yuma."
June 22: "The Killing."
June 23: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."
June 24: "Letters from My Windmill."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 22: "Relations" and "The Minx."
From June 23: "Pigeons" and "Hi, Mom!"

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 22: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From June 23: "Love Story."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Summertree."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 22: To be announced.
From June 23: "Klute."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 22: "Dr. No" and "From Russia with Love."
From June 23: "Wild Rovers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Fortune and Men's Eyes."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through June 17: "The Deserter."
From June 18: "Willard."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Unman, Wittering and Zigo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"They Might Be Giants."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Drive, He Said."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 17: "La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."
From June 18: "That Splendid November."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Grissom Gang."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Gimme Shelter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Little Big Man."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
June 16: "A Man Called Sledge" and "The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."
From June 17: "The Anderson Tapes."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 23: "Lawrence of Arabia."
From June 24: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 22: "Dr. No" and "From Russia with Love."
From June 23: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
June 16: "The People and Their Guns" and "The Wild Bunch."
June 17-23: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
From June 24: "Dirtymouth."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 22: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
From June 23: "10 Rillington Place."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Gimme Shelter."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Une Femme Douce."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 22: "Lawrence of Arabia."
From June 23: "Love Story."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 16: "The Drunken Angel" and "I Live in Fear."
June 17-19: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."
June 20-21: "Red Beard" and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail."
June 22-23: "Sansho the Bailiff" and "Floating Weeds."
From June 24: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Lola Montès."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 22: "Waterloo."
From June 23: "Red Sky at Morning."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through June 18: "The Revenge of Ukeno-Jo" and "Zatoichi."
June 19-21: "The Seven Samurai."
June 22-24: "Yang Kwei Fei" and "The Island."

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
Through June 22: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."
From June 23: "Klute."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 22: "The Aristocats."
From June 23: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Summertree."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
June 16: "The Conformist."
From June 17: "Death in Venice."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Black Orpheus" and "Jules and Jim."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 19: "Friends."
From June 20: "The Crook."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"They Might Be Giants."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 22: "Support Your Local Gunfighter" and "The Secret of Santa Vittoria."
From June 23: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 22: "Joe" and "Z."
From June 23: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 22: "The Night Visitor" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From June 23: "10 Rillington Place."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 16: "Pretty Poison" and "Rosemary's Baby."
June 17: "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Cincinnati Kid."
June 18: "The Cincinnati Kid" and "The Kremlin Letter."
June 19: "The Kremlin Letter" and "The Killing."
June 20: "The Killing" and "The Beloved Rogue."
June 21: "The Beloved Rogue" and "The Loves of Isadora."
June 22: "The Loves of Isadora" and "Days of Wine and Roses."
June 23: "Days of Wine and Roses" and "12 Angry Men."
June 24: "12 Angry Men" and "The Letter."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 22: "Waterloo."
From June 23: "Catch-22" and "Downhill Racer."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 16: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Petrified Forest."
June 17: "David Copperfield" and "Min and Bill."
June 18: "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
June 19: "Beauties of the Night" and "Beauty and the Devil."
June 20: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
June 21: "La Chamade" and "Contempt."
June 22: "America America."
June 23: "Male Hunt" and "Cartouche."
June 24: "The Organizer" and "The White Sheik."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Gimme Shelter."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, this unconvincing, poorly scripted movie is intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann) and some of the images caught by the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler. (Thalia; June 22.)

The Anderson Tapes—With Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum; starting June 17.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Thalia; June 20.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild; through June 22.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personali-

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ty at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—René Clair's film, with Lollobrigida and Gérard Philipe. Philipe is a small-town music teacher bent on a series of dream conquests. Clair's distinctive light irony is not at its best or most full of character, though the film contains a rather funny intermittent complaint about noise, with the hero connecting high romantic troubles with the sound of a garage beneath his window. In French. (Thalia; June 19.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Thalia; June 19.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly; through June 22.)

The Beloved Rogue (1927)—A romantic version of the life of François Villon, with John Barrymore. (New Yorker; June 20-21.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Art; June 17-20.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia; June 20.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia; June 23.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors get in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Art; June 17-20.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Symphony; starting June 23.)

La Chamade (1969)—From a Françoise Sagan story. Catherine Deneuve is the mistress of a rich older lover and has lots of beautiful Yves Saint Laurent clothes; she runs off with a poor younger lover, taking with her only her Yves Saint Laurent skirts and sweaters. After a bit, her older lover accepts her back. She thinks she hasn't a thing to wear, but luckily everything is newly ironed. Clothes-interest. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

The Cincinnati Kid (1965)—Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson, and Ann-Margret in Norman Jewison's picture about cardsharps, which revels only in Ann-Margret's blood lust as she watches a cockfight. A remake of "The Hustler," ill-spent. (New Yorker; June 17-18.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Waverly; through June 22.)

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The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse; through June 17.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaption of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; June 16.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia; June 21.)

The Crook—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Paris; starting June 20.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Thalia; June 17.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Blake Edwards directed this film about alcoholism, which seems a peculiar mixture of shrewdness and priggishness. Jack Lemmon marries Lee Remick, to no avail. Irrevocably dated. (New Yorker; June 22-23.)

Death in Venice—Based on the Thomas Mann novella, with Dirk Bogarde. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Little Carnegie; starting June 17.)

The Deserter—A Western with Bekim Fehmiu and Richard Crenna, directed by Burt Kennedy. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through June 17.)

Dirtymouth—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 24.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (34th St. East and 86th St. East; through June 22.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (Symphony; starting June 23.)

Drive, He Said—With William Tepper and Karen Black, directed by Jack Nicholson. (Tower East.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork as long as you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 16.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes, as the greatest left-wing minds often are. They land by spaceship near Los Angeles and, after a stint in the zoo, eventually stay at the Beverly Wilshire. The thoughtful wife chimp, a psychiatrist, gets pregnant, and rather upsetting things happen in the end. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (Juliet 2.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 22-23.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest. Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 20.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was a remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Thalia; June 18.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris; through June 19.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (34th St. East and 86th St. East; through June 22.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Midtown.)

Gold Diggers of 1933 (1933)—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Thalia; June 18.)

The Grissom Gang—With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Juliet 1.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—With Robert De Niro, directed by Brian De Palma. (Charles; starting June 23.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 23.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955 Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell up and leave with his family for Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Elgin; June 16.)

The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957)—Good horror picture for older children, and perfectly standable for parents. A healthy young American getting a tan on the beach is caught in a cloud of radioactive dust and shrinks in height an inch a week. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 18.)

The Island (1962)—Kaneto Shindo's film about a family subsisting on an island without water. No dialogue. Very sparse, very disciplined, rather fine, if you can buy an aesthetic of blood-thinning. (Bijou Cinema; June 22-24.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Regency; through June 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Art; June 16.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (New Yorker; June 19-20. . . . ¶ Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 22.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 17. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17-23.)

Klute—With Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Murray Hill and Cinerama; starting June 23.)

The Kremlin Letter (1970)—John Huston's film, saying that the methods of spying for the West are as casually gross as for the Russians, which would be a point easy enough to agree with if the movie weren't itself lazy-spirited about extending the good actors in the cast and the fine line of Huston's career. The thriller pummels you to keep you in your seat, but you might consider staying unbruised altogether. (New Yorker; June 18-19.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—One of the on-the-road thrillers, directed by Anatole Litvak. Samantha Eggar plays an English secretary in a French advertising company, working for Oliver Reed. She is phenomenally nearsighted, and her dark glasses are prescription; they lead to a mistaken-identity plot that is best when it is like Hitchcock and worst when it leans on Freudian cant about the roots of character. Samantha Eggar is rather haunting, as always. (Orpheum; June 16.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; starting June 24.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Greenwich; through June 22. . . . ¶ Loew's Ciné; through June 23.)

The Letter (1940)—William Wyler directed this Somerset Maugham melodrama, which was originally a Broadway vehicle for Katharine Cornell and here becomes a pretty great playground for Bette Davis. She plays the freezingly proper-looking wife of a rubber-plantation owner. Though she has a lover, and though she murders him, nothing can impeach that formidable, furious air of rectitude. Quite a study in pharisaical women. (New Yorker; June 24.)

Letters from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 24.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (New Yorker; June 21-22.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Gramercy and Greenwich; starting June 23.)

Male Hunt (1965)—Belmondo as an eligible Frenchman being trailed by rapacious French girls on the lookout for wedding rings. A sub-Comédie-Française fluster reigns. All right for a hot evening, just. In French. (Thalia; June 23.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Art; June 16.)

A Man Called Sledge—A Western with James Garner and Dennis Weaver, directed by Vic Morrow. (Orpheum; June 16.)

Marked Woman (1937)—Bette Davis as a night-club hostess in a story about protection, made by Lloyd Bacon. Bette Davis has a fine scene of pegged-down fury on behalf of a fellow-hostess; she is always a sort of conduit to the most savage and primal emotions of women, and in this baddish film she has some big Hollywood/Ancient Greek emotions. Humphrey Bogart plays the man of probity as an assistant district attorney. (Art; June 21-23.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in the title roles, directed by Robert Altman. (Loew's Ciné; starting June 24.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 20-21.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Thalia; June 17.)

The Minx (1969)—With Jan Sterling, directed by Raymond Jacobs. (Charles; through June 22.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Elgin; starting June 24.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse; through June 17.)

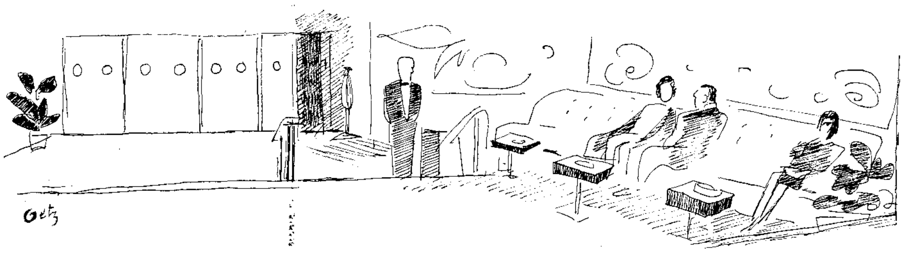
The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 22.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though over-simplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia; June 24.)

Passage to Marseille (1944)—Bogart plays Matrac, a French journalist escaped from Devil's Island. He was arrested on a false charge of murder and treason because of his opposing appeasement over Munich; the story is very much of 1944, when the film was made, but Bogart's witty, tired-eyed skepticism stands like steel. (Art; June 21-23.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War, when the issues



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were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. Not to be missed on any account. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 16.)

The People and Their Guns—A documentary by Joris Ivens on the war in Laos. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 19.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Thalia; June 16. . . . ¶ Art; starting June 24.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cabdriver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Charles; starting June 23.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (New Yorker; June 16.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 20-21.)

Red Sky At Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 23.)

Relations—A Danish film, based on a novel by Johannes Allen and directed by Hans Abramson. (Charles; through June 22.)

The Revenge of Ukeno-Jo (1963)—Directed by Kon Ichikawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through June 18.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (New Yorker; June 16-17.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 22-23.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria (1969)—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife, Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Cinema Studio; through June 22.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 19-21.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Summertree—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Kips Bay and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Cinema Studio; through June 22.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Cinerama; through June 22.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Baronet. . . . ¶ Waverly and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 23.)

That Splendid November—An Italian-made film, dubbed into English, with Gina Lollobrigida. Directed by Mauro Bolognini. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting June 18.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Beekman and Paramount.)

3:10 to Yuma (1957)—A Western with Glenn Ford and Van Heflin, directed by Delmer Daves. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 21.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a huge box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17-23.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's *main sense* is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 17-19.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Thalia; June 16. . . . ¶ Art; starting June 24.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Sidney Lumet directed the performances beautifully. Henry Fonda is the single juror who gradually wins over the majority to his just view. In the present context, the film expresses an agonizingly optimistic idea of the possible winning powers of the outnumbered and out-of-step. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb and Jack Warden. (New Yorker; June 23-24.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 22.)

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954)—James Mason stalking the ocean bed in a scientific submarine, tracking down the fleet of a wicked belligerent country. Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre are with Mason underwater. O.K. family stuff; Peter Lorre, with his look of a wise and humorous cod, is forever an actor for the grown-ups. (86th St. East, Guild, and Cinema Studio; starting June 23.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gramercy; through June 22.)

Unman, Wittering and Zigo—With David Hemmings, directed by John Mackenzie. (Cinema II.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through June 22.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia; June 24.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Sutton.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 16.)

Wild Rovers—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (34th St. East; starting June 23.)

Willard—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; starting June 18.)

Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 22-24.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 17-19.)

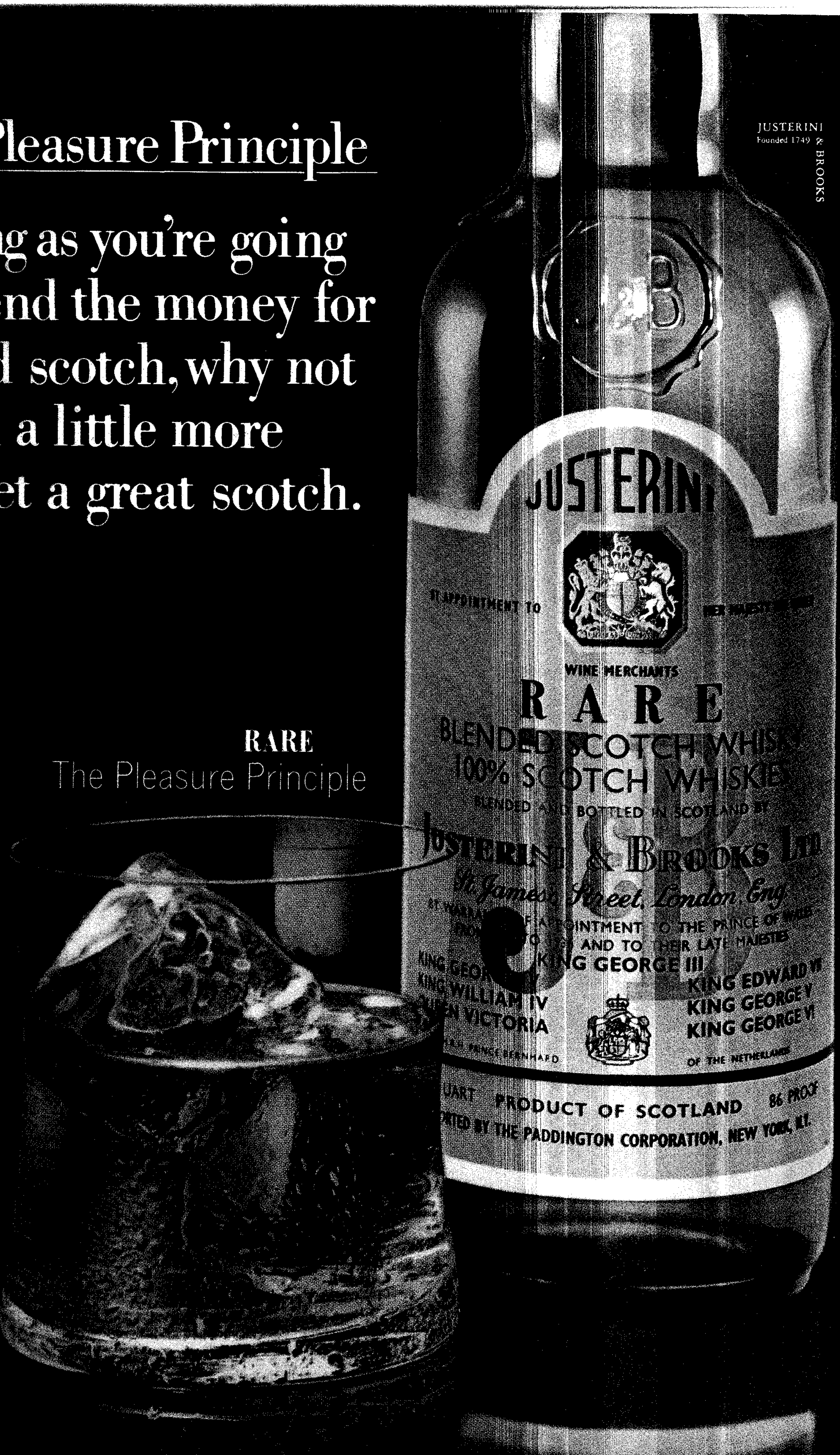
Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Regency; through June 22.)

Zatoichi (1962)—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through June 18.)

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.

RARE
The Pleasure Principle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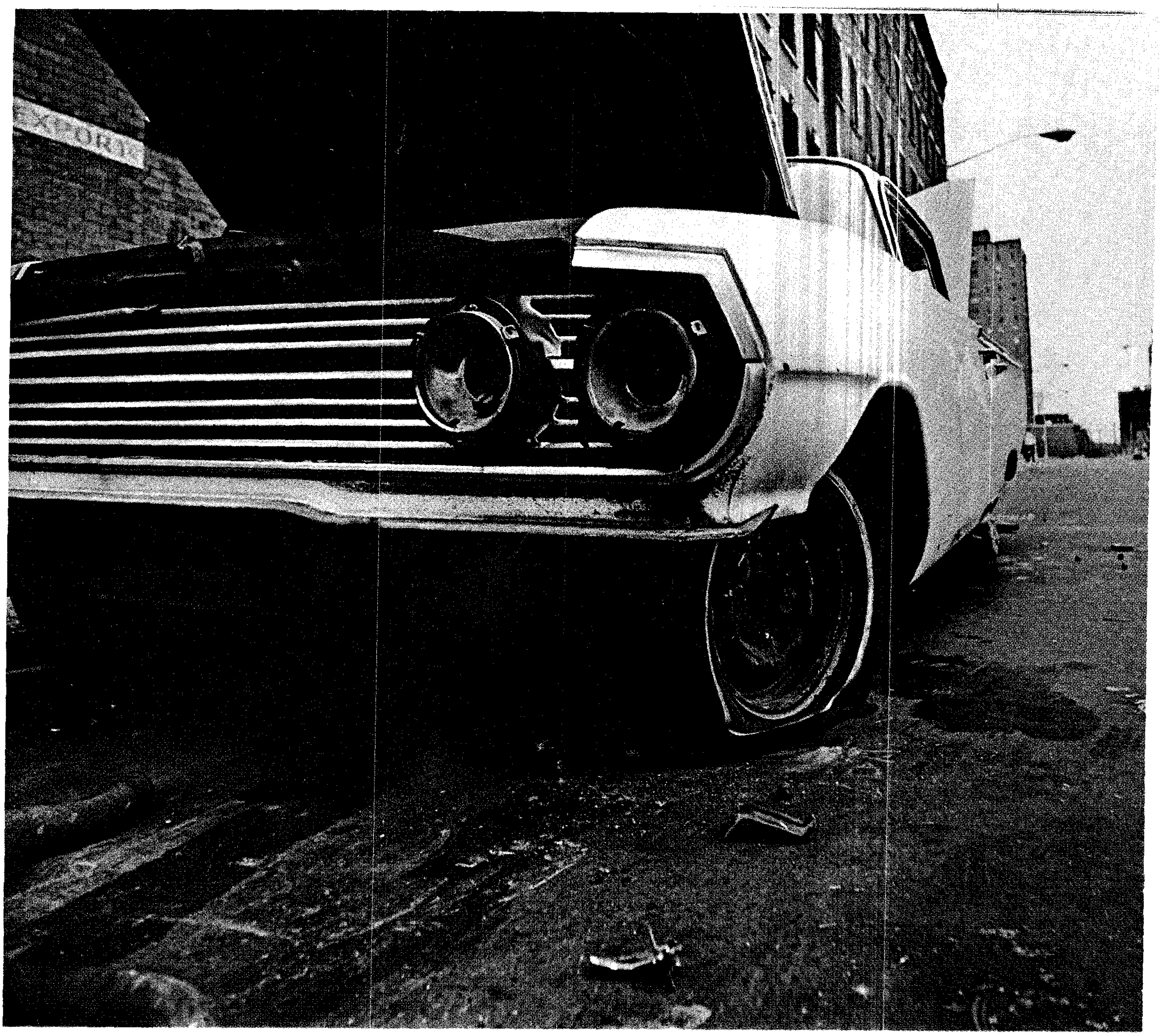

This great natural resource doesn't have to go to waste.

There is a new kind of machine that makes junk valuable. It's called the car shredder.

The car shredder smashes automobiles into fist-sized chunks. It can smash one every thirty seconds. Six hundred a day.

A car shredder's brute strength comes from heavy-duty General Electric motors and controls.

The chunks from a shredder are 98% pure steel. And worth about two times their weight in natural iron ore. That's because the chunks can be fed directly into a new kind of steel furnace. To make about twice the steel the same amount of standard-grade iron ore can make.

The car shredder can help make abandoned cars a rare sight in cities across the country.

General Electric is helping to cut other disposal problems down to size.

GE is exploring a process that uses bacteria to convert paper trash into high-protein food for livestock. GE is perfecting a new kind of municipal incinerator for the complete combustion of trash with virtually no air pollution. And GE has developed a new waste-treatment unit to significantly reduce water pollution from ships and boats.

These are problems that have been piling up for years. But the people at General Electric are working on new ways to help get rid of them.

Men
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, we broke new ground. We sent a gift of money to a Worthy Cause, and with our check we enclosed a chilling letter that said, "This donation is contingent on your agreeing not to sell our name and address to any other organization. We regard such a sale as an invasion of privacy, and we believe such a sale to be a cause of the appalling duplication of pieces that now clutter the mails." To our surprise, an answer arrived in jigtime. The lucky people to whom we had sent the money and the ultimatum said they were keeping the check and never never never would our name and address be sold. "We feel a great responsibility to our members and donors in this regard," the letter said. Well, there you are. If that isn't new ground, show us a bit of sod that is.

In addition to taking this bold step, it just may be that we're going to quit contributing to organizations that send us more than one copy of their appeal, along with a printed slip that says, "If you have already received this letter, please forgive us. We have discovered that the cost of screening out the duplications is greater than the cost of mailing the extra piece." It just may be we're not going to swallow this hard-luck story anymore. An organization that's too lazy to check its list for duplications isn't worth supporting. Curiously, some of the worst offenders are conservation groups. They knock down buttonwood tree after buttonwood tree in order to get paper enough to print those duplicate letters and apologetic stuffers. And then the letters themselves ask you to send money to help save the buttonwoods.

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IT was reported recently that when six hundred and sixty disabled North Vietnamese prisoners of war being held in South Vietnam were offered a chance to go to North Vietnam, all but thirteen refused. The North Vietnamese reacted by indicating that they regarded the original offer to return the prisoners as nothing but a South Vietnamese trick. In Saigon, the South Vietnamese declared that the North Vietnamese (for what obscure reasons, they didn't say) had issued a message to the prisoners via the underground instructing them to refuse. According to Saigon, it was the North Vietnamese who had been playing a trick, by offering to receive the prisoners in the first place. In our press, other theories were advanced. It was suggested that the prisoners were afraid of being punished in North Vietnam for having surrendered to the enemy. It was suggested that the Red Cross, which told the prisoners about the repatriation offer, might have failed to convince them that the offer really had come from the North Vietnamese, and was not just a trick being played by the South Vietnamese. No one on the outside can know which of these theories, if any, is correct. But on one point all the theories agree: the disabled prisoners' refusals were the result of manipulations by larger forces, and had nothing to do with their own wishes. It was taken for granted that their own wishes had been overwhelmed or annihilated by coercion and propaganda. The Red Cross representatives sought to find out what the men themselves wanted to do. By all accounts, they failed, but this was through no fault of theirs. In all probability, it would have been impossible for anyone to find out what the prisoners themselves wanted to do. Their own will in this matter had been irretrievably lost beneath the layers of coercion. They had joined the millions in this war whose will is invoked to justify the war but whose will has been rendered undiscoverable by the war. Anyone who might ask the prisoners about their own will would himself be seen as an instrument of coercion. And if a prisoner were somehow to speak his mind, his answer would nonetheless be interpreted as propaganda. In effect, the prisoners became invisible. These imprisoned men were wholly under our control, but we were wholly cut off from them. Even when the attention of the world was riveted on them, they remained invisible. Instead of seeing men, the world saw a clash of propaganda. The prisoners had moved to the center of the world stage and disappeared.

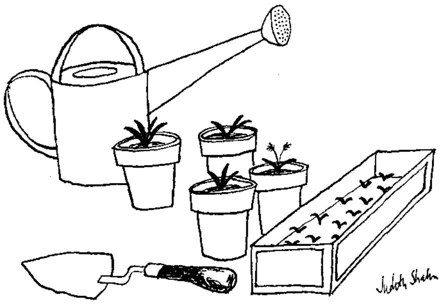
The Strike

WE seem to be living in a sort of Claes Oldenburg town these days, as various distended spectres loom up about us and then, just before catastrophe strikes, collapse, sighing and wheezing. Our latest prospective catastrophe began early Monday morning last week when three hundred and eighteen bridge tenders—employees of the Department of Highways—opened up twenty-seven of the city's twenty-nine drawbridges and walked away, thus completely blocking automobile traffic into Manhattan from the Bronx and Westchester, and snarling parts of Brooklyn and Queens almost to paralysis. The drawbridge operators, members of Local 237 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, were attempting to prove a point to the State Legislature, which was considering at that time, without particular favor, a measure that would have enabled the city to extend to them and to many of its other employees the half-pay pension after twenty years of service which it had already granted firemen, police, and sanitation men. That evening, highway supervisors and members of the Army Corps of Engineers began to restore the bridges to service (a task materially hindered by the removal of key parts—handles, gears, and keys—from at least some of the control mechanisms), and at just about the same time the pension improvements were being consigned to legislative oblivion, at least for this year. The next morning, therefore, in an "escalation" of the strike, eight thousand city workers in other departments—Water Resources and Parks were among the hardest hit—left their jobs and began picketing. What had begun as an intolerable disruption (the biggest traffic tieup in the city's history) now developed into a major environmental crisis, particularly since some sixty million gallons of untreated wastes were being diverted around the city's sewage-treatment plants and into the harbor each hour. More frightening still was an admission by the new strikers' union—District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees—that only the timely dispatch of police to several control points had prevented workers from shutting off all water in the Wall Street area before they left. Lesser but still substantial problems posed last Tuesday included a shutdown of all seven of the city's municipal incinerators and a pile-up of huge mounds of unburned garbage at each, a breakdown in the public-school lunch program, an unrelated record rate of electricity consumption (caused as air-conditioners were switched on throughout the city to counter the first uncomfortably hot weekday of spring), and a frightening drop in water pressure (caused by children who were opening scores of hydrants in every borough).

Still, the city simmered mildly enough in the spring sun, and crowds of shoppers moved placidly in and out of the air-conditioned Fifth Avenue stores. As we strolled among the shoppers early Tuesday afternoon, we found no panic, little worry, and in some instances a total unawareness of the city's troubles. A bearded young man dressed in shorts, a T-shirt, and tennis shoes handed us a McGovern for President leaflet at Forty-eighth Street, and we stopped to ask him whether Senator McGovern had taken a position on strikes by municipal employees who held positions vital to the public's health and safety. The young man looked at us blankly for a moment. "No," he said. "But he's against the war in Vietnam." We pushed on into Rockefeller Center to take up the municipal question with a bald man sitting on a bench and holding a sun reflector to his chin. He was not affected, he assured us, because he took a train in to work. We asked if he had heard that the city's sewage-plant workers were striking and that water pressures were dropping rapidly. "No, I hadn't heard that," he said, without shifting his reflector. "But I'm not going to get upset about it, either. Lindsay will be lucky enough to get out of it somehow. He always does, doesn't he?"

We took the subway down to Wall Street to see if the situation had had any greater impact there, but seemingly it hadn't. "We use bottled water anyway," a man who works at the Stock Exchange told us, "so even if they had shut off the tap water, we probably wouldn't have noticed." Nobody else we met showed any concern.

From Wall Street we walked uptown to the Municipal Building and took an elevator to the office of Water Resources Commissioner Maurice Feldman, on the twenty-fourth floor, where a disaster-control center had been established. We found Commissioner Feldman in a fairly rumpled state. "I got all of three hours' sleep on my conference table last night," he told us. But he, too, was unworried. "Look," he said. "New York's water system is so complex and so bolstered by redundant features that nothing short of concerted aerial bombardment is going to put it out of action. The pure water comes from reservoirs anywhere from thirty to a hundred and twenty-five miles away, and is fed into the local distribution systems through several dozen feeder points. If any one of the feeder points is knocked out by a main break, or anything, we can switch over to another until we've made temporary repairs. When we're finished, the waste water, after treatment, goes out into the salt-water estuary. Normally, we have thirteen treatment plants in operation, but now we have only two, run by supervisory personnel—Coney Island, in Brooklyn, and Oakwood Beach, in Staten Island—so figure we're discharging maybe eighty-five per cent of our sewage out into the harbor. That isn't good, I'll admit, but the Health Department is monitoring the beaches pretty carefully, so we'll have plenty of warning if the water out there is affected. If you want to worry about anything, worry about those neighborhoods where kids are opening hydrants. The Model Cities workers and members of the Fire Department are installing sprinkler caps on as many open hydrants as they can find, but it seems that the number of openings is worse than any I can remember. Still, if I were you, I wouldn't worry about that too much, either. Pending a major water-main break, which would give our supervisors a headache, all right, but which hasn't happened yet, I think we'll get through this all right. I was a lot more worried, myself, back in 1968, when I was Deputy Commissioner of Sanitation and we had the garbage strike. By now, I guess I've learned to take these things in stride—especially this one, which hits me a week before I retire, after thirty-five years with the city."



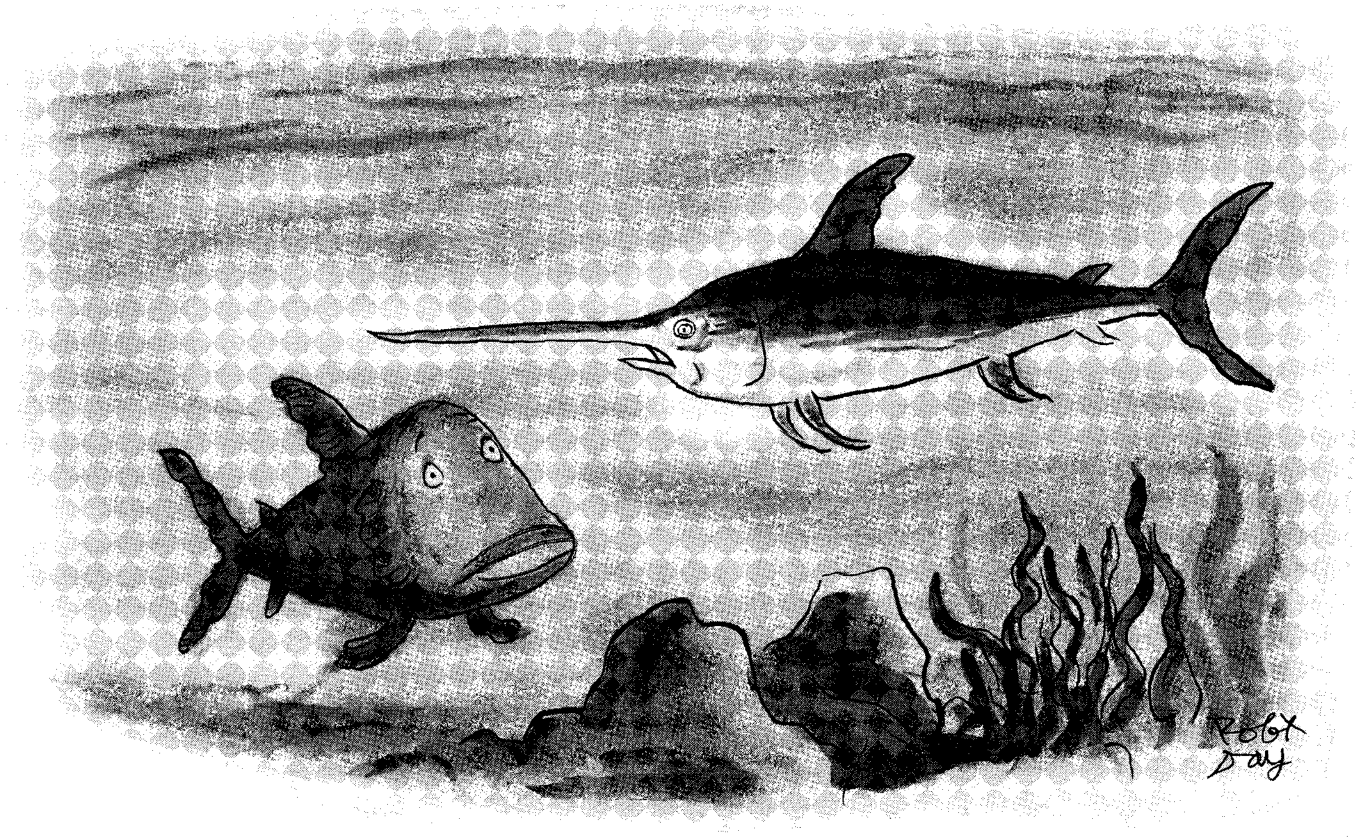
We wished Mr. Feldman a pleasant retirement and asked where he planned to retire to.

"Why, nowhere," he said. "I'm going to stay right here and go into a consulting firm, and I've also been asked to teach a class at New York University. But I'll tell you why I don't get upset over these situations. It's because I know that the bureaucratic structure has tremendous potential. Ponderous as it is, it can react quickly when it has to. In most cases, it doesn't have to, but if it does, watch it jump."

At that moment, an aide came in with a piece of paper, which Mr. Feldman read and handed to us. It was a message reporting that the peak of power consumption had been passed and Consolidated Edison would be able to get through the day without any cutback in voltage to the city. "You see?" the Commissioner said. "We're coming through again."

Well, as it turned out, he was right. The city did come through. With the lowering of the temperature after sunset, police caught up on the opened hydrants, and even though the Legislature adjourned without further action on the pension matter (although, in the process of cutting back the city's budget request, the legislators did manage to raise their own expense allowances from three thousand to five thousand dollars apiece), the two unions involved in the strike called them off in return for a promise from Mayor Lindsay that the pension bills would be reintroduced at the next session of the Legislature and that the city would reopen negotiations with the unions if the pensions were not approved then.

The next morning, after things had returned to normal, we drove out to Brooklyn to talk with some of the bridge operators whose walkout had started the train of disruptions. We



"They keep pulling me out and throwing me back, pulling me out and throwing me back. Frankly, I've just about had it."

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found several in a reflective mood. "No, we didn't get the pension they promised us, that's true," said Irving Lazar, an operator on the Union Street Bridge, across the Gowanus Canal, "but at least we proved our point—that the bridges and the operators are important to the city, and that a handful of us can have a tremendous effect on it."

Nicholas Carbonaro, another operator at Union Street, nodded in agreement. "This wasn't a strike against the city," he said. "The city agreed to the pension, and now the State Legislature takes it away from us, and at the same time they turn around and give themselves another two thousand dollars. How do they expect us to feel?"

Two blocks to the south, on the Carroll Street Bridge, Peter Petruzzi, the operator in charge, was equally enthusiastic about the strike's effect on public opinion. "Before, people used to just pass over the bridge, and maybe once in a while nod their heads," he said. "Now everybody who comes along says, 'Good morning, glad to see you back.' Look, I'll show you. Here comes a girl who crosses over my bridge every morning on her way to work." He called out "Good *morning!*" and waved at her.

The girl, tall and very pretty, in an orange pants suit, smiled a weak smile. "Aren't you going to tell us you're glad to have us back?" asked Mr. Petruzzi.

"I'd like to tell you to hang by your thumbs," the girl said, continuing down the street.

"Well," Mr. Petruzzi said to us, shrugging, "you have to admit that now she at least knows we're here."

Fifth & 34th

NOTE from a friend: "I didn't notice any spring this year; all that damn rain, then suddenly May was July, and people were wearing their grim I'm-going-to-get-through-the-summer face instead of their grim I'm-going-to-get-through-the-winter face. On this particular afternoon, it was hot—the New York kind of heat, which doesn't warm your bones or your heart, just makes you wish you'd worn your light gabardine. A lot of people on Fifth Avenue were walking on the shady side. I'm standing on the curb at Thirty-fourth Street, waiting for the DONT WALK to change, when suddenly I hear an old man's voice—pathetic, helpless—saying, 'Will you help me across the street?' The voice comes from several yards away; I can tell he's not speaking to me (and I feel the automatic relief-at-not-getting-involved-followed-by-guilt-for-feeling-that-way), and I turn to look. The man who is being addressed is himself an old man—late seventies or early eighties, using a cane—and he has turned his head in some puzzlement to see who has selected *him* for assistance. He turns slowly and sees the speaker: a second old man, roughly his own age, and this one is wearing a straw boater with a bright ribbon on it, and a snappy summer suit, and—I think—two-tone shoes. The first old man does a take, then delightedly exclaims 'Harry!' The second old man says 'How are ya, kid!' Both of them chortle, and then the sign says WALK, and the two old guys are moving across the street, arm in arm, having a great time."

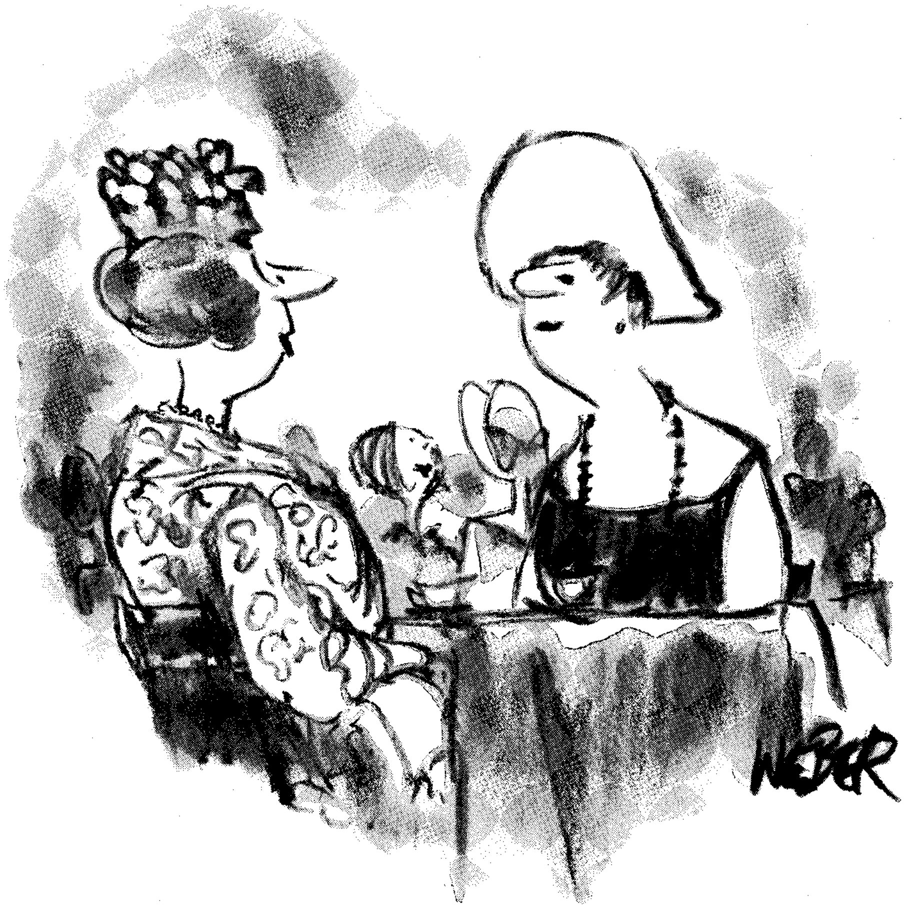
Robbins

BACH'S Aria and Thirty Variations, known popularly for more than two hundred years as the Goldberg Variations, has recently embarked upon a new and highly promising existence as a Jerome Robbins ballet. Since its première by the New York City Ballet, on May 27th, Robbins' "Goldberg Variations" has been acclaimed by several critics as a masterpiece, and Robbins himself, who celebrated his return to ballet choreography two years ago with "Dances at a Gathering," set to the piano music of Chopin, and also acclaimed as a masterpiece, has accordingly reëstablished himself with resounding vigor as one of the outstanding choreographers of the present era. We shared a hamburger with Mr. Robbins one day last week, at a restaurant across the street from the State Theatre, in Lincoln Center, where he had just been rehearsing, and we asked him, to begin with, how he came to choose the Goldberg Variations as a ballet score.

"I guess, after the Chopin, I just wanted to get away from romantic music," he said, with an engaging grin. (Robbins, at fifty-two, looked trim, was suntanned, and seemed understandably pleased with life.) "I wanted to see what would happen if I got hold of something that didn't give me any easy finger ledge to climb. It seemed to me that in the Goldberg Variations Bach was describing something very big and architectural—very life-cycle, if you want—and so I thought I'd try that and see what I could do."

How, we asked him, had he approached the famous work?

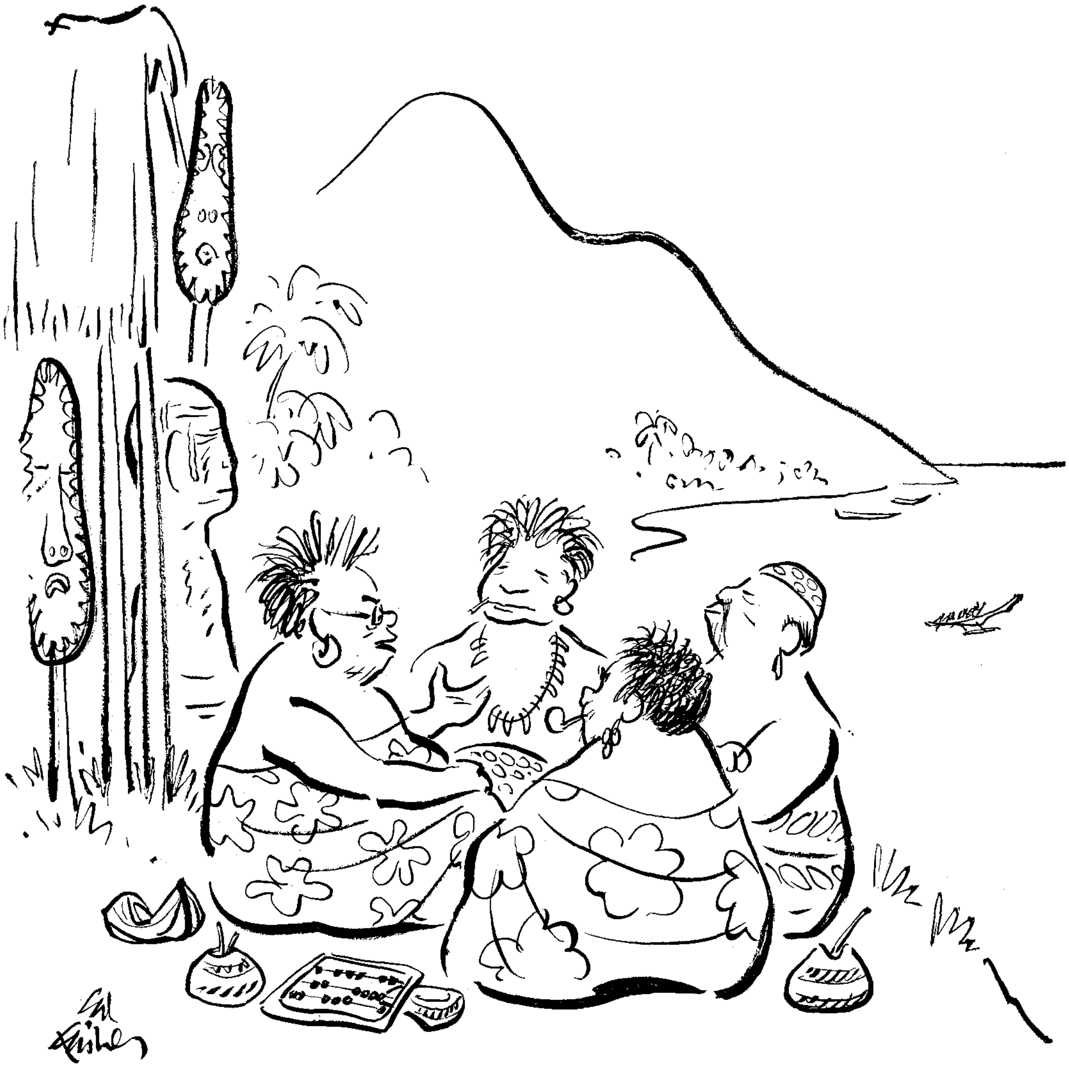
"I bought all the recordings," he said. "The Goldberg Variations is a little like 'Hamlet,' you know—everyone who plays it has a totally different idea. One person sees it romantically, another plays it very fast and accurately, another very majestically. That was fascinating. And then I did some reading—about the music, about the eighteenth century—but there was only so much of that I wanted to get in my head. Otherwise, you become confused. So then we just started in to work on it, a year ago last October. The second day of rehearsal, I snapped my Achilles tendon. When it happened, I thought, God, there goes my profession! They took me to the hospital, operated on it, put me in a cast. And four days later I was back at rehearsal in a wheelchair, choreographing! The entire first variation, after the opening five bars, was choreographed from a wheelchair. I wanted to see what I could do if, by chance, I wasn't able to get on my feet again, and it was really tough, because I had to find a whole other way of working. Usually, I work through myself, through the body, so, naturally, I kept getting stuck. I'd want the company to do a certain thing, and they couldn't figure out whether it was back, front, across, or behind. They were trying so hard to help me—they're such great kids—and this tremendous tension would build up. And then, when they finally got it, there would be an explosion of joy! But I realized I couldn't possibly do the whole 'Goldberg Variations' that way, so I went back and did a second Chopin piece instead—the one called 'In the Night'—and didn't get back to 'Goldberg' until last spring. And we had to stop again, because there was a musicians' strike. I worked on it last summer at Saratoga and got through the bulk of it there—about an hour or so. I was supposed to finish it in the fall, but this time I got hepatitis, which wiped me out for nine months. It wasn't until this past April—the first of April—that we got back to finishing it. So the piece was really spread over a long period, which in a way I'm grateful for, because it gave me a lot of time to think."



"God smiles on me, I think. I always get a dial tone."

Robbins told us that he had found Bach much more difficult to work with than Chopin. "It was like approaching a beautiful marble wall," he said. "I could get no toehold, no leverage to get inside that building. The first weeks of rehearsal were as if I were hitting it and falling down, and having to start over. Chopin wasn't that hard, because of the romantic and emotional line of the music. Bach throws you back on yourself a lot more. Of course, I don't really understand what goes on in choreography anyway. I can't analyze it. And I can't see this piece yet—it always takes me about a year before I can look at my work objectively. What I like about the reviews is that a lot of people seem to see different things in it. That's nice."

At this point in his career, which has included directorial stints on the Broadway stage, in films, in television, in opera, and, more recently, with an experimental group exploring new theatrical forms and techniques under a grant from the National Council on the Arts, Robbins was clearly delighted to be back with the New York City Ballet, which he served as associate artistic director from 1949 to 1963. "It's like returning to my natural habitat," he said. "I'm more comfortable here than anywhere else right now. There's no man I respect more than Mr. Balanchine, and to work in this atmosphere, with this wonderful instrument he's created, is very special for me. But in some ways I don't feel I've ever been away from choreography, which sort of surprises me. It's true that I'm working only in ballet now, and that I'm tending to use the classical vocabulary more and more. That's where it is *now*. But I don't analyze these things, and to me it's always just a matter of working like hell. I really have no idea what I'll do next. When I got into research on the Goldberg Variations, I began to think I'd like to do another work that would be a truly baroque ballet—my idea in ‘Goldberg’ was *not* to do a baroque ballet. I got into the life and times of the eighteenth century, and had an idea for a ballet, but not to Bach music. At least, I don’t think so. Right now, though, what I mainly want to do is go to the beach and rest for a month.”



“*Then it’s agreed. Until the dollar firms up, we let the clamshell float.*”

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Everything Is Everything

A SOCIAL young friend of ours, a partygoer, came to see us the other day. “Let me tell you about the Everything Is Everything Costume Ball,” he said. “It wasn’t everything, as it turned out, but it was *something*, of course, and I found it had a certain nostalgic interest. Laurita Cosmos and her husband, Tony, the actor, gave the ball, which is not to say that they bestowed it without thought of return. Tickets were sold. They cost ten dollars. Some people who came to the door not looking quite right were discouraged, I think. I probably ought to explain that not looking quite right in the Laurita Cosmos ethos means not looking fashionably freaky, and that looking just right means having an abundant polychrome Day-Glo Afro. If you can keep the ten-dollar tickets and the abundant polychrome Day-Glo Afro and the Hotel Roosevelt in your mind all at the same time, you will have a good idea of what the Everything Is Everything Ball was like. I think I forgot to mention that the Everything Is Everything Ball was held at the Hotel Roosevelt. It *was* held at the Hotel Roosevelt—in the Grand Ballroom. That is probably the most important fact to keep in mind.

“Cultural historians know that the flowering of Freakiness and Finery occurred during the waning days of the Johnson Administration, and it was very touching to see so much of it still around at the Everything Is Everything Ball. Of course, it wasn’t all quite as *spontaneous* as it used to be, but even here you can’t really have everything, and certainly things were more efficient and understandable at the Everything Is Everything Ball than they were in the random, inaccessible places where freaky parties were once held. It used to be, for instance, that the lighting at freaky-fashionable parties was inadequate for proper photography. For the Everything Is Everything Ball, strong lights had been placed all along the cornice of the Grand Ballroom, so that it was possible to take pictures (still and moving) from every angle. At the Everything Is Everything Ball, nearly everything was put on film. Not everyone wore an elaborate costume. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Huntington Hartford wore very restrained seersucker jackets, but then no one photographed Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Huntington Hartford, and many people photographed two vaguely nude people wearing gold paint and peacock feathers. The harsh light—so useful for the photographers—was sometimes unkind to the people being photographed, and the two people in gold paint and peacock feathers looked a little weary at the end. Sylvia Miles, who had a supporting role in ‘Midnight Cowboy,’ was there. I asked her why she had come. ‘I came because, as a celebrity, I was invited,’ she said.

“The most important celebrity at the party was very likely Holly Woodlawn. Holly Woodlawn—who is, you must know, a female impersonator and Andy Warhol’s greatest superstar—was meant to judge the costume contest with some other people, and she (as they put it) came in quite late, in a black evening skirt. Many, many people rushed up to kiss her, and there were many cries of ‘There’s Holly!’ and ‘Holly, come here!’ ‘Holly, baby, give me a minute of your time,’ a young guy with a Brooklyn accent said, pulling at her. Just about then, Tony Cosmos announced some entertainment. ‘Beautiful people, next, from the Cameroons, a fantastic fire-eating act, which I know you will find very interesting,’ he said. If you can keep Holly Woodlawn and the guy with the Brooklyn accent and the fire-eating act from the Cameroons and the well-lit Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt in your mind all at the same time, you will have a good idea of what the Everything Is Everything Ball was like.”

TESTIMONY AND DEMEANOR

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I SHOULD never have come to New York. I do the work O.K., I guess. But everything else is hard. I talk to myself. At least in law school I had roommates. I didn't like them, but we could always talk. About how we didn't like law school. Here I come back to this apartment—and I admit the apartment is my fault, I don't have very good taste—Anyway, I come back to the apartment at 10 P.M. and talk to myself. Approximately the same conversation every night.

"Work hard today, Charlie?"

"Nothing special. Usual fifteen hours."

"If you were as slick as some, you could have done it in twelve. I suppose you'd like a drink."

"Don't mind if I do."

"I suppose you still drink rye."

"I suppose I'm still a hick."

"Why don't you go back to New Hampshire? Do a little work for the electric company. Get backed for the state legislature. Go home where people notice your hard work. I suppose you're going to work this Sunday?"

"Only a half day."

"Why not the whole day? You got anything better to do?"

One drink and in my state of mind I'm plowed. I speed-read a detective novel and fall asleep by midnight. Every night.

No, I don't even admire my endurance anymore. And there's not much besides that.

YES, I work late even when I don't have that much to do. I just let it stretch out. Today I know I could have left before supper. I also realized I know the new I.R.S. regs by heart. But there's no way anyone could find out. Mr. Leland remains a guarded mystery behind his secretary. And I stay in my broom closet. I even know the sections on farm income. I read them for no reason at all.

ONE of the partners I worked for last year came down to ask me out for lunch.

"Young man, it's time for lunch. Get your hat."

I got up, smiled, said I didn't wear a hat.

He said, "Let me know when you get one and we'll arrange lunch."

Honest to God.

Maybe I could find my freshman beanie.

That was so weird that I barely noticed it, but later in the day I went uptown to deliver some things by hand—I didn't have to but I wanted out. Just for an hour or so. On the street I ran into a girl I'd known when she was at Bennington. She was going to an art gallery. I needed some more time out, so I went along. She cross-examined me on my job. I said I was helping fat cats to stay fat. She said that was awful. At length. I'd been through everything she said, but I was pleasant enough. I listened, agreed, and even sharpened up some of her arguments.

But she wanted to know how I felt *personally*. "Personally," I said, "if it's still the same after five years, I'll go back to the woods."

"Five years," she said.

"Counting from when I started," I explained.

Five years was beyond her. We stopped talking about it. But I had listened to her on the subject. And when we ran into some guy she knew at the art gallery, and he walked around with us, saying this and that about the pictures, I listened to him too. I finally spoke up myself about one I liked, saying it looked like Portsmouth in a fog. The two of them exchanged glances. I hadn't said I thought it *was* Portsmouth in a fog; obviously it was some place in Portugal since the painter's name was da Silva. They began to make remarks after that—"I think this one is a geodetic survey." "No. A Coca-Cola bottling plant in Secaucus." I said I had to get back to work, but the other fellow left first.

"Don't mind him," she said, as though it had been all him. "He takes this all very seriously. Pure art, and you have a very literary taste."

"You mean *literal*," I said.

"No," she said. She brushed something off my shoulder. She didn't explain. She asked after some college friends of mine she'd known, and then she left.

I minded. Why is it that dumb people with "taste" get away with it and smart people without taste don't? I am patient and I run my own life. What the hell.

Yesterday I felt how boxed in I am. Or maybe boxed out. Today another partner, Mr. Charles Pelham, popped in. I have nothing to do with him as far as work goes. He just dropped in and started talking. There was a while when some of the associates used to wander by and look in as though the corridor was a zoo. I could get rid of them. Mr. Pelham can get away with it, I suppose. But I don't have to like it. A regular cross-examination.

He asked me—inter alia—if I was religious. I said no.

He said, "That's what Franklin Roosevelt said. Said he preferred not to think about those things. Odd, don't you think?"

Odd is right. He asked me if I was a humanitarian, aesthete, epicurean, adventurer. A few others I can't remember. Then he asked me if I'd ever wanted to be a woman.

I said, "Are you asking me if I'm homosexual?"

"No," he said. "That would be a different question. That question would be 'Are you a homosexual?' This question is 'Have you ever wanted to be a woman?' But perhaps I should ask first, 'Have you ever considered at length what it would be like to be a woman?'"

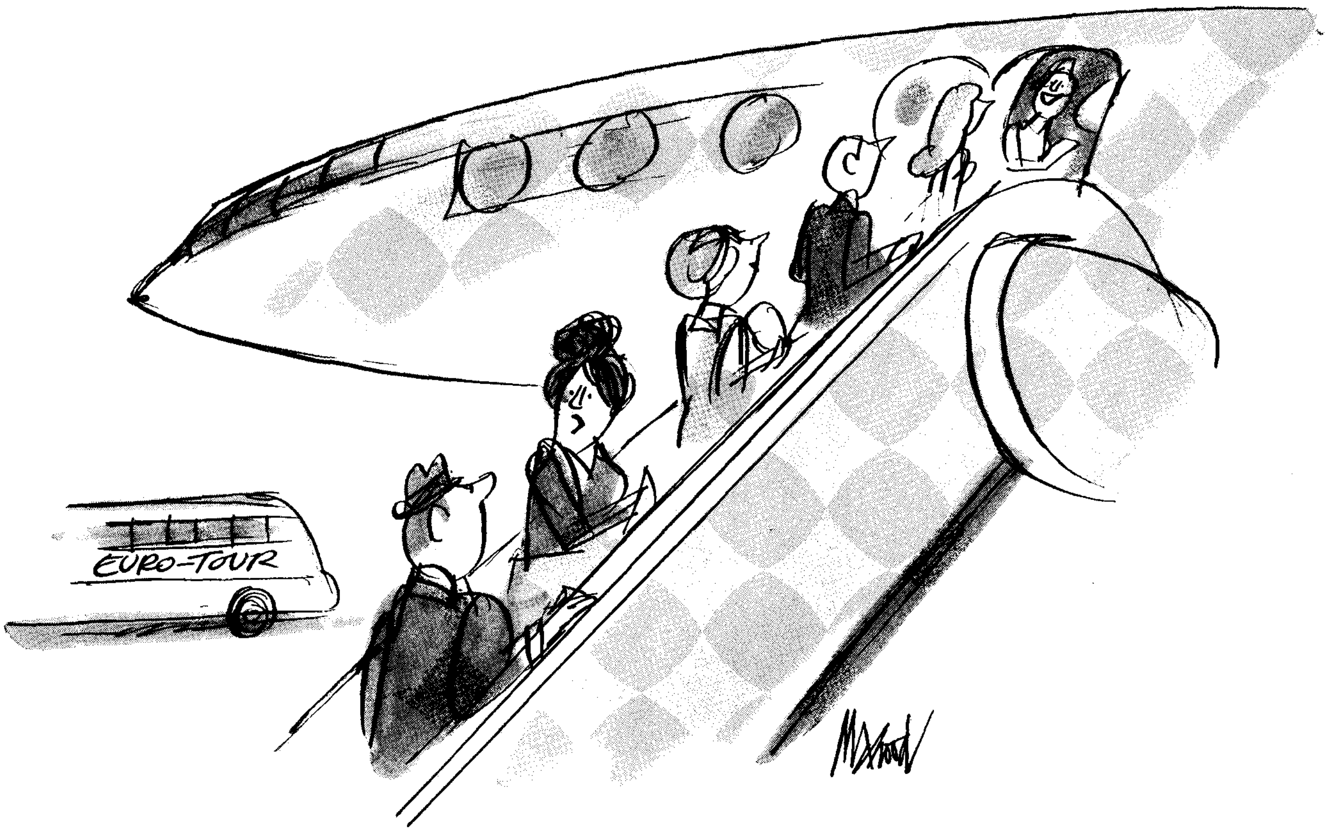
Nope.

"And yet you have imagination."

I said, "I don't know." I was getting sore. "I'm probably a robot."

He brightened up. "Would you like to be a robot?"

When I didn't answer he said, "If you can save various of our clients millions in taxes you surely have imagination. I'm not one to despise our work here. In fact I think the tax structure of this country ranks with the pyramids. If you simply consider the labor . . . Later generations will surely wonder at us, as we wonder how on earth the Egyptians ever got those stones to the top. And taxes are as metaphysical as any theology. Angels on pins aren't a patch on us. And we're so various. A warp and woof of contending nominalism and realism. If one only had the swiftness of mind to see it all at once, to compass it, I imagine it would be as intricately alluring as a Persian carpet. I've often thought that only Proust and our tax structure stand up to a good Persian carpet. Don't you think? I mean in one sense the tax structure is art—a subsuming of the infinite muddle of human activity under a single rubric, as though it had a single purpose and could be ordered by a mind hewing to the line of a single vision. Everything that everyone



"I hope we get home without a hijack. I don't think I could stand one more country."

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is doing this very instant in this part of town has tax consequences. Do you ever feel the impact of that? But I imagine you have your own comparisons. I once was possessed by the thought that our tax officials were like Satan in the Book of Job. Congress is like God. And the taxpayer is Job. 'Then Satan answered the Lord, Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he hath on every side?' and so forth. '. . . and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.' You see? 'And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power'? And that is the tax system. But I imagine you have your own comparisons."

I began to look down at my desk and up at him and down at my desk again. He mumbled something and popped out. I should have said taxation reminded me of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Secaucus.

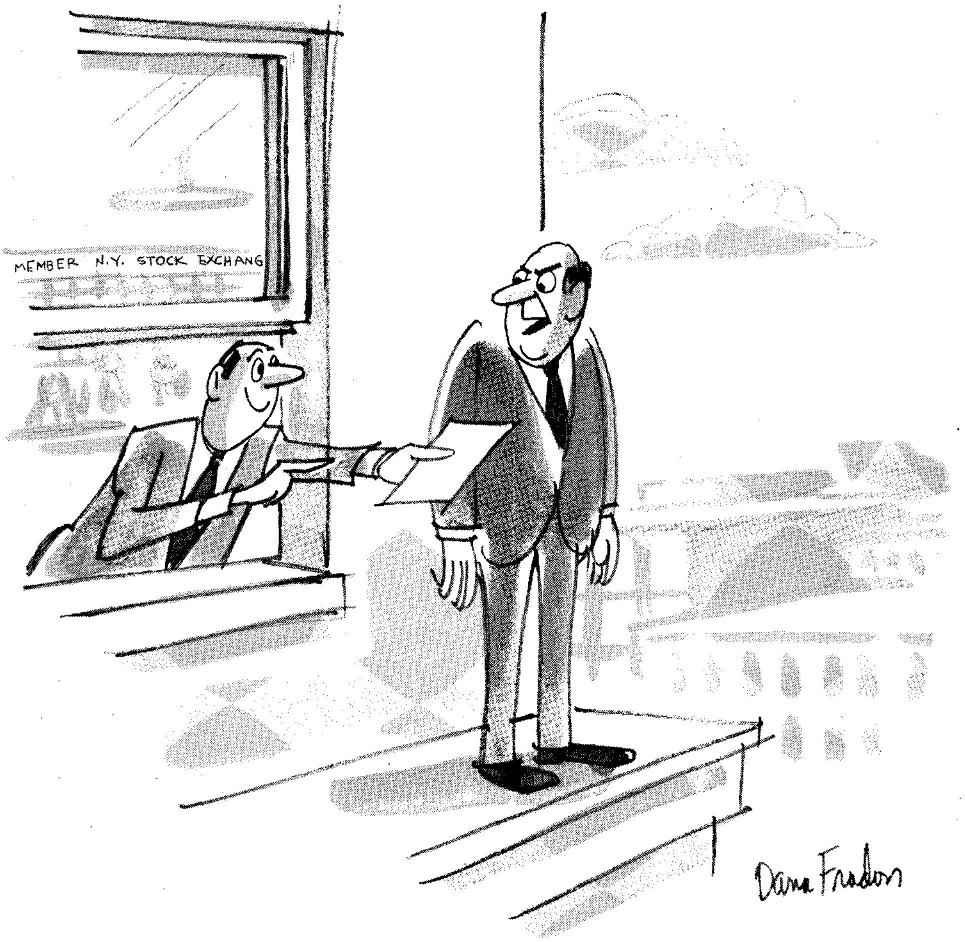
But as I think of it, I get the impression that, although he was talking ninety-nine per cent of the time, he was trying me out, fishing for me. The trouble is he was using too fancy a lure. If he'd just asked me how I did in law school. Or how I liked New York. Good old worms like that. But he's too good a talker to bother with anything easy. Like Cardozo writing an opinion. You don't know what it means but you remember it. ". . . not merely honor but a punctilio of an honor the most sensitive." I'll never forget it, but I'll never use it, and neither will anybody else.

BEING able to work in a concentrated way is a great advantage. I shouldn't have complained. I knocked off everything projected for the next three days in one single day. I got into it for three hard hours, and just when I felt myself slowing up I bore down for another three, ate a sandwich, and put in another three just coasting downhill toward supper. Ate, walked around the block, and rounded out the day with a last three which could have been two but I didn't want to get careless. I won't have to touch a thing I did today. I may have to take a half hour to explain the memo to Mr. Leland so he can explain it to the client, but it's all there. All there in one neat package. I was worried that I'd been slowed up. No one else in the world could have done that piece of work in one day.

MR. PELHAM dropped by again. I'd just got back from presenting the memo to Mr. Leland. Mr. Leland was impressed, so I wasn't bothered by the prospect of Mr. Pelham being cute again with his cultural quiz. But he started off in low. For him, that is. He actually asked me how I'd got along in law school. And he waited for an answer.

I told him that what gave me whatever edge I'd had—since I was clearly no Frankfurter—was a capacity for work and for organizing other people's ideas. Right away I saw there were some minds which were quick and subtle. Some of them could grind too, and they went on to be *Law Review*. But some of them had no organizing power. They were happy to break up a problem in class. Suggest all the difficulties. Sometimes I wasn't even sure I understood all of them. But having done all that work out loud—scored a few points for wit and elocution—they'd be tired of it. Maybe bored. That was *their* problem. I picked up the pieces. Not all the little cute ones. Early on I figured out that if you put too fine a point on an argument it's likely to arouse suspicion. Ingenious but unsound, as the saying goes. Which means baloney is baloney no matter how thin you slice it.

The other thing I found out was not to waste time with my gut reactions. It was amazing to see how many bright guys kept on getting wrapped up in long-winded arguments, as though this or that case was the last chance to reform the country. Ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, even in textbooks, are narrow questions. You don't have to



"Did it ever occur to you that I might not be jumping for economic reasons?"

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start with the Bill of Rights every time.

There was another way that guys who might have started out smarter than me went wrong. They wouldn't finish the question. They would find all the issues and go on and on about the rights and wrongs, but they'd forget that at the end you've got to be exact about who gets what. People don't go into court to improve their minds.

But the main advantage came from not resisting the process. There were a few who could still be the fair-haired boys of the faculty in their defiance of the assumptions necessary to the workings of the law—in fact a little fair-haired defiance is itself necessary to the workings of the law school. But many more people foundered because they were afraid they might be brainwashed away from some mental set they'd grown fond of—sometimes it was some political ideal, but more often it was some notion of themselves as too complex and humane to fit into the mold of just being a lawyer. A mere lawyer. To me there was nothing mere about it.

When I got through with this explanation—and it's not a bad outline of how to overachieve with a B mind—Mr. Pelham said he couldn't wait to hear more tomorrow but now he had to go. He left. But there isn't any more.

NOW comes Mr. Pelham to—to what?

Mr. Pelham: "Deferred expectations bother me more than anything. Going to law school, if one is serious, is tedious. One banks on the future. And three years pass. But the hopes that practice will be zestfully different are soon dashed. One's manhood is not fulfilled. The new deferment is for five years. In five years the increment of skill, authority, and seniority will have made one's life one's own again. And I suppose thirty or thirty-one is not too late to start in. And yet it seems to me that people not only acquire the habit of work, which is not so bad—I rather like work, about half of the time—but they also have acquired the habit of deferring their expectations. Perhaps indefinitely. Occasionally one sees our young partners acquiring an energy for some project. They go to Washington or to an international conference. They are radiant and eager, but they are on a short tether. They return. There are others who never leave. I think they spend their real feelings in the bosom of their family in some umbrageous suburb. But either way everything is moderate. Moderated. The great leap forward will not be. But then I suppose this is true in general. Immigrants used to defer their expectations to their children. Orwell once said that working-class Englishmen were middle-aged in their thirties because they gave up living for themselves, surrendering unconditionally to their jobs and families. In fact, he said they even *look* old. You can always find someone worse off.

"But adventure—don't you have the feeling that there was a class of people—perhaps in the eighteenth century, perhaps in the seventeenth—who could imagine no other way to live but toward an adventure that would illuminate their lives? When did they succumb? When did we succumb? I sometimes suspect adventure declined because of nineteenth-century genius. Nowadays no one dares to build a monument to his own passion—be it family, nation, creed, romantic love—because one knows that before long someone with a Ph.D. in Darwin, Freud, or Marx will come along and dissect it as an example of something doomed, repressed, unnatural. I have nothing against dissection or even vivisection. No brief against the academics at all but rather against those who are intimidated. They are frightened of shadows. What they need is more disbelief. If one is frightened of being a pejorative example, one only has to believe his own sayings instead. I yearn to hear someone say, 'My life is superb by no standard but my own adoration of it. I am not improving the world, I am not the wave of the future, I am not aiding any scheme of history or nature.' "

Mr. Pelham stopped abruptly. "That sounds terrible, doesn't it? Reminds me of what's his name. 'Black as the night that covers me. Di-da-da-dum from pole to pole. I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul.' Terrible. Roosevelt liked it—publicly at least. But I was doing well until then. Up to 'by no standard but my own adoration of it.' "

I checked around and found that Mr. Pelham doesn't do this to anyone else—not recently anyway.

MY days have been peaceful for two weeks. Mr. Pelham has been in Japan (a Japanese conglomerate is one of our clients). I found I missed his visits. But today he got back and gave me a good half hour on the Japanese. Boring? I'm telling you. A few headnotes: Japanese forms of prayer. Japanese childhood. Japanese food. Japanese attitudes toward career. Failure of psychiatry in Japan. About five minutes per item. But he kept it moving along. He said he thought I would like the Japanese.

Maybe he wants me to work for him when I get through with Mr. Leland. Not on my program if I can help it.

TODAY—a week after Japan—he gave me a lecture on paternity. His attitude toward it. Sort of a moot point since he isn't married and is over sixty, I'd guess.

Mr. Pelham: "I would have liked to have a son who was extremely gifted in, let us say, music or painting but whose attitude toward his work was so intense that he refused to discuss it. And perhaps he would be somewhat inarticulate anyway. By way of reaction to his father. However, having known him for, let us say, twenty-four years, I would be in a unique position to perceive his state of mind as it emerged in his work. I would know almost all the variables. Imagine the possibilities of appreciation in that situation."

Mr. Pelham paused, as usual, just before winding up, and, as usual, wound up with a crack at himself. "Yes, I would have been a great stage momma lurking in the wings."

Apparently when he's doing business he doesn't talk this much.

TODAY for the first time he showed up twice. The second time was just for a minute as I was leaving for supper. He caught me in the hall and asked me what I read. I told him detective novels. He seemed to be waiting for more, so I told him (which was true when I was at law school and couldn't get to sleep) histories of military campaigns.

" 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom'?" he said. "Francis Parkman?"

"World War II," I said. "I don't know why."

"How interesting," he said in that you've-flunked-your-cultural-quiz way. If he thinks I've flunked, why doesn't he go talk to one of the three-piece suits custom-made in London?

HE brought me a book today that he said was a Japanese general's account of the taking of the Philippines. Now I'll have to read it.

I asked him why he thought I'd like the Japanese.

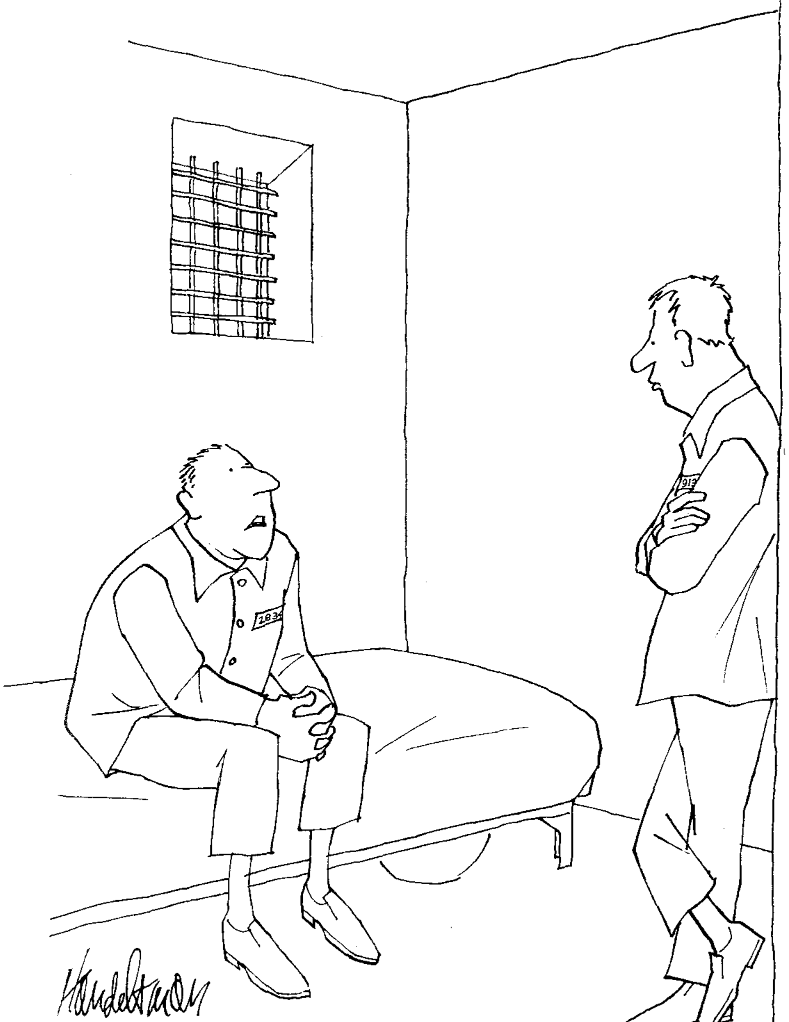
A: "Because technical progress didn't disrupt their inner life, although now they couldn't live without it."

Query that.

I WHIPPED through the book last night and it wasn't bad. Well detailed. The author wasn't afraid of details. A lot of American accounts are boring precisely because all they want to talk about is hitting the beaches so they can sell to the movies. This Japanese general went into decision-making when you only know a fraction of the variables and you're not sure *what* fraction. There were unfortunately a lot of fragments of poems, which might have helped if I knew the whole thing, as I suppose the reader is supposed to. "The clouds linger by mountain peaks." That sort of clue. Thanks a lot.

But what is interesting is this: I went upstairs to leave the book off. Mr. Pelham was across the hall in a conference room. As I left his office, the conference-room door opened and there he was with some Japanese, speaking Japanese. Just gargling away. He talked to me twice about Japan and never said he spoke the language. I'm not saying that if you speak a foreign language you tell everyone you meet, but he had a whole week of chances and he is not a man to hide what he knows.

MR. PELHAM: "What is interesting about you is that you have no group to report to. I had the handicap of knowing a number of interesting people in college and some time thereafter (alas, not all of them interesting anymore), and therefore almost every pleasurable experience I had I spoiled somewhat by thinking how I was going to report it. Of course, the reporting itself was something of a pleasure. And I suppose even the seeking out of pleasurable experiences in order to report them was a pleasure, so perhaps I didn't lose—although it wasn't until I was past forty that I discovered pleasures that were isolated, unlinked to any imaginary audience of friends or friend. I sometimes think we've reached a stage of such social density that almost all pleasures are vicarious. Certainly echoic, in that they are transmutations of a small band of original visions generally unknowable. Brahms conceives in pleasure (let us assume, although perhaps he didn't). He scribbles down what he



"I used to think it was wrong to coddle criminals, but that was before I became a criminal."

SILENCE

When you ask for consolation
From one of them, burnt children
Who were never loved—or so
The explanation runs—
They do not understand. Perhaps,
Like speech, it is a skill which must
Be learned at its specific
Moment. Once past, nothing
Yet known can activate
That latent aptitude.
The child remains both deaf and dumb—
The one you turned toward,
A loud, gesticulating mute.

How they torment, who always
Must retreat, as if attacked
By such demands, whose last defense
Becomes exposure of a pain
They moan and rage is fiercer far
Than yours. Heartbroken, you muffle
Your own complaint, adjusting to
The region's violence,
Leaving grief abused, unspoken—
Until, beyond the reefs
Of hopelessness, nothing seems lacking
In this solitude. You've grown
Accustomed to the silence.

—Ruth Fainlight

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heard. The performer gets it second hand, and we get it third hand from him. Now, one theory is that the original Platonic shimmering whole that Brahms glimpsed through the clouds becomes less perfect with every communication of it. But another theory, perhaps my own, is that the original vision actually has very little to recommend it except Brahms' rendering of it. And it is only enhanced, not lessened, in its successive stages. Not inevitably but possibly; good vicars are necessary. Good translators. If we can assume them, then nothing is lost in translation—on the contrary. The primitive vision was not of paradise (there is none); it was only a quirk of one mind. Providing that the successive receivings and retransmittings are done by minds as rich—and why not?—the original is augmented. In fact the pleasures of Proust's life were nothing to write home about. But I like Proust's liking them. And I like even more my liking of Proust's liking. I've gotten as much pleasure *remembering* my reading Proust as I ever did reading Proust.

"But then perhaps the most complete pleasure of all would be to know the original germ, be aware of its injection into a mind, see its growth *ab ovo*, and follow its passage from mind to mind, sensing the entire cycle of enrichment. Until at last one saw—one witnessed—the whole ornate growth entering one's own mind." Mr. Pelham paused. "And decaying there in a sterile vacuum. I refer to my lawyer-like habit of being an objective observer in the vortex of other people's passions."

He left on that note. But I thought it was his best day so far.

MR. PELHAM: "It was you I meant to speak of yesterday. I'm sorry. I was distracted by myself again. And yet it's sometimes instructive to follow a chance phrase. I noted that you have no group to report to. But what I really meant to say is that you seem immune to other people's psychic disturbances. Quite the opposite from me. I am almost too conscious. I would be particularly susceptible to *folie à deux*. Even when I'm talking to you I find myself revolving around your stolidity. You come from New Hampshire, don't you? The Granite State. Dartmouth too. What is that song? 'We have the granite of New Hampshire in our muscles and our minds.' "

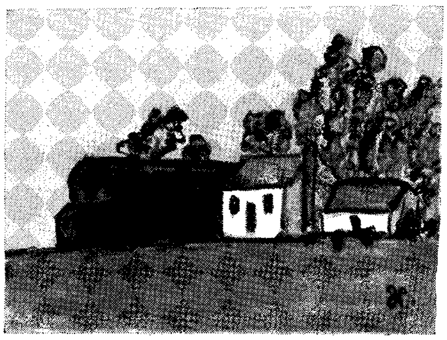
I said that was an old joke.

"I'd like you to meet a group of people," he said after a minute. "Mostly much older, but often much sillier. Than you. I'm not sure. . . . Some of the women are very attractive. For some reason, especially on Sunday afternoons. Especially in the fall. There's something about the light. Tired yellow sunlight on the sides of empty buildings. I can't imagine why people leave New York to go to the country."

I said I'd come and he told me where he lives.

I'VE been here two years today. Still going strong. Mr. Leland noticed the anniversary and said he'd noticed the amount of work I was doing. My health is good. I maintain my level in the Canadian Air Force exercise book. I drink less than I did in law school. Work doesn't get me down while I'm doing it. Only occasionally at night, after it's done.

What are my weaknesses? I think my ambition is less in a general way. I shy away from arguments that are general. And I must learn to maintain my point of view with something more than just answers.



I WENT to Mr. Pelham's Sunday afternoon. Only a half-dozen people. That was worse than a crowd. All older. One very old woman named Eleanor and two middle-aged ones. All three of them are divorced.

Everyone was playing a word game. The game was what words can you do without (in connection with yourself) when you're over fifty? They all sat around suggesting words that had a tendency to be a little tough, a little too serious. I mean they're *none* of them young.

A man said, "Hope." They hemmed and hawed over that.

Someone said, "Innocence."

A woman with straw-colored hair said, "I'm not sure, but we can certainly do without the pretensions of innocence."

They all said, "Ahh."

"Infatuation."

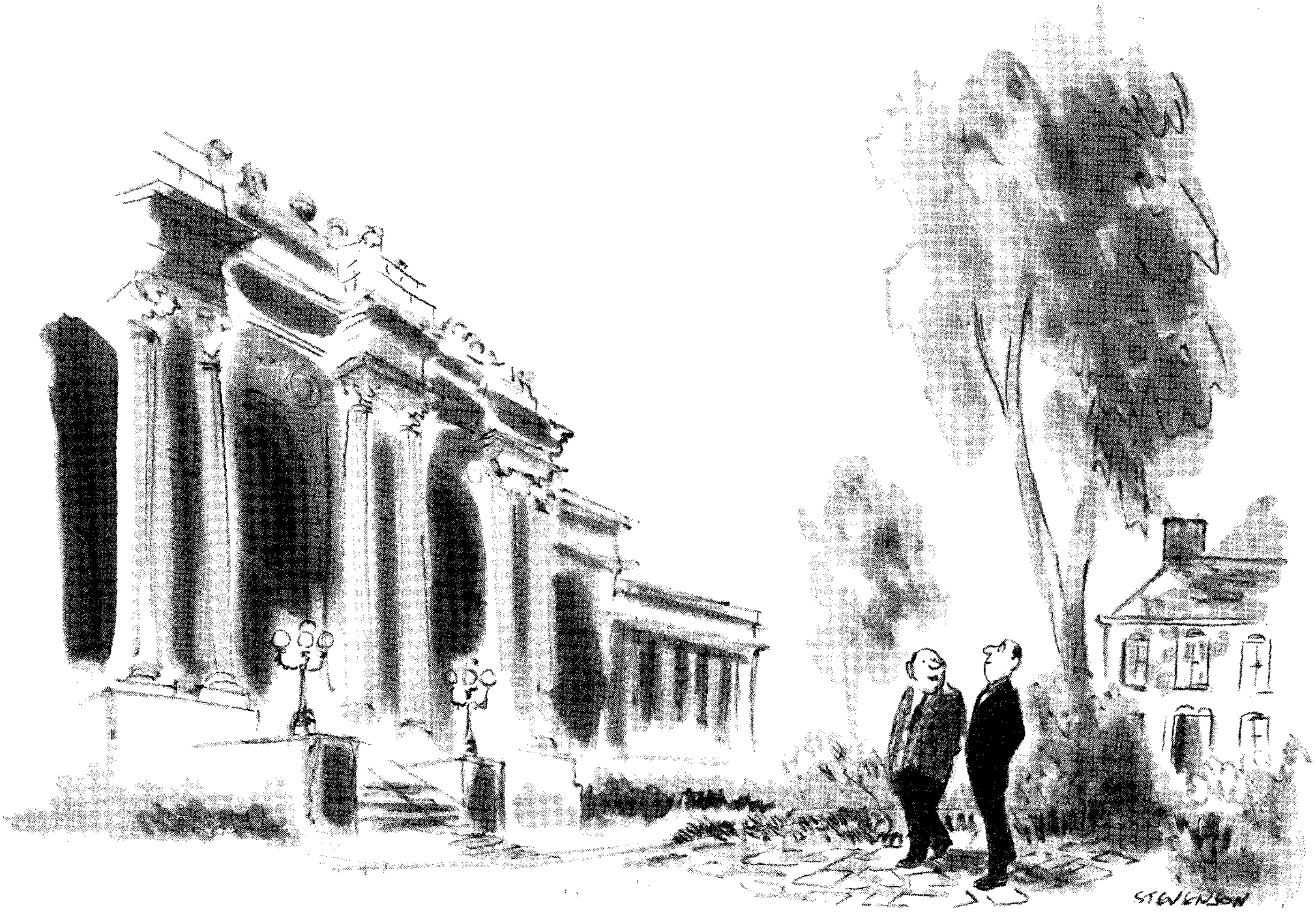
"No," the woman with the straw-colored hair said. "*Au contraire.* It's a word you wouldn't *think* of using in connection with yourself *until* you're at least forty."

Someone said, "Pride."

The other middle-aged woman said, "But not vanity."

"Fertility."

Same lady, who had a deep tan and



"What I had originally intended was to give my entire collection to the Metropolitan, along with a new wing to house it in, but then I thought, Why risk the hassle?"

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black hair with a white streak, said, "Thank God." But I think she was putting on being brassy, since she looked the youngest. Maybe forty-five.

There was a pause in the game. Mr. Pelham said, "Perhaps we should examine the seven deadly sins."

The tan lady said, "Is that all there are?" They all laughed and she looked pleased.

A fat man said, "I'm sure you'll find them all intact for years, my dear."

Mr. Pelham said, "Well, no. I found, for example, that when I reached the age of fifty I was no longer bothered by envy."

I found that interesting.

The fat man said, "What about the five senses?"

The lady with the straw-colored hair said, "I hope old age doesn't find any of us tasteless."

The fat man said, "Oh, very good."

The tan lady said, "Sensitivity," cutting in on the straw-haired lady's applause. "I mean being upset, you know, going around being *wounded*."

"Righteousness," the fat man said loudly.

The lady with the straw-colored hair turned to me and said, "What do you think? Aren't you playing? That keen legal mind . . ."

"Acne," I said.

She said, "Oh, *quelle horreur*."

The tan lady with the silver streak laughed and said to Mr. Pelham, "And you told me he didn't have a sense of humor."

Mr. Pelham laughed at her, although he could tell I'd heard what she'd said. Didn't seem to bother him.

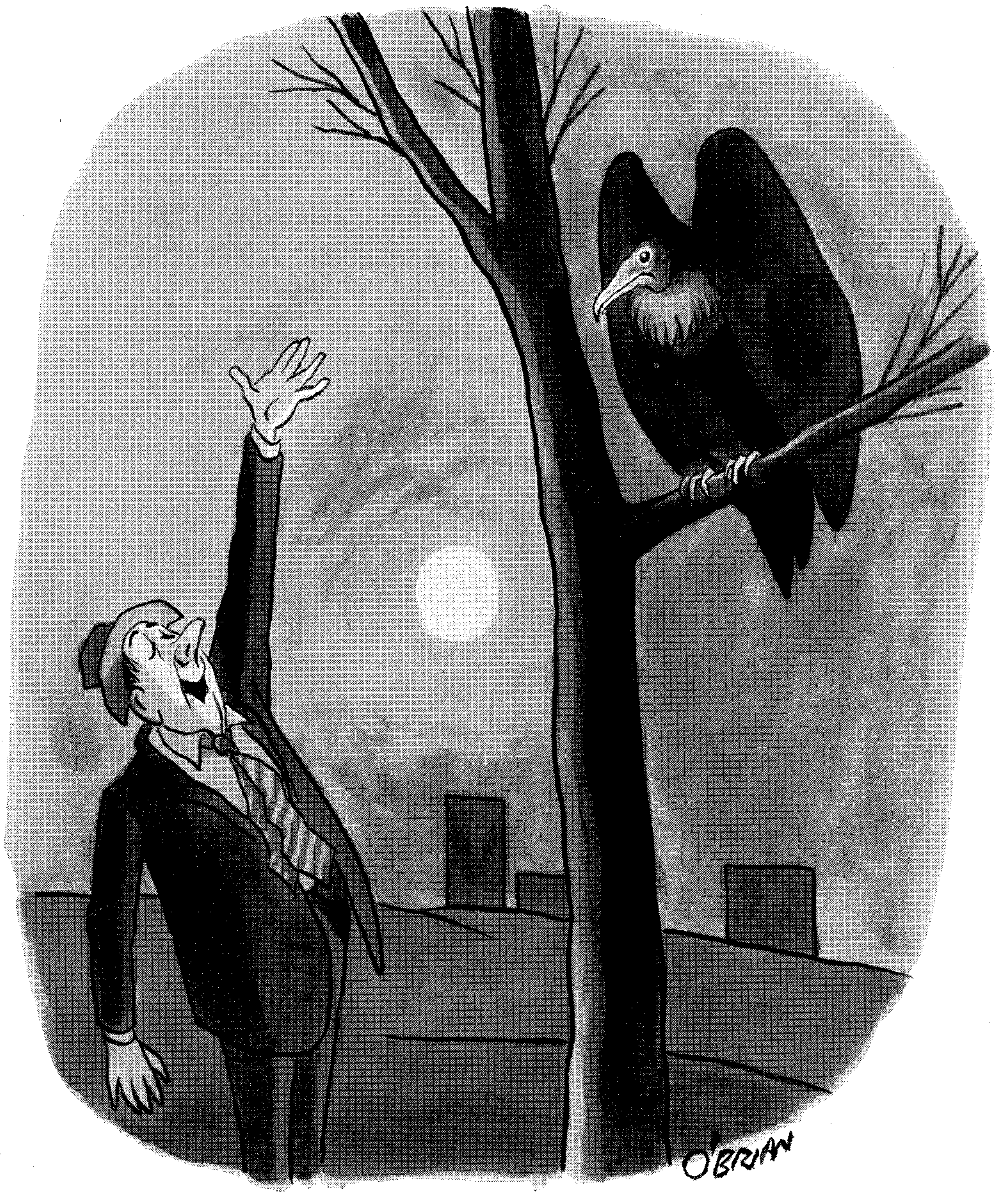
The game went on for a while and then died. I went over to talk to the lady with the straw-colored hair. Mrs. Morr. She talked to me about ballet, for some reason. I couldn't think of anything to say so I finally asked her if she used to do it herself.

"Oh, when I was a very little girl," she said. She curled up in the corner of the sofa and looked like a little girl. I suppose I stared at her. It was sort of a shock, no, a surprise, since she'd looked pretty good from the start, but she looked suddenly very flirtatious and I realized that the whole thing, her outfit, her gestures, her looking off to one side to show off her nose—the whole thing right along had been meant to be attractive and I just hadn't noticed. I'd just been talking to her because she seemed the most talkative. Even by comparison with Mr. Pelham. Anyway, it suddenly took hold. What it was was this—I don't think of the girls I used to know as women, even the ones now married and with kids. Just as I don't think of anyone I know who's my age (including myself) as a man. There seems to be no marking the change from high school to college to law school to working for a firm. Just more intensity. The more they pour on, the more you learn to handle. But Mrs. Morr was beyond all that. She didn't have to do anything, and there was a pleasant sense of drift to her when she opened up. It was clearly just for the fun of it. Like a great big sunny flower.

After a minute she jangled her bracelets up to her elbow and held her empty glass up over the back of the sofa. Mr. Pelham glided in to pick it up.

"Very, very weak," she said. "I'm practically under sedation."

But I didn't care if she talked like



"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

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that from time to time as long as she could be free and easy.

I asked her what all the people did for a living. The fat man was a professor of economics. Keller. Herr Doktor Keller, she called him. The lady with the silver streak had worked in advertising until she got a divorce and retired. ("That's a switch," I said, and realized I'd caught on a little slow. But Mrs. Morr laughed as though I'd made the joke.) The old lady had written some mystery stories. They all seemed to like her a lot. The other man besides Mr. Pelham and Mr. Keller owned a shipping line. Mrs. Morr hadn't ever asked him what kind of ships.

I asked her what she did.

She said, "Well, last week I reassured all my friends. Next week I'll get them to reassure me. The week after I don't know what I'll do. Perhaps you could suggest something."

"Don't look at me," I said, "I'm just an employee. Tote that barge. Lift that bale." I realized I was trying to sound like her and missing by a lot. I sounded like someone at a fraternity rush.

"I hear you work very hard," she said.

When she said that, which was such a set remark (although I was glad she didn't say nothing), I realized that a lot of the rest of her remarks she made up on the spot under a certain kind of pressure. It made me think of answering questions in class at law school. Except she didn't refer to a subject; she referred to herself. She let you know about her mood. More than that. She made her mood change and tried to get you to follow each change. She also made me wonder what she would say if I ever caught up with her and pinned her down about anything.

Probably nothing. Feelings are feelings, not ideas, and she'd just keep on blowing bubbles.

I HAD to wait till today (Tuesday) to see Mr. Pelham. He asked me if I'd had a good time. I said sure. He said, "I was intrigued. I wouldn't have thought Ann Morr was your dish of tea. Connie Wentz"—the tan lady with the silver streak—"now there is a robust charm. She had a remarkable tan, don't you think? Right after she was divorced, she bought a little yawl she keeps finding young men to sail for her while she suns herself. She loves being at sea. Very exuberant. Fogs, storms, sunny breezes. She was going to name her yawl the Alimony. It seemed to me needless provocation, and after our conversation she named it the Applecart."

NEXT Sunday. At Mrs. Morr's apartment. Mr. Pelham asked me. When I got there, Mrs. Morr answered the door. She seemed surprised to see me. I was embarrassed, which she noticed. I said something like I should have waited to come with Mr. Pelham so she'd be able to place me.

She said, "No, no, no. I certainly place you—certainly after all your gallant attentions. It's just that you're an hour early."

I said I'd come back then and started to go. She took me by the arm and said, "No, don't be the least embarrassed. I'm flattered you're so on time." She led me into the living room, chattering away. "Come into my parlor said the spider to the fly. Do sit down. I won't be a minute. Actually several—you know, the preparational mysteries, getting my teeth out of the glass. God, I'd better be careful. Lawyers believe everything you say against yourself, isn't that the rule? You don't believe that, do you? What I'm really doing—You *did* believe it, didn't you?"

I said, "No I didn't. It was just that you were talking so fast."

She said, "I do do that."

I said, "You look very pretty." Suddenly. Jesus.

She said, "Oh la, how flattering," as though it were perfectly all right. But I think she must have been embarrassed too. Fortunately she left.

When she got back it was a half hour later, so we only had a half hour to go. I'd been thinking of what to talk about. Either some more about ballet—that is, get her started again—or get her to say more about the people who were coming. That looked like a better bet (longer), but she didn't do much with it. I asked her if there was some reason for them all to get together, some interest they all had. She said, "We're all old, old friends, and we don't expect very much, but for some reason each of us cares what happens to the others." She said it earnestly, for her, as though it were a summation of a more detailed statement.

I didn't get it all, but it ended that line. So for some reason I started talking about having worked for two years in New York and how I'd tried to figure out what was wrong—not that I thought there was anything wrong but that I'd suddenly felt cut off from my original plans, which were still all I had to go by. I said, "I thought that I shouldn't get into problems that took away energy for no purpose. Energy always seemed to me the main problem. The question always was: how to keep it up. How to keep it efficient. So I kept away from anything static."

She said, "I imagine that's a very exciting way to be."

I realized that I didn't really have control of what I was talking about. But I said, "No. It's gone on so long it's not exciting. It—I mean trying to focus my energy—was the only way to begin. I know I'm not being specific." She nodded. "It's gone on for a long, long time now, because at first I thought it was the only way, and then I didn't dare let up. And now I don't dare stop any habit, because something might depend on it. But there *are* other ways. I've seen some of the other people at work. Some of them are duds, but some of them are up to the job, and they don't need the control that I exercise. In fact they don't even seem to need energy. I'm not envious. I don't mind doing what I have to do competitively. That's not something I'd ever complain about. But I have the feeling that there is something else I could do. Something else I could know. I have the feeling sometimes that there are people who know me down to the ground and I don't know the first thing about them."

She said, "Oh, lawyers in a bunch are terrifying. I used to have lunch near Wall Street once a month, and just the sight of all those dark suits marching out to lunch in phalanx—I was sure they'd all march over to me and—oh, I don't know—cross-examine me." She began to stroke her throat. "I could never even picture Charles"—Mr. Pelham—"holding his own somehow, even though he's the smartest man I know. It seemed like such a militant concentration of grim energy." She smiled. "Of course, you were speaking of your own grim energy, I know, but I think I can imagine what it would be like to live with nothing but that. Really, you know, Dickens' blacking factory is nothing next to a modern career. I mean, I do understand you, don't I? All you know are lawyers who are grim or who at least act grim with you, and that includes yourself—I suppose that is your point, that you are the grimmest of them all."

I nodded.

We sat there awhile in silence, but she smiled off into the distance so I didn't feel that I had to say anything.

She said, "Well, there really is nothing— I mean here I am, a wise old crone without a word of wisdom."

We sat some more. I pieced together that every time she refers to being old she is testing to see that no one takes her seriously. I also noticed that part of her attractiveness is her style—for example, I get the impression that her clothes are so much a part of her style that touching them would be like touching her. When the doorbell rang she let it ring three or four times without getting up, and when she did get up she looked back a couple of times. I got it—that is, the point she was making—but she can do these polite gestures better than anyone I've ever seen. Mr. Pelham arrived and then the whole gang, along with some others. I'm glad to see that they get in some fresh air.

MR. PELHAM has finally given up talking about Connie Wentz. He started right in on Ann. Almost like the first day of questions.

"Do you think Ann is intelligent?"

I said that although she doesn't solve any problems, she probably could if she'd been educated differently.

"But there is an intelligence in her charm?"

I said that she was able to suggest her feelings in a way that made other people share them, which meant that she must appreciate how other people felt in the first place. A form of intellection.

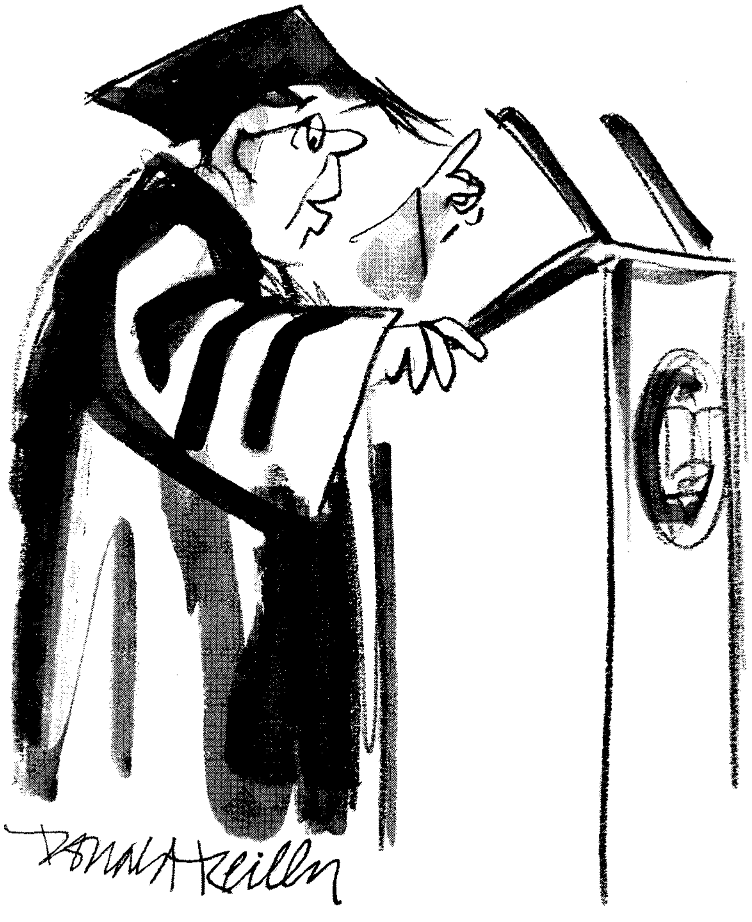
"But there is a great deal that is unexpected in her feelings. There are some quite bizarre tastes that one could never share but that are nevertheless vastly appealing to hear about."

I didn't know what he was talking about. But I said, "Some of your notions are pretty farfetched too. From where I stand, you're both apt to say some pretty strange things."

"But you would distinguish between our sensibilities? Between our minds?"

I said, "Oh, you just proceed in the same way. There are substantive differences."

"Surely you remember the elementary lesson of *Erie v. Tompkins*," he said. "Procedure and substance are inextricably intertwined." He paused. "But isn't it amazing



"One final point in closing. If any of you should happen to drift into the system and make it big, I hope you'll give consideration to the fiscal plight of your alma mater."

how little we can actually say on a subject of mutual interest? The barrier of our common legal training."

II

ONE of the things I have begun to think about is that although I get embarrassed I'm not shy.

Actually what I thought about this afternoon was that any time I could just get up and go over to see her. She is just there. Of course *not*. She is there the way the clouds linger around the mountain peaks or whatever it was.

I see the satisfaction that Mr. Pelham takes in thinking about himself. I thought today, I have discovered taste. Taste is a discernible pattern in voluntary noncareer decisions. I had bad (no) taste in women. I thought, while I was in college, that it was natural that girls were sullen. I could understand why they were sullen—I'm surprised I wasn't more sullen myself. Except I had more anesthesia. The arrangements were enough to sullen up anyone. To wit—arrive by train at White River Junction. Enough to account for sullenness right there. Barely recognize me from previous unpleasant (and dark) arrangement. Dull afternoon shadowed over for her by thought of basic decision, which was: Would she submit? "Submit" is the word. Unspoken struggle. If she had more than three drinks, the unspoken rule was, that meant yes. If she went to my room without stating a formal objection, that meant yes. On my side it was necessary to express minimal formulae of traditional courtship. And the final burst of energy to overcome our indifference, which was our largest bond of sympathy. That was when I discovered that although I was easily embarrassed I wasn't shy. Another way of stating the concept is: There was more social pressure preventing me from disengaging from the mechanism of the weekend than there was embarrassing personal pressure impeding its progress. I remember noting that there were cranks who rejected the process and who were miserable, and then, of course, there were a few who transcended it. I thought they might have transcended it by dint of repeating it over and over. In any case they looked much happier on the railroad platform at White River Junction. They also drank a lot less.

But even so I never spent any time questioning that the function of the weekend was to make the solitude of the week a comparatively attractive alternative. Energy was still the key concept. For the most part I withheld energy from the weekend (except for rationed bursts to avoid inertia). Otherwise there seemed no way or reason to spend it. To be without energy at that time (1957-61) was considered an average, prudent, and reasonable way to behave.

THE INVENTION OF THE TELEPHONE

The time it took, he could have
crawled—on the hairs of his knuckles,
on his eyelids, on his teeth.

He could have chewed his way.
In a place without friction
he could have re-invented the wheel.

But he wanted you to be
proud of him, so he invented
the telephone before he called.

—PETER KLAPPERT

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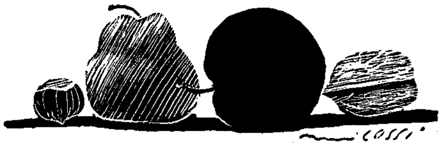
There is no point in regretting it—I wouldn't have come as far as I have if I hadn't lived that way. But now I welcome the chance to see Mrs. Morr act freely. To feel her extravagance. She is, as far as I know, without a goal, but she is capable of reaching one if she chooses. Therefore her actions are freer than anyone's I've known. And until she has a goal, also more extravagant. She has had a marriage. She is accomplished. She is detached. I suppose I should be careful not to absorb any of her extravagance.

For some reason she also suggests to me that there is no limit to energy, that there are sources of energy generated simply by spending. Of course, she may be just reflecting me back to myself. In that case she is a vast consumer market and I can be the producer.

This is baloney. Uncle.

MR. PELHAM dropped in today. He hasn't been in for a while. In fact, the last time I saw him was the third Sunday. He asked me if I'd had any new thoughts about Ann Morr. Before I could answer he said, "It's always seemed to me that attractive women who lived alone could be divided into two categories—those who turned into animals and those who turned into plants. Now, obviously Connie Wentz is something feline or serpentine, however clichéd that may seem. And Eleanor"—the mystery writer—"is a heron. But is it obvious that Ann is a plant? I mean, at first view one thinks of what? There is that initial post-Gibson-girl aura. When daisies replaced roses. What was that song? 'A long-stemmed American Beauty rose.' But I put it to you: Is it not possible that she is in fact not a flower but a butterfly camouflaged as one?"



I interrupted to say that this sounded like one of the Sunday-afternoon games.

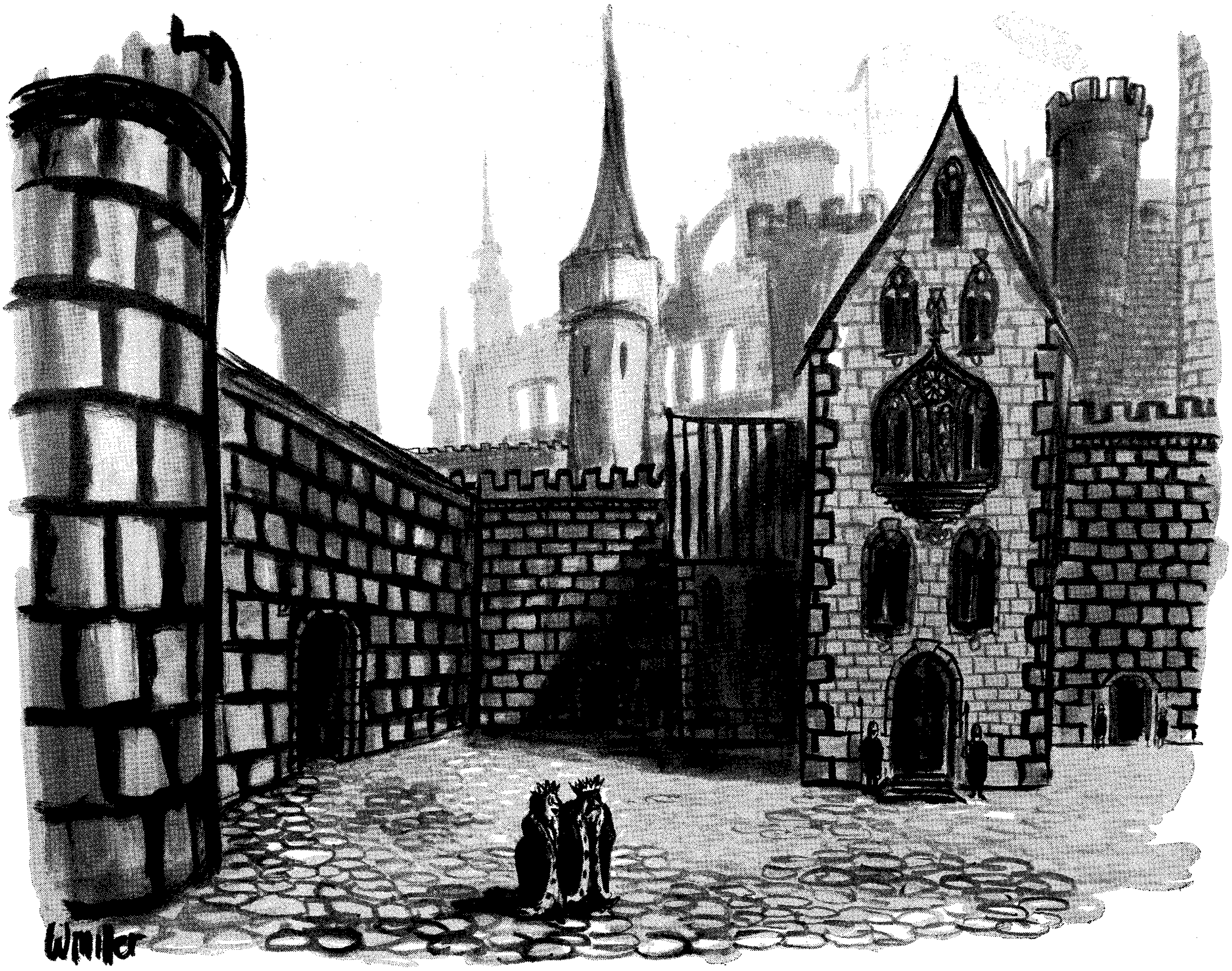
He said, "Yes, it was, in fact. Ann was really quite pleased with her floral aspect. Someone said peony, someone hydrangea, and so forth. I said, 'And now to reveal the worm in the bud.' Surprisingly enough, it was Connie Wentz who rose to defend her. Connie said that *I* was the worm in the bud, if I wanted to know what I was. I imagine if you had been there you would have been the one to rise up in gallantry. I may say, one of the great pleasures of having you come round on Sundays is seeing the flowering of your gallantry toward Ann. A really unsuspected fineness—I hope you're not offended if I say that. It gives me great pleasure. Of course, it gives her great pleasure too."

It's funny they should both have said "gallant." Just because she's forty-nine doesn't mean I'm gallant. I'm not doing a favor. I'm not putting on manners. I'm not doing anything I don't want.

FOUR Sundays have gone by. I asked Mrs. Morr to go to the theatre. I hadn't really thought what it would be like marching up to her door solo. But it didn't bother me too much. In a way, I didn't have to worry so much about guidelines for this case.

She was wearing a dress that was low cut, not all around but with a narrow V that went down to the top of her stomach. I said, "Heads will turn at that."

She said, "I should hope so." And then, "I once had a dressmaker, a very talented little man, who said to me,



"Good heavens, what are you complaining about? I think it's nice that no one has ever threatened or attacked, much less besieged, our castle!"

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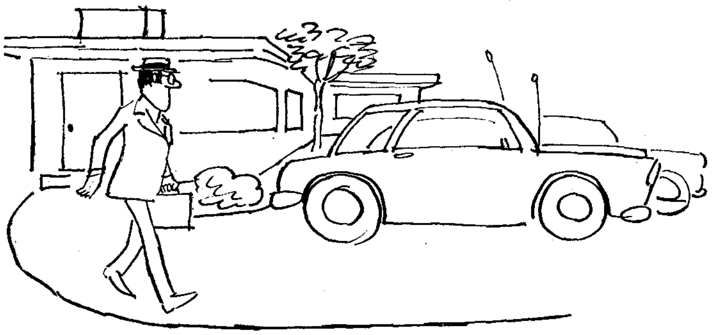
'My dear, when you pass forty, you either retreat or rally.' "

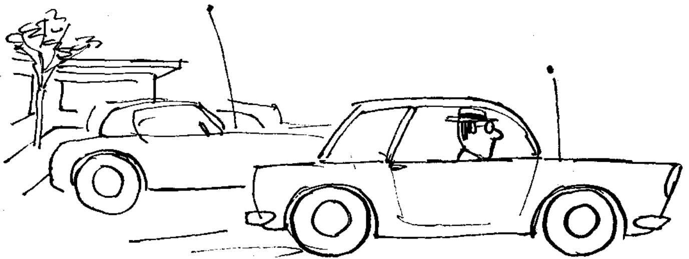
I suppose I should have said she'd certainly rallied, but what was interesting was the feeling of her talking in her drawing-room way and all the while it was just the two of us standing in the elevator. I was very conscious of the echo of her chatter and the fact of just the two of us standing in the elevator.

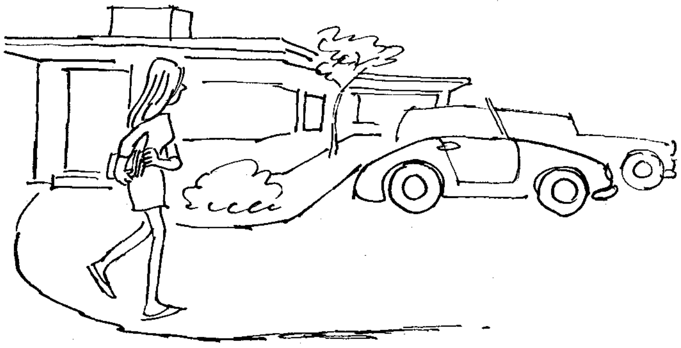
But we had a pretty good time when she ran down a little and was just asking questions. And then she has a few essays too. Even when she's not trying hard, though, she reminds me of a row of game booths at a county fair. Every place you look there's something arranged. And every time you win a game you get a souvenir trinket.

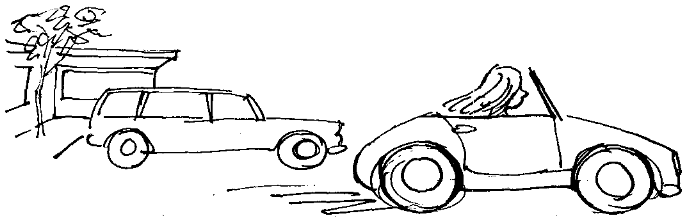
I DROPPED in on her and got to talk for a while. She ended up in an odd mood. She was playing music on the phonograph, and she suddenly started in talking in a different way.

"I remember when I was eighteen—I'd just got out of boarding school and I was staying with my best friend, whose name was Sally. Sally had a sixteen-year-old brother who was terribly attractive, but of course two years at that stage was an unthinkable barrier to serious consideration, or what we took to be serious consideration. If we'd only known. But I played tennis with him and so forth until one night at supper Sally said to him, 'Go on, tell her. If you don't, I'll tell her something worse.' The poor boy was very embarrassed and wouldn't tell. I don't think I've seen that kind of paralyzing embarrassment for years now; maybe it's no longer culturally possible. In any case it finally came out that all it was was that he'd said to Sally that he thought I looked like Ginger Rogers. I did, rather. I probably still do, I hope she's aged gracefully. But I was flattered, and I remember feeling a glow of satisfaction and, oddly enough, a sense of power. It's the feeling of power that I remember, because I think it molded me. I smiled at him—I wish I could remember his name—I smiled what I see now as an awful simper, and said, 'Do you think Ginger Rogers is pretty?' He was just too young to carry it off or slide away from it—I mean, he could have said, 'As blondes go' or 'If you like bony shoulders,' but he was pinned and could only say yes—although it took him, oh, a minute, which of course made it worse for him. I may have cooed him along by saying something like 'I'll be just *finished* if you don't think she is,' but the minute was mostly a thick silence. Until he said yes. And then somehow I was intrigued by his suffering, and also his vitality in a way—if you see what I mean—and I managed to end up on the terrace with him just before dark, just









the two of us. I remember how green everything was, so it must have been still somewhat light, but it was dark enough so that I couldn't see him actually blush. He was leaving to spend the summer in Maine the next day, and I said there must be someone who was going to miss him being gone for so long—some special friend. He said no. And I said, 'Well, I know *some*one who's going to miss you.' He said, 'Who?' I didn't say anything, and I could feel him teetering on the brink of understanding. I knew he wasn't slow—I knew *I* had made him a little dumb. I could feel it. And then I felt completely what he felt when he did understand. I felt his whole terrific crush on me become concentrated right there. In fact it scared me a little. I knew all I had to do was touch him, even just on the arm, and he would—Actually now I'm not sure what he would have done. I think at the time I thought he would fall on his knees and worship me, saying, 'You're beautiful and perfect,' and that was more than I could manage. I mean his *saying* it—his thinking it was perfectly all right." Ann laughed. "What stuck with me, though, wasn't so much the contriving aspect of it finally. It was an appreciation of tenderness. Not sentimental tenderness. I mean tenderness in a way I can really only describe in terms of texture. Small white asparagus. And newness, like putting the first mark on the first page of a book of blank pages. I think that experience did much more to me than it did to him. I think he probably caught a fish, or won a sailboat race, and was able to counterweight it, but it turned me into an appreciator, it made me aware of how aloof you must be to really taste. Like Charles—it makes me wonder if Charles had an experience like that. It's odd that he and I never get as rhapsodically recollective with each other as we do with other people. I've never told this to anyone. I haven't thought of it while I've been with anyone is probably why. But what is curious is that I think the really molding experiences come much later than one is told they do. Not at three or four or in the womb or whenever, but right on the brink of being grown up. I'm really not that different now than I was then. I mean of course I am. I'm—older." She laughed again. "The sadder but wiser girl. No, neither one. But you're sweet to listen." She touched my cheek with her hand and then got up to change the record, which hadn't shut itself off automatically.

Her telling me that, which she hasn't told anyone else, made a big difference to me. I also think she's right about formative experiences. The mind has no power to direct one's life before a certain age. The really formative experiences are just as the mind begins to get that power and lurches forward.

I'm not sure that was her basic point. It's hard to sort out her basic points sometimes. They run together.

I THREW Mr. Pelham for a loss today. He came in to chat and was just about to start in when I said, "I need your advice about something. I'd like to get Mrs. Morr a present and I can't think what."

He stood there awhile. He finally said, "I must say, I really can't say. And what an opportunity gone by. An occasion for a Lord Chesterfield letter to his son. 'On choosing a present for—an older woman.' There must be some general principles."

I said, "An example or two would do."

He said, "As Sir Philip Sidney may or may not have been the first to say, 'Let your heart be your guide.' Actually I don't agree with that. There should be a tension between feeling and cleverness."

"What did you give her last Christmas?"

"Hmm. A book. A book about French furniture."

I said, "I don't think she needs any more books."

He said, "I'm not prepared. There is an essay here, but I'm not prepared to give it."

I said, "That's O.K. I'm not in a rush."

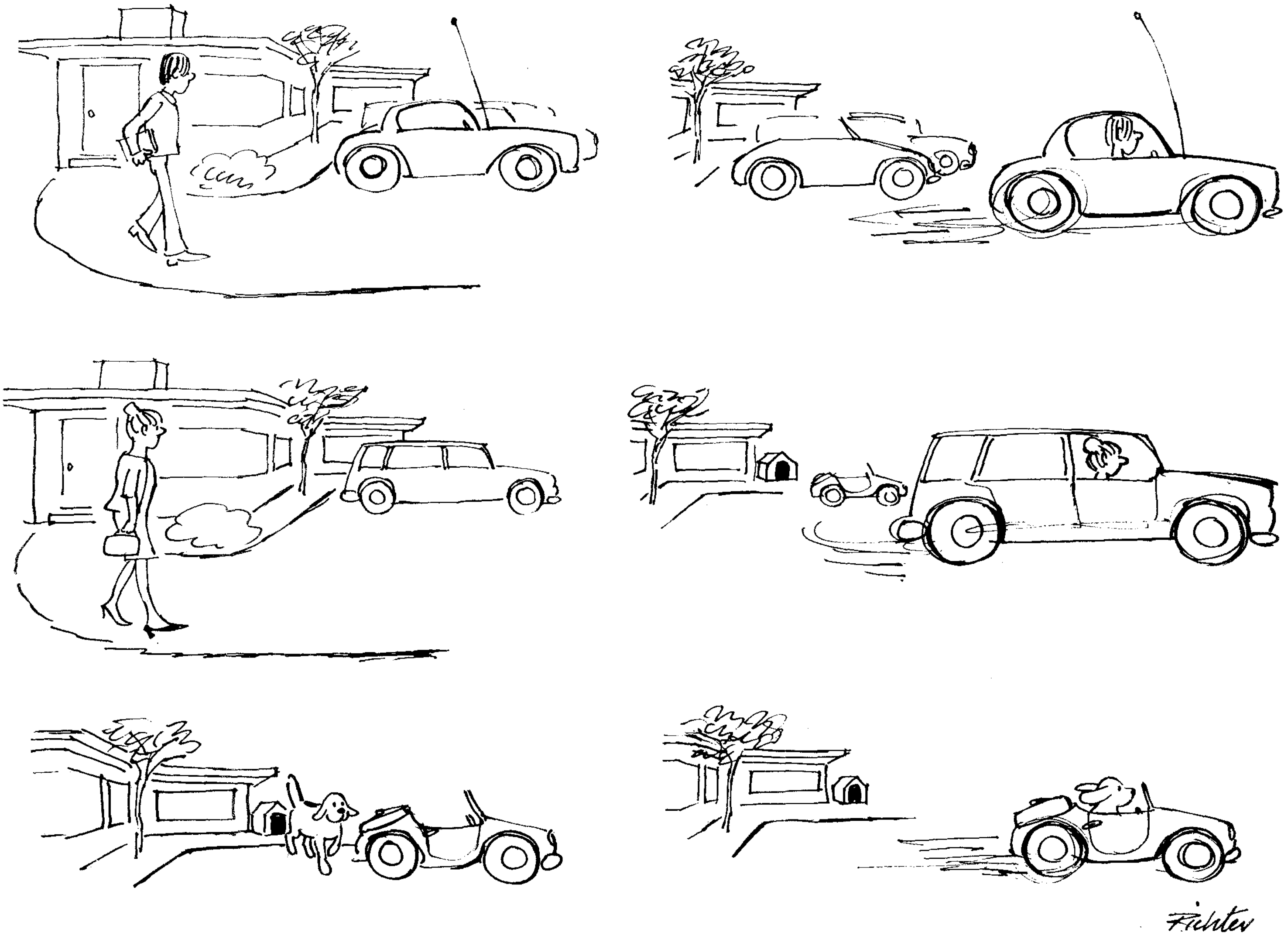
He said, "The moment has come and gone."

I said, "She once went on about a book of blank pages, but whether she meant a sketchbook or a diary I don't know."

He said, "I couldn't say."

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable, or at least obviously probable, but the issue always seemed to me in doubt, or at least unforeseeable in any detail.

I suppose there was even some fear on my part that somehow, in spite of my being attracted, there would be something unattractive, some sign of age that would put me off. But when I



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kissed her it was exactly like kissing a girl.

I don't know why I always believed everything I heard about sex. From a very early age I took the most preposterous things on faith, in spite of the fact that I was otherwise skeptical and inquisitive. I suppose there was very little that was sensual in my life. My mental taboos just fell in with the obvious physical ones—don't touch, don't think. I remember at a bus station once I watched a three-year-old boy handle his mother's breast, and I thought something had happened. I mean something upsetting for everyone there. Nothing had.

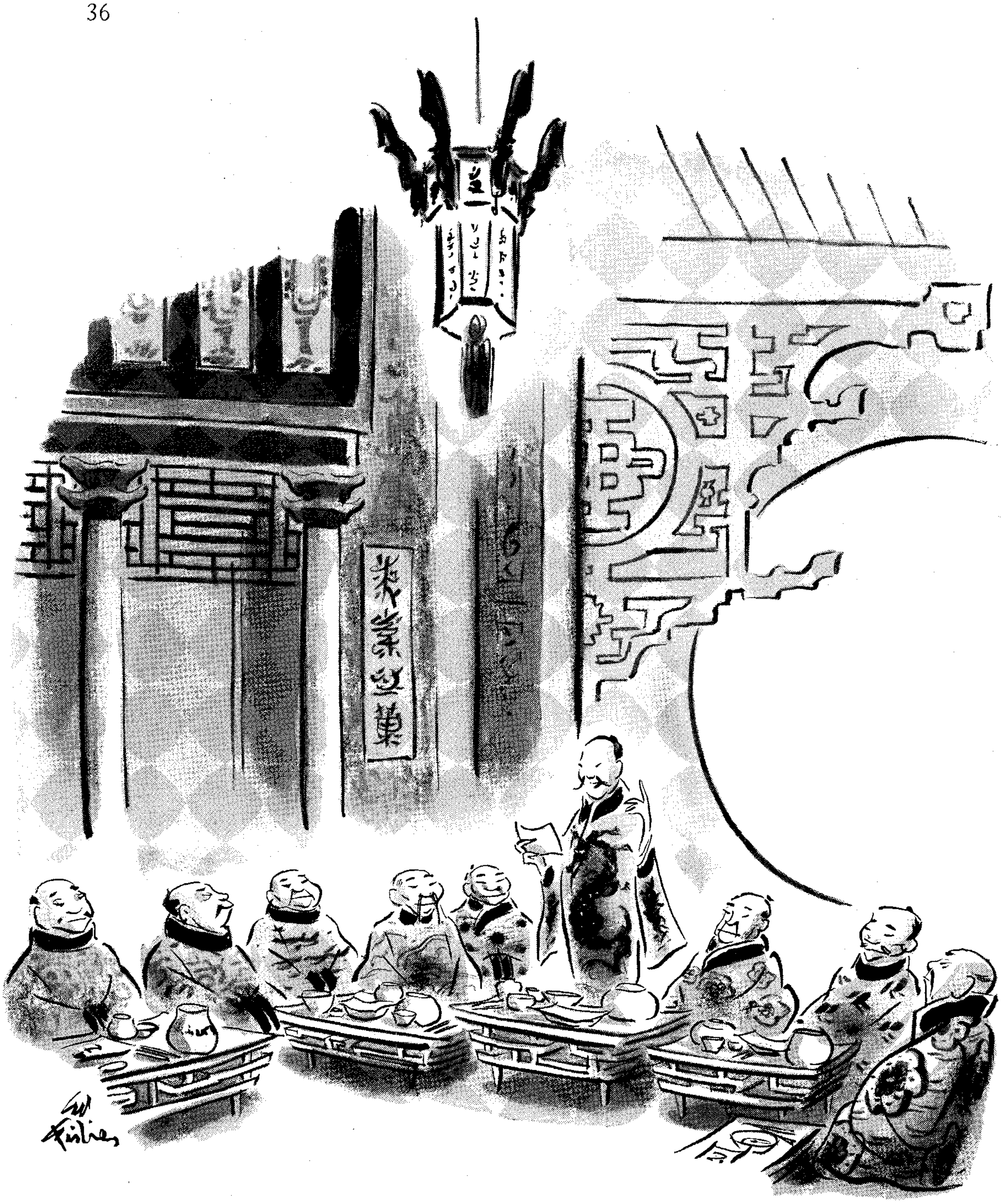
Someone told me that John Locke had said, "I owe my powers of logic to the fact that I have never loosed a drop of semen." I didn't question it, although I didn't buy half of what he said about politics or money. Everything else I'd heard and accepted re sex seemed as absurd, but true. No. Maybe just not to be considered. Not to be tied in with anything else.

I remember in college a guy down the hall slept with a professor's wife who was much older, and the whole prospect of it seemed so beyond anything thinkable that I thought at first, along with everyone else, that it wasn't true. I think there was something that shocked the guy who did it too, so that he had to minimize it by telling his dorm buddies. It took him a while to convince everyone that he really had. Then finally someone asked, "Hey, well what was it like?" The guy said, "Applesauce!" Mainly to get back on top now that we believed him. It was about that time that I read in a history book about the Donner Pass cannibalism, and the two stories seemed equally well reported, equally verified, but equally unthinkable in terms of anyone's real flesh. In fact the only thing I remember as creating any recognizable connection between my flesh and the flesh in the Donner party was cold. For about a week whenever I went outside I'd trudge through the snow thinking of the Donner party's flesh. It didn't occur to me that they might have cooked it.

However, nothing has changed between Ann and me in terms of the proportions of my sentiments. By that I mean that what still interests me most about her is my interest. In a sense all that has happened is that although she had my complete attention before, and still has my complete attention, it's expanded.

It's odd but one of the responses I have to her is very much like being called on my first year in law school and not being quite prepared. After a long while of dreading this feeling, I grew to look forward to it. It struck my whole system like a shot. Sudden jolts of clarity. A struggle to hold them against the oppression of the silence that followed my name being called. A struggle to hold them against the inevitable contentiousness of all the bigmouths who happened to be primed for that class. At least there's not that aspect. But there often are the jolts of clarity out of a half fear.

And perhaps there is a fear of change. That I will change in a way that I myself will not be able to follow. That too was a first-year-law-school fear. An almost physical sensation that a professor would fit a wrench to a part of my mind and give it a quick half turn. And then everything would change in a way that would leave me behind. Of course, I was wrong about that; there was nothing that mysterious going on. And



"And this year's Most Inscrutable Award goes to . . ."

• •

I got over it. But I grew to like the fear of being called on; I grew to use those jolts almost like flares to light up that part of the case that I hadn't got by myself.

But what am I lighting up when I get these jolts from Ann?

ANN changes the sheets on her bed every day. I'm sure of it not just because of how it feels but because the sheets are often different colors. Some of them are striped.

YESTERDAY (Sunday) Ann and I took the day off. The feeling that we should have been with the usual gang plus guests made the time seem more valuable. At least concentrated. Even though we didn't actually do anything. We got up late, ate breakfast, played music. Ann gave me dancing lessons. Different old-fashioned dances—Charleston, tango. A lot of clowning around. We sat down tired out.

Odd conversation No. 1: She said, "What is your dream career?"

"You mean like being President?"

"Oh well, that. But I mean something more specifically dreamlike. You don't dream of being President. Do you? Something like winning the World Series."

"Yeah, I used to dream of being discovered by a Red Sox scout when I was in high school. But I couldn't have been too serious, I didn't even play freshman ball at college. What about you?"

"Oh, endless lists. Dancing with the Bolshoi. Going to the moon. Stealing the Hope diamond. Starring in a movie. Playing the organ in a cathedral."

"You could get that all into one if you tried. Star in a movie about a lady who plays the organ, steals the Hope diamond, and stashes it on the moon. On the way back you crash-land in Siberia and get discovered by the Bolshoi. I could arrive on a baseball tour, and it ends with us looking at the moon trying to figure out a way to get the diamond back."

She said, "You don't have much feel for dreams. They can't have dénouements. They have to stop in the middle. At the fullest moment. There has to be a feeling of risk still clinging to the dream even when it's over. You really should think more about your dreams."

I said, "It's just another word game. This way, I mean. I don't have anything against real dreams."

She frowned and went off to change, since we'd talked about going out for lunch. When she goes to change, it can mean anything, including taking a bath and reading the *Times*. I turned on the Giants-Packers game. I started to turn it off when she got back, but she wanted to watch it. At half time she got up and did an imitation of the drum majorettes. She can be very funny clowning around. But for some reason in the middle of it she must have thought I wasn't laughing, or laughing too much. I don't know. She stopped and I got up and without saying a word we were somehow squaring off over nothing.

She finally said, "I'm sure it's ridiculous. I'm sure you think I shouldn't make a fool of myself."

I didn't say anything, and she kept on glowering at me. I still didn't see why I had to say anything. Then suddenly she went into her bedroom. I went in after a bit and she told me to get out. I went back and watched the rest of the ballgame. I felt lousy, but I couldn't apologize over nothing. When the game was over I went in again and said, "I'm sorry."

She said, "It's terrible but I can't do it. I hate to deprive you of it—I mean that sweetness of a first quarrel, and the relief that it's—but there it is, I don't feel anything but bored with myself."

That left me to solve the problem, and I realized that she expects a lot. More than whatever conventions she's used to—sort of super-conventions, meta-conventions. But then maybe it will just turn out that she wants everything left up to her.

We finally got around to lunch, which was a relief. And then she began to giggle over how hungry I was. I am no impediment to whatever mood she wants. There are no principles governing her change of moods. There is no control that I feel I have, whereas she can make me feel, for example, desire in such a concentrated form that it is almost grim, and all the while she can keep on talking, laughing, knowing that she is drawing me, and not the other way around.

And yet this arrangement is in no way draining or degrading. We are equals, taken over all. At least that is my impression.

Later in the day she said, "I suppose the reason I have dream careers and you don't is that I have a real regret that I haven't really done something. Something absolutely apart from myself. Something that other people use. Isn't that why you work so hard? Of course, Charles worked hard, and he still wishes he'd done something else."

I said, "Mr. Pelham's a little bit nuts."

She said, "I must say, Charlie, you're getting awfully disrespectful in your old age."

Later that evening she was smoking in bed. She smokes like a chimney. She wants me to too. She says it would make her feel very intimate to lie around and contaminate our lungs together.

She said, "What exactly is your vision of your ambition? I mean what form does it take symbolically? Do you count the names over yours on the letterhead and imagine yours moving upward year by year?"

"I'm not on the letterhead. The youngest partner is just forty."

"Ah. But what do you think of concretely? Your name on the door of some massive office? Some particular person deferring to you?"

"No."

She waited for me to say more. She nudged me. "You're like a hostile witness. That is the phrase, isn't it? Well then, what feelings do you have about yourself ten years from now?"

"I don't know. It's not that clear. I sometimes get a feeling of weight, thinking about being the only person qualified to take on a certain kind of problem. That's not the answer, is it? You want me to have a plot of some kind to make myself number-one something or other, but that's not it. I'm not playing, I'm not making a movie of my life. I'm just working. I know you'd like to hear something more exciting."

"I stand rebuked."

"No. I don't mean it that way. But it does make me feel strange when you bring up that idea, the idea that I should have some vision, be able to hover above it all, ready to swoop down for the prize. In fact I don't know but that all bird's-eye views aren't wrong. The world laid out to plan. It's not. Even if it were, it wouldn't be made up of stories. The only way you can be sure you're worth something is when someone thinks you're necessary, when someone needs you to make something work. Then you know."

"And all the unnecessary people are just . . . unnecessary."

"I'm talking about what I know, about what I *can* know. The rest is just emotion."

"I must say I find you very exasperating in this mood. I didn't realize you were so self-centered."

"You're missing the point. I'm just using myself as an example of the only way it makes sense to look at a career. You asked the question about me in the first place."

"It really won't do, you know," she said. "I mean, every time you find yourself . . . in any way touched, you rush back to your office and start arguing. It just won't do. You'll never grow up to be a real live boy, Pinocchio, if you act like that."

We lay awake, and much later she said she was sorry. I said I was more exhausted at the end of that day than if I'd worked all day. She said she was glad. Then she said she was so tired she couldn't sleep. She went and took a sleeping pill. Just as she was dozing off she said, "I wonder who you'll marry—what she's like." That woke me up completely, but Ann dozed off with her pill.

III

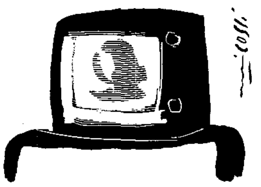
I WONDER still about what sort of feelings she has for me. I'm sure it is more than just reassurance. Certainly the feelings I have for her vary, but at their most intense they are real spurts of admiration that fuse all my other feelings.

Last Sunday I went to the group meeting with her again. There was a foreigner there who had come with Professor Keller. The man was even fatter than Herr Doktor Keller (as Ann calls him) and came from Central Europe someplace. Not Hungary but somewhere near it. Now an American citizen. He was being treated very respectfully by everyone. Alleged brains? Influence? Still don't know. He told the following story:

"In 1937 I visited—in my capacity as private economist—the head of one of the oldest families in Hungary. I do not mention the name, but you may imagine. I went to one of his several country estates. As we travelled over roads which you in this country cannot imagine—almost impassable—I said, 'Excellency, how far to your estate?' 'My friend,' he said, 'we have been on my estate for an hour now.' We travelled for another hour, passing several villages which were more squalid than anything you have in this country. Squalor and penury beyond anything you can conceive, I assure you. We arrived at the hunting lodge, which was palatial. There was a vast courtyard, however, which was a bog, solid mud up to the thighs. I started to descend from the car, but my host stopped me. Two servants rushed from the nearest door and floundered toward us. They carried us on their backs to the steps of the lodge. They struggled through the mud like beasts of burden. It's not something that you in this country can easily imagine. That evening I took my host aside to speak with him. I said, 'Excellency, you have asked me to advise you. I may, however, be overstepping the bounds of my service when I say to you something from my deepest convictions. The conditions of life in this country are by modern standards unbearably harsh. It is no longer the nineteenth century. You have already experienced a first upheaval, which I assure you was more than the effect of losing a war. There must be either reform or upheaval. You are in an exceptional position. I beg you with great earnestness—I implore you, before it is too late—invest what you can of your fortune in the American market.' "

Ann began to giggle. No one else batted an eye. The man went on, "But he failed to listen to me. He did nothing to avert the financial disaster that overtook his entire family. It was a blindness that you cannot imagine in this country."

Ann burst out laughing.



Professor Keller said quickly, "But his holdings in this country would have been sequestered during the war in any case."

The man said, "I had in mind a holding company based in a neutral country."

Ann kept on laughing. Even Mr. Pelham gave her a look. She was laughing very loudly by this time. Mr. Pelham was always alarmed by loudness. But it was her being loud and rude that I really loved. I'd been trying to think of something to say, but she was much better. And what was good was that she was out of control, she wasn't picking away at this guy, she couldn't help it. Her eyes squinted up and her mouth was open so wide I could see her gold fillings in the back. I wanted to get her away and just listen to her laugh.

I missed the turn the conversation took, but things broke up fairly soon after. We went back to her place, but the mood had passed, and she in fact seemed sombre, so I wasn't able to tell her she'd been terrific. It doesn't matter; she was.

Answer [Mr. Pelham]: "Certainly. What it is that I find in my social life is this: that the threads of my life (ideas, friends, et al.) are woven into designs around me of course interests me, but what interests me more is when I can feel the threads being pulled out by a neighbor's design in the making—being stolen inch by inch, sliding out of their backing, over and under and over and under and finally out. Well, that is a sensation that is certainly worth more to me than the jealous retention of the designs in my own life. What is best of all, by the way, is to feel several designs being ravelled away multifariously. I feel very much in touch then, as they ravel out of my life and are knitted up into several others. It is, if you will allow a certain dryness [*Laughter*] or aridity of phrase, a socio-spiritual sensation. Which gives me great pleasure."

Q: "Pleasure?"

A: "Satisfaction. Fulfillment. It is, you know. I should add that people always talk of sacrifice wrongly. The word once meant a pleasurable giving. Now it means, oh, rationing, privation, imposition. People then turn around and say, e.g., Proust sacrificed his life for his work. I would assert that on the contrary Proust was not in the least deprived but very cleverly bargained away a life that he could never have really led for one that gave him the highest pleasure. I would be happy to make—in a very minor way, you understand—the same sort of bargain."

Q: "What in exchange for what?"

A: "What I can't have for what I've decided I really want."

Q: "Who are you dealing with?"

A: "Well, let's call it a broadside offer."

Q: "Well, what can't you have?"

A: "Earlier expectations."

Q: "Like what?"

A: "Well, to lead you somewhat astray, to be a national figure."

Q: "Seriously?"

A: "Yes. There was a moment."

Q: "But your earlier expectations, i.e., what you can't have—are they yours to bargain with?"

A: "I can't think who else can claim them."

Q: "Of course, if they're what you can't have, they're without value and your bargain is *nudum pactum*, without consideration."

A: "I tell you they're extremely valuable. All that I once cared for."

Q: "But if you're going to give up what you can't have you're bargaining to do something you're bound to in the first place—"

A: "Put that way, of course, there is some merit to your objection. But not in my life. The logic in my life has not been law. [*Laughter*] In fact, in this realm everyone is always making bargains to do what he's already bound to do. Those are the only ones anyone sticks to."

Q: " 'In this realm.' Everything just slips away."

A: "Oh no. . . . You know, it's a shame we're the only two lawyers or we could do this some Sunday."

Ann: "You know, I was struck today by the helplessness one feels in front of what is most touching. Last summer I was at a family picnic, of all things. I have a nephew named Bill who is a great ox of a schoolboy who spends all his time exercising, as far as I can see, and I have a cousin once removed who is sixteen and quite attractive. She has a little brother of an indeterminate age named Josh. Perhaps he's eight, or six. All three happened to be standing by the swimming pool. My cousin had a great crush on this lifeguard of a nephew—why, I can't imagine—and she was trying to attract his attention. So she started talking to her little brother. 'If you'll go swimming with me, Josh, I'll give you a surprise.' Josh said, 'What?' He was—quite rightly—suspicious of this sudden bright-eyed attention. My cousin said, 'Oooh, I can't tell you, but it'll be something you really, really like.'

"Josh still said 'What?,' but what intrigued me was that he was beginning to squirm under the intensity of her really remarkable physical charm. She was hovering over him, and although she wasn't touching him the air was positively electric, and of course he couldn't know it wasn't for him. All the while Bill was doing deep-breathing exercises of some laborious sort. Finally my cousin turned to Bill and said, 'Oh, Bill. You make him come swimming with me. He's just being awful.' Josh looked very hurt that he was being awful, but Bill said, 'Can't talk. Hyperventilating,' and then dove into the pool and swam underwater down and back. It's quite a long pool, and he pulled himself out like a wounded crocodile and just lay in the sun, occasionally rearing his head to knock the water out of his ear. My cousin looked down at him for a while with that brutal sour look that teen-agers have, which I hope is not as seriously evil as it looks. Then she walked off. Bill just lay there oblivious. Josh wandered around the pool looking very thin and sorry for himself, but when I talked to him he was completely bored and couldn't wait for me to stop."

An odd thing. Mr. Pelham and Ann both happened to ask me the same question.

Mr. Pelham: "I imagine there is such a thing as rustic virtue. Disabuse me."

Ann: "You must have had a marvellous childhood—I mean, growing up away from all the usual vices. Catching trout while boys in New York were shoplifting. Everything must have been so natural."

I said to Ann, "There's nothing more natural about New Hampshire than New York anymore. Most of those trout are stocked. My brother worked as a guard at a state trout hatchery. Herons would come in droves to eat the hatch and he'd shoot the herons by the dozens. *They* were what was *natural.* But it's an economic election. Herons or trout. Tourists come for trout. Q.E.D." Ann was appalled.

I said to Mr. Pelham that if rusticity itself is the virtue he's talking about, and if virtue is desirable, which we assert by definition, then why did I, and my fellows, come to New York, and why does the rest of the state want, more than rusticity, electric power, highways, industry? And so forth.

Story for story, essay for essay. But I begin to think that their idea of the purpose of their relations with other people is primarily informational. And that eventually the information, the more interested they become, will be an essence of me that they'll have to dismantle me to get. Nothing necessarily destructive. Just to see. I suppose that's O.K.

I ASKED Mr. Pelham how he'd ever come to drop in, what first interested him. He wasn't surprised. He had his essay.

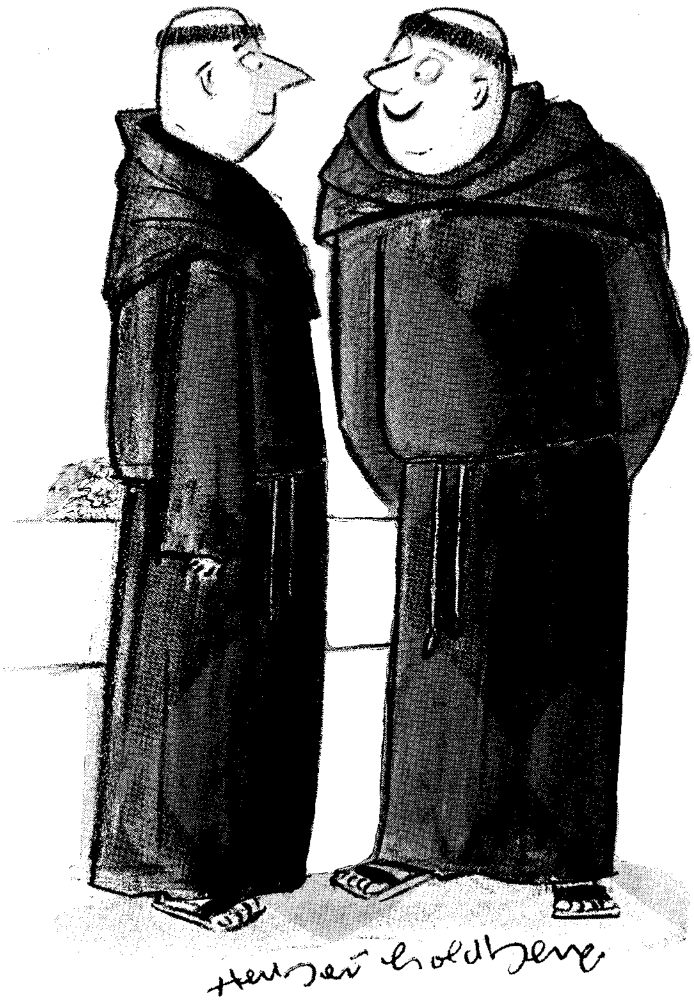
"I thought at first you were—from what people said—what every rigorous headmaster of every rigorous prep school claimed he wanted his boys to be. In practice, headmasters were often thrown into violent reactions by factors they professed to ignore. E.g., charm. They were both infatuated and irritated by it. But the theory of their preaching was that 'a strong character' was to be praised over intelligence, charm, talent, and even accomplishment. It was a curious thing to preach, because it was a sermon without end that crushed everyone. It praised, for example, those who gave their lives for their country in a way which made the living feel guilty. It praised the grit of the loser who battled on and on. Hopelessly. Which made the winner feel guilty and was no balm to the loser, because even when one is told he has a strong character one cannot really acknowledge it inwardly. In any event, praise of one's grit should be no substitute for winning.

"A curious side effect of this preaching, by the way, was that certain extremely gifted prep-school boys competing some years later for, let us say, Rhodes Scholarships would falter almost on purpose before the interviewing committee. They were under a posthypnotic suggestion, you see, to lose with grit and prove their character.

"But to return to you. You seemed to be slogging it out on your own in both theory and practice, and because no one had imposed the theory on you, you were uninhibited toward bald success. I can't tell you how deep a chord this struck in me. I have often had a dream career of being a headmaster. To be quasi-Olympian above the fray. To be on the riverbank as a racing eight swept by, knowing the life story of each man in the boat. What each stroke cost." He paused. "To bestow the trophy, saying, 'Well rowed, Prancer and Dancer and Donder and Blitzen . . .' "

LATER I asked Ann what had first got her interested in me. She started to back away, but I finally got the bit in her mouth. And then of course she took it between her teeth and ran off.

"Well, I can say one thing, which is that you're unlike any previous entanglement. Except perhaps Charles. Charles was like you—many years ago, of course. Not in manner. But he was isolated in the same way. Nothing, I can tell you, is less appealing than a lonely man who is feeling sorry for himself, but on the other hand a lonely man who seems to be bearing up and who acts with a certain rudeness is infinitely attractive. The only thing more momentarily alluring—and it can be only momentary—is a man who is obviously in love with another woman, who is paying absolutely no attention to anything else, and who then, out of a clear blue sky, suddenly notices you and is visibly shaken. It's quite moving. But then, of course, he must either turn away sheepishly or advance raffishly, and that is that. I'm afraid I may be sounding like a terrible old whore, but if you insist on questions I'm afraid you'll get answers that go on like this. I mean, I'm not going to pretend that I returned to my maidenly role as frail flower after Alfred departed the scene. Indeed, I don't even think that I find it a convincing role—frail flower, I mean. It is aesthetically repugnant, and I may say I'm glad to see that it is really not even a fashion anymore. Which is not to say that I admire myself unreservedly. In fact I was somewhat unreflective with Charles in that it should have been apparent to me that since he was someone whom Alfred admired a great deal, I very likely had ulterior motives. I have noticed that divorced women tend either toward someone whom their husbands admire or toward someone whom their husbands rather despise. A visible step up or down. From the husband's point of view, of course. The reality is always more baffling. But the original motive is to break away from the husband's taste in people, which is the most lingering shared taste, because, of course, the people around you can't be sent into storage along with certain chairs and rugs and paintings. But the people can be perceived differently. And one changes oneself, and so forth, until there is a whole new arrangement. But the period of changing one's perceptions is, oddly,



"You know what I'm wearing under this? A tie-dyed hair shirt!"

a very impersonal one—although not necessarily rational—and the person closest to one at the time gets treated rather badly, I'm afraid. That is to say, impersonally. I mean one can behave quite theoretically. Women can. Men on the whole behave better, more naturally, at least more wholeheartedly. Alfred behaved extremely wholeheartedly and remarried very happily, if a little bit absurdly.

"Fortunately Charles and I became lasting friends, largely through his withdrawal in a very independent and orderly fashion. There was scarcely a bad moment. We were both very busy, and we soon found that we weren't relying on each other at all, even though we kept on seeing each other. This was years ago. And then, of course, he became more the way he is now. His whole world in his head. Not in any selfish or even embittered way. Perhaps a little melancholy, but very literary, very picturesque. What I find attractive now is that he is analytic in a generous way, but not *a* and *b*, *x* and *y*—like a juggler, really, so that you just catch a glimpse. It really is the way I prefer to hear about things."

I said, "I guess you find me too much the other way. Too *x* and *y*."

She said, "Now that is the intriguing thing; I really don't know. Actually I do—at least one thing, which is this: *that you're changing visibly, and I* find it amazing to be a cause—not so much a cause as a catalyst. Do you know what happens to catalysts, by the way? People are always using catalyst as a metaphor, and I know what it means metaphorically, but actually, chemically, I have no idea what happens to them.

"Do you remember saying that your sleek, demure young associates seemed to know you down to the ground and that you didn't know the first thing about them? I can assure you that that is most unlikely. There is, to flatter you some, something awesome about you. I'm quite serious. You really are as independent as Charles was, but with a more massive core of energy. Of course, that may be youth. I'll tell you what I do like, though, is that from time to time you seem to focus it all on me. I can't tell you how I've come to appreciate that feeling. Wasn't that what you wanted to know?"

I said yes.

She said, "You know, for someone who never mentions it, you're actually quite sensual."

She smiled, having deliberately turned the conversation that way. I noticed her mouth particularly. Her front teeth are large and regular. There is something attractive about the idea of her gold fillings in back, on the way to her red gullet. I find myself sometimes thinking about her insides, almost in a way to put me off. Not on account of her but on account of my own state of mind. The other day it made me think of shooting a deer—the whole process—seeing it flash, shooting, hauling it out, gutting it. Other times, fortunately, I think of her bones. They're very light, and that is altogether pleasant, associated mainly with her control of her body.

I have mentioned the deer to her, making it clear that that edge of thought exists only involuntarily. She said it probably had to do with my resenting the fact that she could not have a baby. I said no, that her steering clear of babies made her seem more like a young girl.

She said, "A *quick-frozen young girl, thawed out in perfect condition* years later."

I didn't say anything, but the fact is I'm not sure I would have liked her as a young girl. What I like is that she seems like a young girl. She, on the other hand, is in love with her memories of being a girl. I doubt if I'll ever spend that much time dredging up stories. My story, the one that interests me, is from now on.

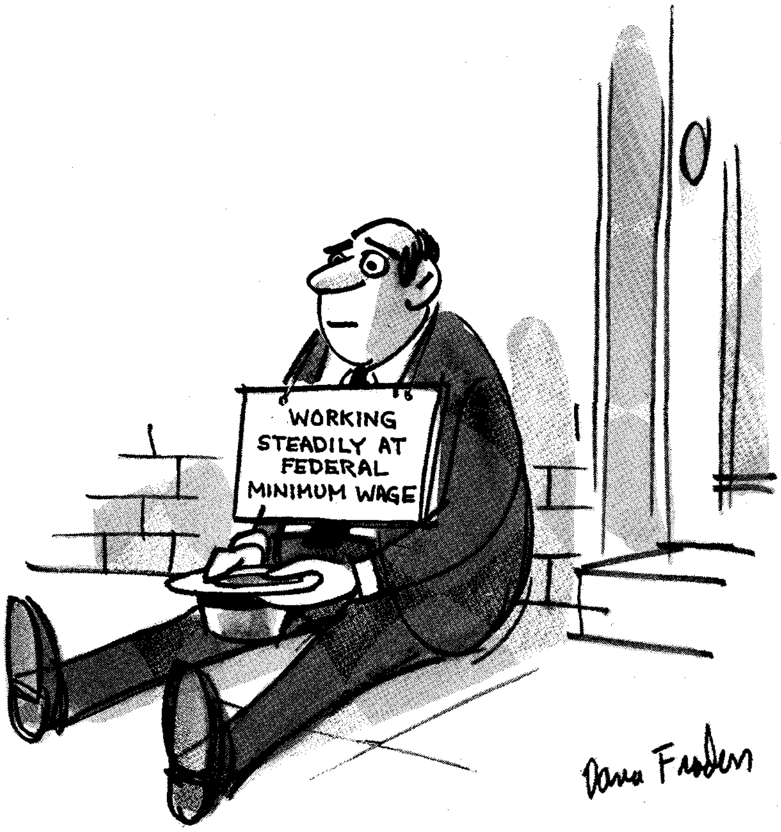
IT is interesting how Ann can tell stories publicly (the way she did today, Sunday) with real polish. And then she can tell me a story in private—as though her recollections were a form of caress, as though she were nestling against me. If she were a patient and I were a psychiatrist, I would fall in love with her as she just lay there talking. She sometimes demands stories from me, but that is often like a caress that she asks for. Too requested. She once took my hand and very slowly pulled it against her face—now if she could get stories from me like that . . .

But when I hear her tell a story in public, it is hard to imagine how we ever get along in private. I can imagine what it would be like to be married to an actress.

Today Professor Keller got after her about laughing at his Central European "private economist." She said, "Let me explain. Marie-Claire was being driven back to her villa in Neuilly by her chauffeur when she happened to see a tramp eating grass by the roadside. She rapped on the glass partition and told the chauffeur to stop. She addressed the tramp. 'My good man,' she said. 'Are you actually eating grass by the roadside?' The tramp said, 'Yes, Madame.' 'Well then, you must come with me,' said Marie-Claire. They drove off and at length reached Marie-Claire's house. She told the tramp to follow her. They proceeded through the front hall, and out the back door onto the terrace. Marie-Claire gestured with her slim white hand across the well-tended grounds. 'My poor fellow,' she said. 'I was touched when I saw you eating grass by the roadside. *Here* is an English lawn!' "

Professor Keller said, "Oh, come on. That's not an analogy." But Ann won the point by acclamation.

I enjoy her triumphs, but not as much as she does. She lights up, revs up, and doesn't slow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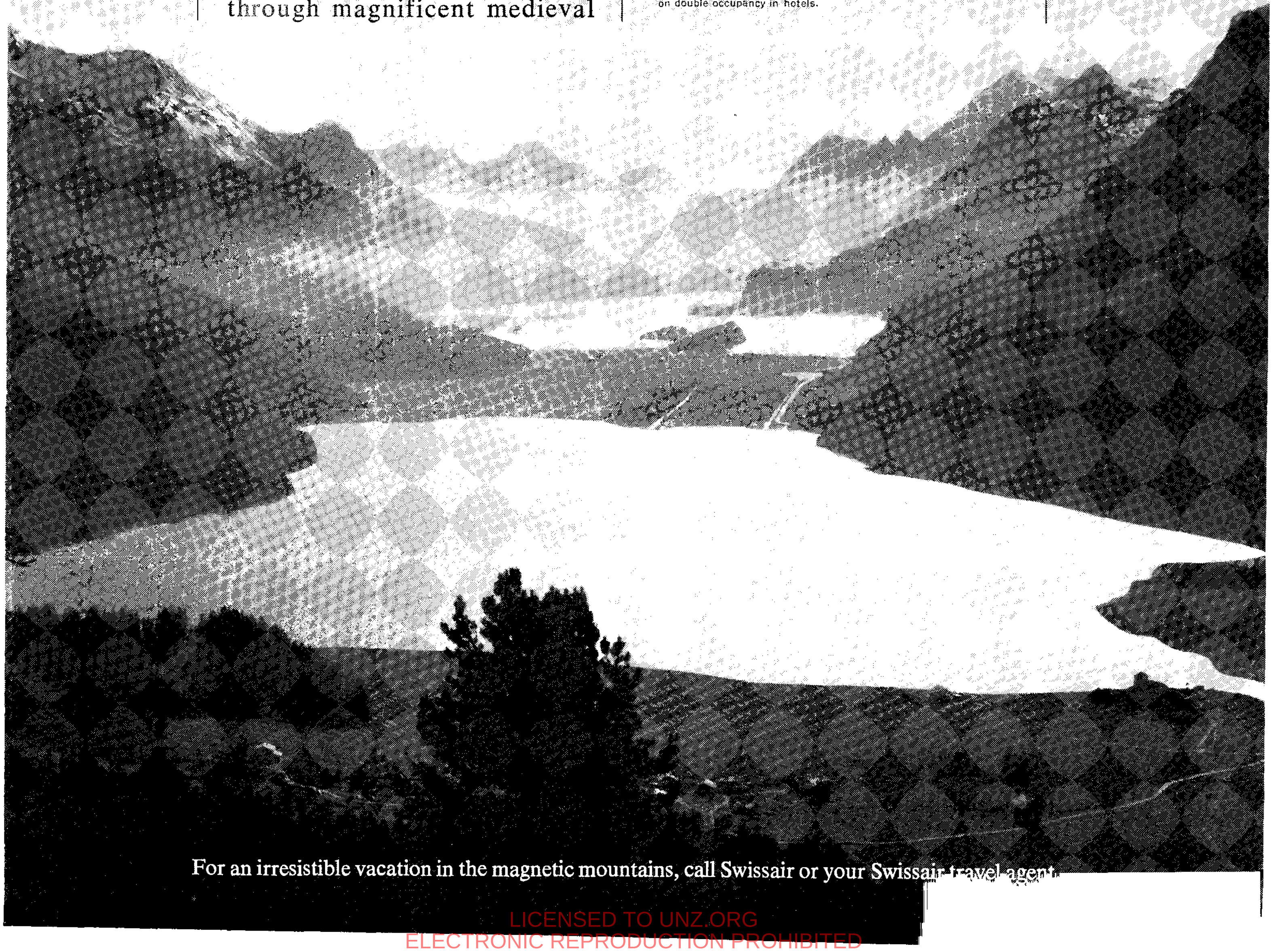

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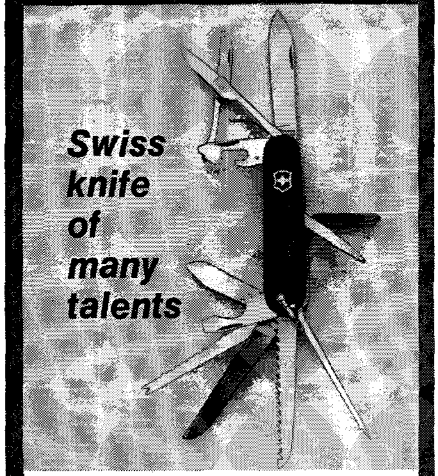

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down for hours. But when she does finally, she is especially low-keyed and balmy. When we got back to her place I was going to leave, but she said no—she wanted me to sit and talk for a while. She floated around the living room, turning on lights in corners and bringing me a drink. She settled down on the sofa and said, "I've been thinking about that friend of yours you told me about."

I said I didn't remember any more than the first time I told her. She said, "That's all right. Tell me again. I love it. It's like a painting."

I told her again. "I had a friend in New Hampshire who lived outside Nashua when he was a kid, and he started going to a whore in town when he was just fourteen. He would save up his chore money, and when he had ten bucks, which was maybe every other month, he'd go down to see this whore, who mostly just did the old geezers around town—the retired mill hands and so forth. She was always very glad to see him, and she would give him a bath and ask him how he was doing in school and on the baseball team and so forth—the same things each time—and then she'd dry him off, take off her bathrobe, get up on the bed, and say, 'Climb aboard, sunshine boy.' "

"Tell me when he told you," Ann said. "How did it come up? How old was he?"

"When he told me? We were both eighteen, and he hadn't told anyone before me. After we got out of high school we got a couple of IDs and went to the dog races down in Taunton. In the last race there was a dog named Sunshine Boy, and my friend started laughing and told me about it. We went out to a bar and had some drinks, and he couldn't get off it. It was the first time I'd seen anybody drunk that way, although he was probably copying someone he'd seen. At the time I couldn't tell if it was real. He said something like 'She's probably dead and gone.' He fell asleep in the car and I drove back to New Hampshire. I went off the next day to a summer job in Keene and then to college. He joined the Army, I think. I used to think about that in college—his story I mean. It seemed mysterious. Not so much the sex part—that seemed more natural than anything else I heard—but the fact that he'd kept it secret for such a long time and finally only told me by accident."

Ann said, "It is like a Hopper. A cliché imbued with realism. A realized cliché. An intensified cliché. No. You aren't making anything up?"

I said no.

She said, "What I like about Hopper is this—the other dimension, the suggested dimension, is absolutely, precisely in focus. There is nothing to play with, to jiggle into focus. It all comes at once. In fact it all comes at once even though I don't know of another painter who can suggest that a scene—the one of the inside of the movie theatre, for instance—has such a stretch of long, boring time locked into it. Just on and on and on. Even his houses with the yards grown over. And yet every one of his paintings has such a clear point. I mean all the time is brought to a head, as though his picture is a dam waiting for you to look at it for all the time to be released."

I thought, This is the way she is most coherent—fitting her mood to a subject and controlling both at once by talking. I thought, I have never known anyone this well and this abstractly at the same time. Somehow she has made sure I know the mechanics of her, but for no mechanical reason.

At the same time, I thought that we were caught up then too, sitting there and drifting in her mood. I thought it would not be possible for us to feel this way if she were not completely *for* me.

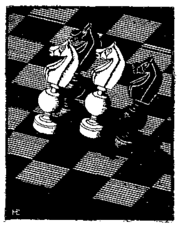
IV

MR. PELHAM got back today. He's been away for two weeks or so, so I haven't seen him since Ann told me their ancient history. At first it bothered me a little, but then I thought that, after all, he's over sixty now, and there might as well be a statute of limitations on that sort of thing.

In any case he was very subdued. No essay on France, where he'd been. He asked me if I knew that Ann was taking a trip to France and I said no, but that it didn't surprise me, since she went every spring. Then he asked me how I was doing on the job, and I said O.K., although that is something he could certainly find out better from one of the other partners. Then he just mumbled around for a while. Not one of his brighter days. But I have to ask myself, Am I faster now to pick him up on signs of bleariness? Do I *try* to see him as gone by?

I HAVE changed some, at least in one respect. My "ear," as Ann—or Mr. Pelham—would say, is attuned.

Ann told me this: "If you are ever miserable, Charlie, I can tell you that you shouldn't despise Job's comforters. I remember when Alfred and I were divorced, which was a perfectly good idea, but nevertheless a painful experience—like a physical illness—an aunt of mine, who was an extremely kind and silly woman, took me to lunch and comforted me. She said, 'Ann, my dear, it was really too perfect. Too good to be true. You were both too glamorous, you know. I mean it was just too perfect and unreal for you to keep your minds on each other. What you really needed was someone less high-powered. He was too ambitious to give you the kind of attention that would nurture you. You simply weren't nurtured, because he never gave a thought to it. I remember saying something like this to you some time ago. I'm sure you don't remember, because there was no way you could have understood at the time. I'm not saying I could have saved you any unhappiness, but it was just so clear to someone outside, to someone who really wanted you to be happy. And I hope you will be, dear.' Of course, she was nowhere near right. If anyone ever insisted on nurturing, on the hothouse, green-thumb approach to wives, it was Alfred. I assure you, his current wife would win a tulip contest in Holland. But everything my aunt said was strangely comforting. It made the whole subject seem remote. Something that I knew more about than anyone in the world but that was essentially a very obscure, useless subject. Something it would do me no good to think about anymore but that I was satisfied to have figured out.



"And my aunt took me to have my hair done and bought me some new clothes, all of which was so beside the point, but helpful. In fact I think I cut my hair short the next week. But my aunt's carrying on reminded me that there was a ritual, and that where there is a ritual there must be a midden of old experience nearby, and that I could just go on for a while impersonally until I felt like taking over myself again."

Some time after Ann told me this, I realized that it could be construed as advice, and even as fair warning.

I'D never seen a steel mill. It's a good thing I went through after the conference. I couldn't have got it out of my mind when I laid out the memos for the various company officers. It would have made me think there must be more to them than there really is.

Mr. Leland got sick. I went to Pittsburgh by myself. Scared the hell out of me. Even though I knew that I knew what they wanted to know.

The client's v.p. who was in charge of setting up the conference had written to Mr. Leland that it would be O.K. for Mr. Leland to send his second-in-command. I guess the v.p. figured with the money they pay us there must be at least a half-dozen old gray lawyers working full time. So when I walked into his office the v.p. assumed I was the second-in-command's clerk. His mistake aggravated me some, since I was nervous. However, I soon realized he was a jerk. While he was still a little embarrassed and thought maybe I just looked young, he actually asked my age. I said, "Twenty-seven going on twenty-eight." He didn't even smile. His secretary laughed and then he managed to get it.

I laid out the issues for them without much trouble. At first I thought one of them was laying some elaborate groundwork with his questions, but it turned out he was just a little slow. After that the only thing that surprised me was how much dead wood they carry in their executives. They could get along just as well with a couple of the bright ones. And then I guess I was surprised at how conservative they were even just discussing, or rather not discussing, litigation. They moaned once or twice about the cost of litigation, even though that should be peanuts to them.

But the tour of the steel mill impressed me. Oddly enough, I thought of Ann talking about what art should be concerned with—i.e., the changes that are ordinarily hidden from us. But I suppose you don't really see the transformation here, although the impression is that you do. The coal and ore coming in one side and steel being rolled out the other, and the cooling sheets visible from a catwalk. It was the colors that amazed me most. They looked like red clouds being blown across a bright moon. They seemed to have a shape and another side down in the cooling steel.

I was impressed with my response too. To the color and to the brute force of the process. It amazed me that a process so violent and precise should have a by-product as momentary and delicate as those shades of red. I admired both. And then I finally thought, Here is an analogy for Mr. Pelham: I was raw material before I went to law school. Practically useless. I was fed into the mill, and by a violent but precise process I became useful. But not until Ann and Mr. Pelham came along did I realize there were appreciable by-products, that I was not so colorless—and did not have to be so grimly thrifty

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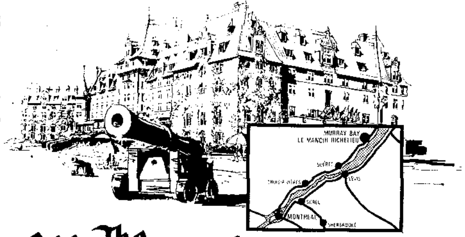

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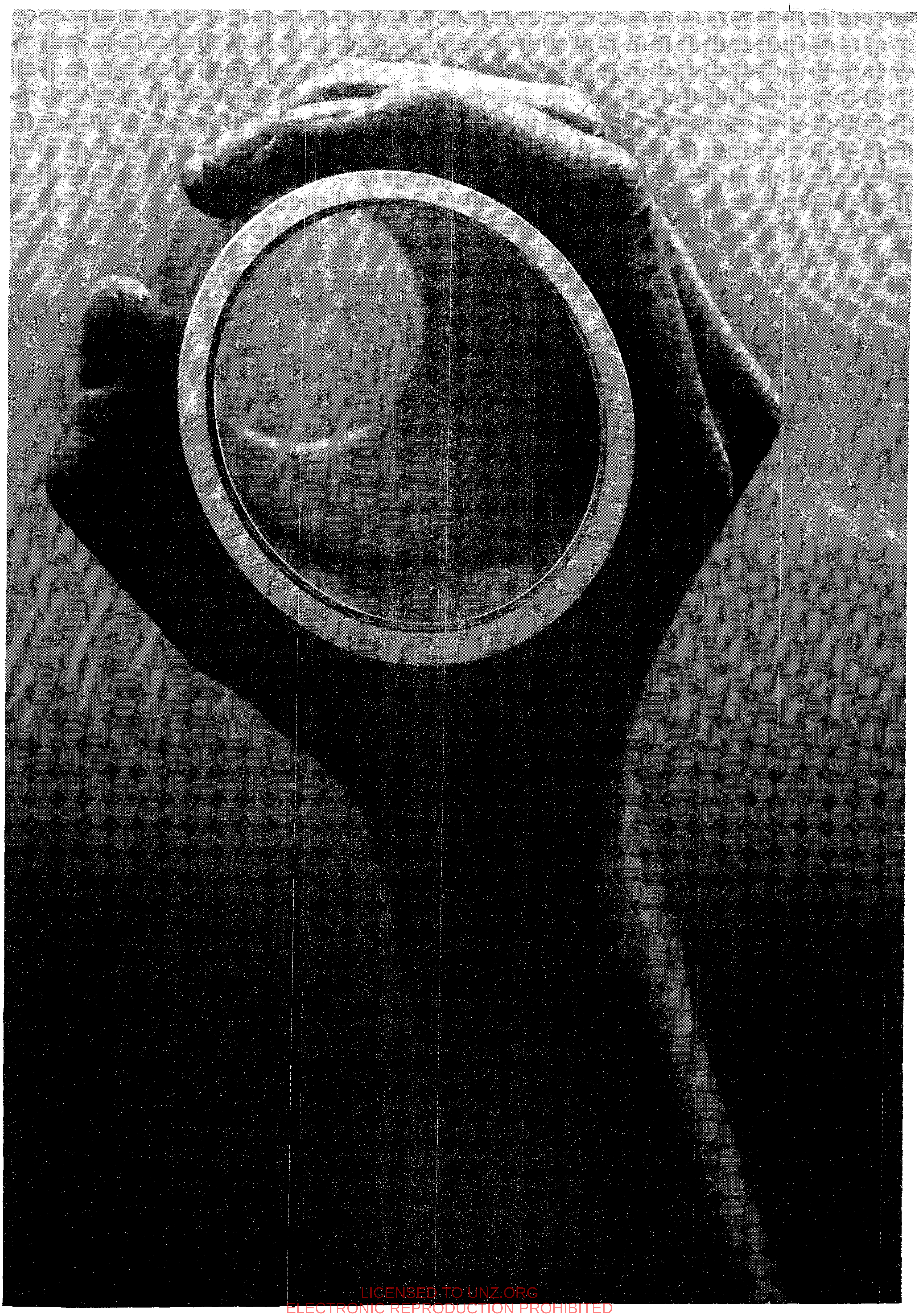

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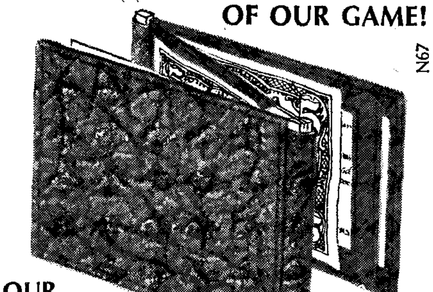

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with myself—as I had grown used to thinking.

But without the original crude effort there would have been much less now. Both the violent energy and its precise control served me, and they would not have worked on me so well had I been able to imagine there was any other way.

I must admit that this line of thought would not have occurred to me without the influence of Ann and Mr. Pelham, and I am going back to New York gladly. With relief to leave here. I don't have the simple single-minded drive I once had. There were dark hints here from the company—room for another house counsel, not a surprising thing for house counsel to find himself in key positions on a number of matters, and so forth and so on. That would have knocked me over not so long ago. I still don't take it lightly, but it doesn't hit all of me. I suppose the hints of the company are useful testimony of my value, but I'm not so interested anymore in my brute usefulness.

I suppose the extreme of that last position would be Mr. Pelham.

I CALLED up Ann when I got back, but she'd already left for Europe. I was surprised, and a little worried, but then travelling, especially flying, makes her so nervous that, I suppose, she suddenly found the nerve to get on and so she just got on.

I told Mr. Pelham about the company's feeling me out. He was amused, but he took it seriously too. He asked me if I'd told Mr. Leland. I said no. I wasn't even considering the offer, so I didn't want him to think I was. Mr. Pelham told me to go ahead and tell him. He said there was always a chance that someone from the company would tell him—"Ho, ho, your boy sticks pretty close to the apron strings. No, seriously, I admire loyalty"—and so I'd better tell him first. Mr. Pelham also pointed out that even if I weren't considering it at all it would do Mr. Leland good to hear it.

He said, "But I'm glad you like being in a firm better. I can't imagine being house counsel. That's not really law. I must say I have come to appreciate law in my nonage. I appreciate it now even in its capacity as men's club, monastery, temple of high Protestant rite. There is a reassurance in its formality, which is, after all, not a superficial aspect of it. I'm in favor of communal formality, and mental formality. Look at the mess in which people suddenly find themselves—people who have lived solely by their own personal achievements. Those can collapse in a minute. Money, personality, taste, social life. I mean a modern social life; I suppose there was a time when family tradition provided a framework for life. The proud Don Pedro in his Spanish ruff seeking death before dishonor. Now all there is of anything approaching like magnitude is professional tradition. The rest of life is merely existential. What a wonderful word, 'merely.'

"Lately I've been considering law as magic. It's not so far off—it's all done with words, the proper spells. Think of an argument on appeal: two wizards hurling incantations at each other, until finally one of them finds the properly binding words, and—*e presto!*—the material world is rearranged in accordance with them. And lawyers are possessed by their clients' problems even more thoroughly than shamans were by their patients' evil spirits. Until the case is decided, at least.

"Perhaps we're not sorcerers so much as earthworms. The compost of the nation passes through our digestive tubes and emerges rich with nitrates. Our briefs and counsellings are almost pure nitrogen. Very little is created anymore, and nothing is destroyed. Isn't that basic physics? But disposition is still a possibility, and enrichment. Of course this is the most optimistic view."

I WONDER if she planned it that way—that I would be so confused by her letter that I would have to go to Mr. Pelham to find out what was really going on. And there I'd be with Mr. Pelham, who would fill me in gradually, making sure I wouldn't choke on it. Save herself a lot of worry.

Q: "Did she know all along that this guy in France wanted to marry her?"

A: "Yes, for some time, in fact. But that is not to say she knew she wanted to marry him. Even after she'd left."

Q: "But he's old."

A: "He is one year younger than I am."

Q: "Rich and all that."

A: "Rich? Oh, surely not rich. No more than Ann—"

Q: "I don't know about Ann, I never asked."

A: "She had a settlement in lieu of alimony that was well invested over the years, and she lived a comparatively simple life, which is to say—"

Q: "That they won't be in the old folks' home."

A: "No. They'll live half the year in

Paris and half the year in the country. I'm sorry I can't indulge you in the momentary satisfaction of discovering flawed motives—some venality. Some despicable calculation. But I'm sure that in the long run you would prefer—"

Q: "In the long run she would have been way too old."

A: "I'm equally sure that you never held your feelings to that calculation."

THAT was a week ago. I've begun to care some that I made a fool of myself. Not so much that I care what Mr. Pelham thinks or even what he knows. I shouldn't have tried to find out anything. Bits of information stick in my mind, no matter what. I'll never know enough, so I'd just as soon know nothing at all.

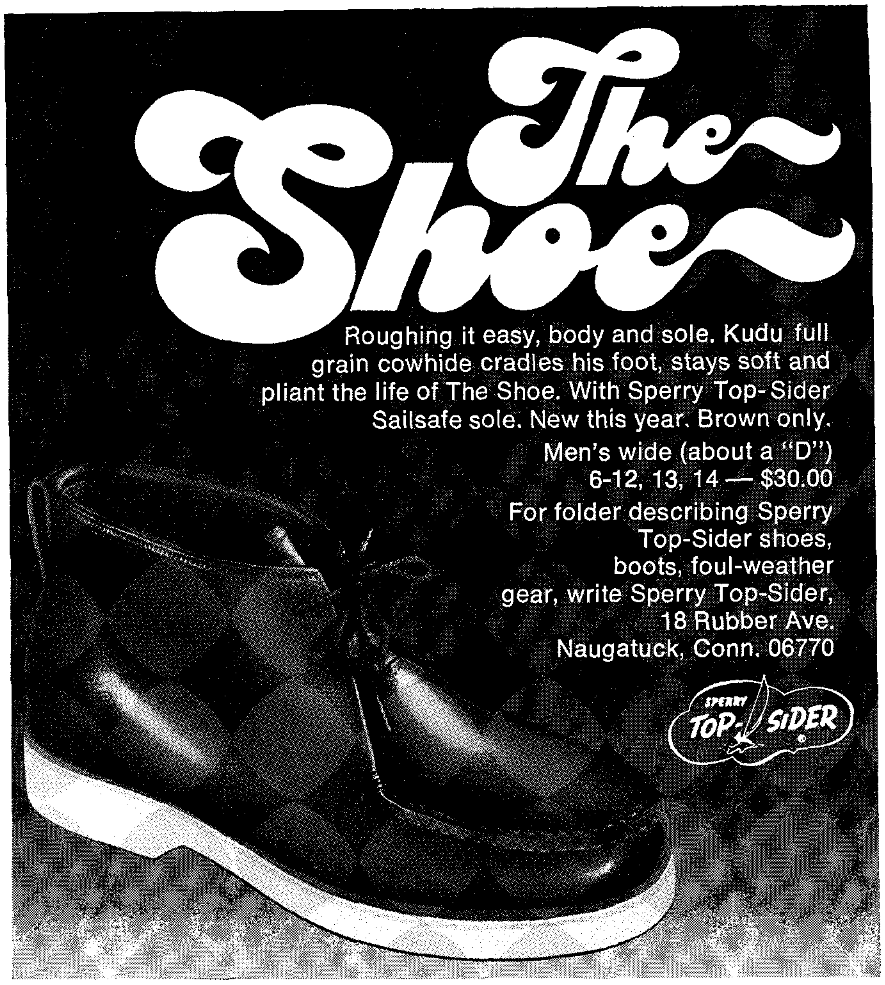
I don't know how to take it; I can't satisfy myself by reducing it to any formal proposition. The only hypothesis that I came up with that showed me anything worthwhile was this: If I had left her, I would have felt worse.

I also suppose that she would have left out of pride within five years, in any case—even though she must have had ample grounds for believing I was fairly attracted to her beyond the original impulse, for reasons that were not only self-renewing but increasingly forceful.

I think that although she felt the imbalance between my future (far off and largely deferrable; I could stay with her for five years and still marry a girl in college) and her future (imminent and brief; if she stayed with me for five years we would have gone to more funerals than weddings)—although she felt that imbalance more keenly than I did at the time, nevertheless I think that she also sensed that the longer we went on the more I would be the one to suffer, having no accumulation of any comparable experience to offset it with. It would have been more and more all there was to my life.

Still, all these arguments are not enough to move me very far one way or another. There really isn't anything to decide. I just run arguments through to cool off. There is some calm in just going if click then clack, click clack, click clack.

NO better. I have been noting a number of unfamiliar gestures—e.g., I hold my head in my hands as though it were a separable globe, I stare at my open palm. I do find myself resisting, however. I'm perfectly capable of functioning. But it takes a cer-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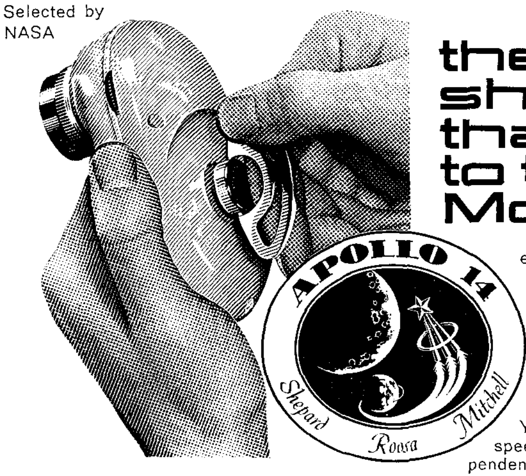

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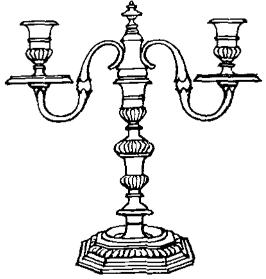

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tain determination to function exactly as I did before.

I have noted a good point of resistance, which is Mr. Pelham. Taking his disappointments gently and reflectively must have done a lot to make him the way he is. Of course, he was more disposed to it in the first place. Not just by education. And he's good at it. I myself would make a lousy Mr. Pelham.

I will not let myself be like Mr. Pelham.

When I use the term "Mr. Pelham" I'm not sure I really know the definition. Has he made sure that nothing has its hooks in him? Or do a lot of things have their hooks in him? So that he's strung up in involuntary equilibrium?

Either way, functionally speaking, it works out that he has given up whatever drive and traction he once may have had. I haven't, even if I may be temporarily without traction.

TODAY Mr. Pelham offered to borrow me from Mr. Leland and to take me to Japan on one of his trips. I said no, since I'm getting back to work with some solidity, but I was grateful.

I've got back into a routine of work and exercise. It is a great help just to do everything by numbers—swim fifty laps, brush my hair a hundred strokes—and work regularly but never beyond the set time. No hanging around, no getting run down. Mere routine is very helpful. Just to keep in motion, to give some structure to what I think during the slack in my schedule.

I thought, I am like an astronaut. They might as well have shot me to the moon. I handled it, I came back the same.

Q: What was it like?

A: It was nice.

Q: Nice?

A: If you wanted to hear more details you should have sent someone like Mr. Pelham. I didn't hire out for that part of the job.

Q: We had to send someone like you. We hoped the rest would just come.

Maybe it did. Maybe it just came for the astronauts too, and we've never heard about it. I imagine they are something like me—small-town boys with B minds, who learned how. And owe it all to learning how. Are they any different now? Are their thoughts any different? Maybe we should send someone to ask them if their thoughts are any different. Maybe we should send Mr. Pelham to ask them.

Maybe the change comes later. Maybe the time to ask them is not when they've just got back but much, much

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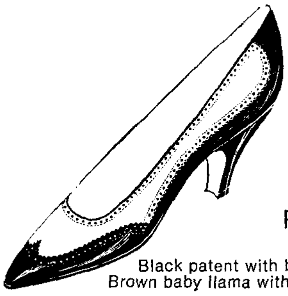

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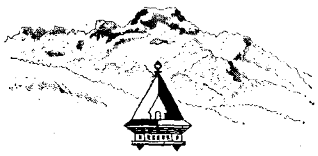

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MR. PELHAM got up his nerve the other day. He said, "Have you heard anything more from Ann?"

I could have turned him down with a hard no, but something stopped me. I said, "No, have you?," and he looked a lot easier about the whole thing.

He said, "No. I wonder how she is."

I said, "I'm sure she's doing fine."

He said, "Well, I assume the best."

It came to me very strongly that I was more or less myself again but that he misses her terribly.

And so he wants to pore over everything. O.K. I don't mind. More than that—there is something about the way he looks, the way the loose skin of his throat is tucked inside his collar, the way he's slowed up.

It's not pity on my part. He is the first old man I've known who is interested in what I feel. I suppose in a way I produce for him just the same way I produce for Mr. Leland. But if there's a mutual benefit in his questions and my answers, that's only a small part of it. If it's a bargain, it's certainly not one necessary to any enterprise of mine. When he comes I feel I should take care of him, although he may not need any concern of mine—he could easily find solace in the bosom of the senior part of the firm. No, I suppose it is the closest thing I have to a moral concern. In the sense of unfounded belief. I *should* deal with this man, help keep him from something—growing coldness, slowing down. He needs to be in use, to talk about something more than old coarse light on empty buildings, than his trips to Japan, and it seems right in some overreaching scheme of things that he should. But he is a commentator, and appreciator, not an initiator, and so for the moment he will use me to tell him things.

I told him about the first time Ann's maid brought her breakfast on a tray into the bedroom and I pulled the bedcovers over my head. He thought that was funny, and he wanted to know if Ann laughed and when she laughed—while the maid was still there? He was interested. He said, "Another Lord Chesterfield letter—'What to do in my lady's chamber when the maid comes in.' Once one didn't have to notice, I suppose. But now no one can avoid being somewhat democratically aware. It would be inhuman. I think I recommend a pleasant smile. Not that I fault you. I mean I understand your solid urge for privacy, even if it's carried out with ostrichlike futility. But the completely admirable solution is a smile. And as for the maid—also a delicate part. What did she do?"

"She brought another tray."

He said, "Exactly. And people say there's a servant problem. Of course, she wouldn't ever work on Sunday."

I could do without his finicky lines on servants and etiquette, and some of his other old nob talk, but I suppose that's the least of the things it's too late for him to change at this stage. What I do get along with in him is this: I think he has always tried just as hard as I do.

In fact, I think he probably even submitted himself to the process of being a lawyer the same way I did. For all his talk about dream careers, he chose the one he's had. And it's held him together pretty well, even though I suspect his life has been lonelier than mine will be. All that's wrong now is that there are a few loose ends. I'm sure he'll work out a few essays on the subject. Not directly on the subject, but close enough so that I'll be able to listen for the flaw in his well-being. Like a doctor listening to a patient's breathing while the patient talks on about his other symptoms.

I REMEMBERED today the first time I talked back to my father. I was thirteen; he was still farming then—in his fifties. We were clearing rocks out of a field so he could mow it without losing half the teeth out of the sickle bar. My mother came down with lunch just as he picked up a big rock and swung it into the back of the truck.

She said, "You'll throw your back out worse than last year."

He was in a good mood. He said, "No, I always get some strong spells in the summer. Comes right out of here." He toed the ground.

I said, "I don't see how. It's only dirt."

My mother laughed. My father said, "Maybe so." He kept me working past sunset—himself too—and the next day his back was out.

I once regarded that kind of memory as an encumbrance, or a luxury. But my most recent process isn't as simple

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as the one that got me to New York in the first place; it has more to do with luxuries and encumbrances. What amazes me is that there seems to be some system in all this accumulation: a year ago I couldn't have been bothered, I couldn't have refined anything out of the uneasiness, and I probably wouldn't have understood any of what has come or gone or stayed. —JOHN CASEY

•

SUBJECT: Emergency Procedures in Event of a Bomb Threat—1111 18th St., NW.

Should an employee receive a phone call stating that a bomb had been placed in 1111 18th Street, NW., they would immediately call the emergency coordinator, Mr. William Mirengoff, Room 800, Ext. 6134.

Notifying the person answering the phone that they had received such a call giving as many particulars as possible, the time the bomb is supposed to detonate, etc., they would then report in person to Mr. Mirengoff's office. Mr. Mirengoff would notify the GSA emergency center, 13-26631 who would notify the local police department, FBI, GSA Security. Mr. Mirengoff's office would also notify Mr. Carnevalle's office, Ext. 110-2732 who would notify Mr. Braver's office. Also, the Chief Building Warden, Mr. Sanford Cohn, Ext. 21001 or his deputy, Mr. John Sevick, Ext. 5785, would be called by Mr. Mirengoff's office.

The Building Warden would report to Mr. Mirengoff's office where he would call his deputy or a member of the Warden Service who would then start the procedures notifying the Building Warden to stand by. Mr. Braver will contact Mr. Mirengoff and talk to Mr. Mirengoff and the person who originally received the bomb threat call.

As a result of the conversation with Mr. Braver, the decision will be made as to whether the building should be evacuated. If the decision to evacuate is made, it would be done by pulling the fire alarm on the 8th floor.—*Department of Labor memorandum.*

At least *three* persons should do the pulling, and they should be *elected*, it seems to us. Nominations would be in order as soon as Braver has talked to Mirengoff.

•

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THE THEATRE

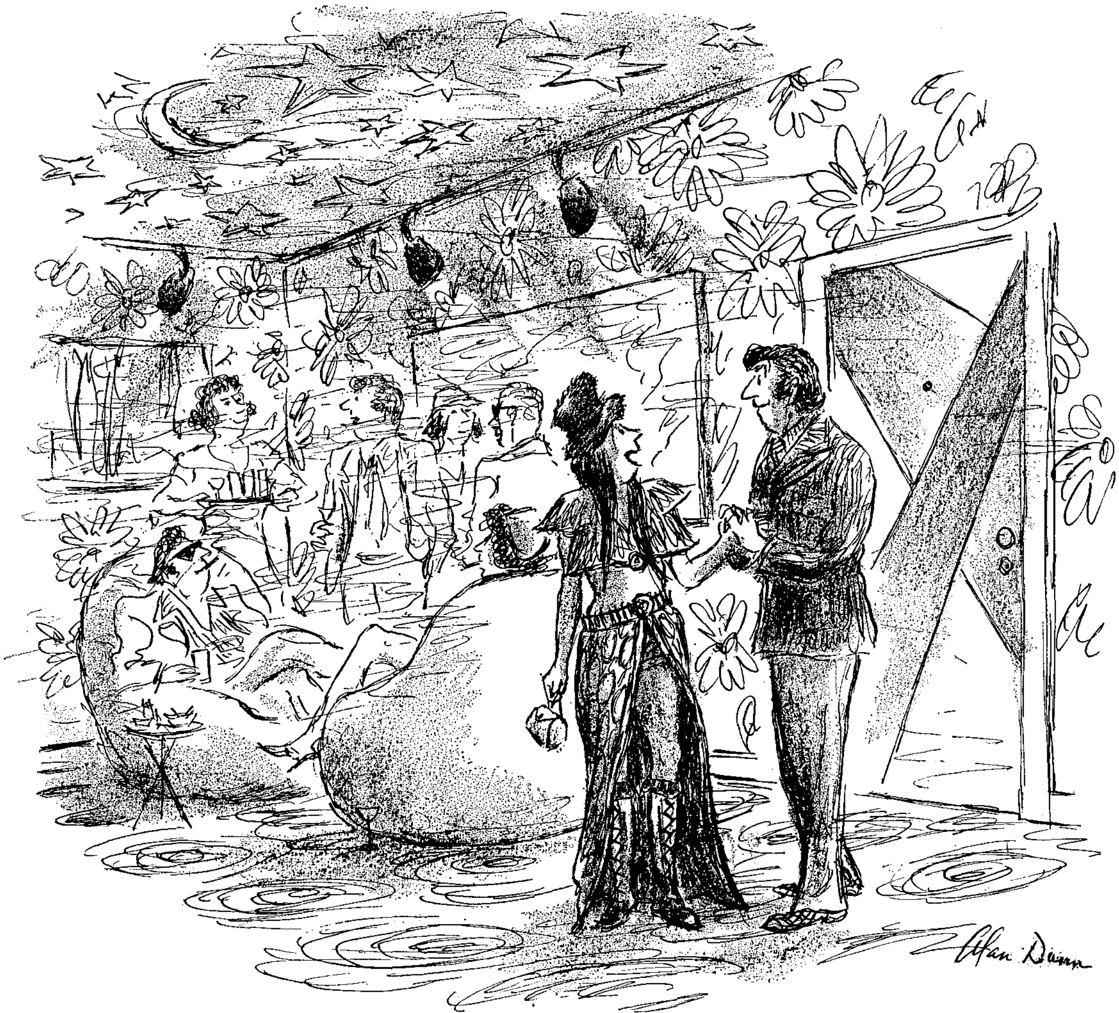
OFF BROADWAY

YES and no on "Dance wi' Me; or, The Fatal Twitch" (oh, God!), which the Public has imported from La Mama Plexus as its final entry this season. La Mama Plexus seems to be the permanent experimental workshop of Ellen Stewart's La Mama, which is more or less like saying the right wing of the John Birch Society, and "Dance wi' Me" is one of those wild, though highly controlled, jamborees to which the word "play" can be only loosely applied. It was written by Greg Antonacci, a member of the group who also has the leading role—that of a young man of this city who is so oppressed by the jangling, jostling nineteen-seventies that he escapes from the crowded subways, and from the nuts and freaks on the streets and in public phone booths, into daydreams of the jolly nineteen-fifties. The production is a group enterprise, with the elaborate calisthenics and the quick metamorphoses from one scene or style to the next that have become the hallmarks of all La Mama exercises—along, of course, with relish and technical competence.

Fortunately, there is a synopsis of the plot in the program. These synopses at the Public can be helpful or irritating; in this instance, the synopsis is a lifeline through the highly organized, highly disciplined confusion. One marvellous, anguished, slow-motion all-purpose sports event in pantomime, in which indescribable torture and foul play are inflicted on the hapless comic-strip hero, is irresistibly and unforgettably funny—the comic high point of the evening. Mr. Antonacci's clowning is fine and his mugging inspired. (On the other hand, he uses throughout a fake Marlon Brando speech that is one of the most inept and annoying pieces of mimicry that I've ever had to listen to.) Johnny Bottoms, his gangly second banana, is droll and limber. But while the gymnastics and all the physical movements are technically resourceful and surprising, the words—those that can be understood, at any rate—are not good, and there is quite a lot of gratuitous dirty talk. Nobody seems to sense the cutoff point of any joke or routine, and the show goes on and on and on. The director is Joel Zwick, who also appears in the character of the Venerable Zwish, and who may well have served some time under Tom O'Horgan. How odd it is that ridicule in the fifties was a "takeoff" while ridicule in the seventies is a "put-on."

"CHARLIE WAS HERE . . . AND NOW HE'S GONE," at the Eastside, is a shallow, stagy melodrama with three excellent performances—by Joe Morton as a young black heroin addict in Harlem, by that elegant star Rosalind Cash as the loving, heartsick girl who lives with him and hustles for him, and by Robert Guillaume as the smooth-talking, sinister pusher who has all but enslaved him since he was twelve years old. While the play, by Dennis Turner, may be shallow, it is not hopeless. In the first, and by far the better, of its two acts, there is some humor and some excitement, and there are indications of character—greatly enhanced, I imagine, by those good actors. The setting, also good and by David Chapman, is a crumbling tenement room whose walls are lined with television sets, tape recorders, sophisticated radios, and other samples of electronic loot.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Remember, you're only seeing me at my best."

REFLECTIONS

THE LIMITS OF DUTY

IN Washington, D.C., during the May anti-war protests, police in automobiles and on scooters aimed their vehicles directly at demonstrators and drove toward them at high speeds in order to herd them off the streets. If one of the protesters had been hit and killed, the police officer driving the vehicle would have been guilty of murder. Not accidental killing or manslaughter but murder. Thus, every one of these officers was potentially guilty of a crime similar to that for which Lieutenant Calley was tried and convicted.

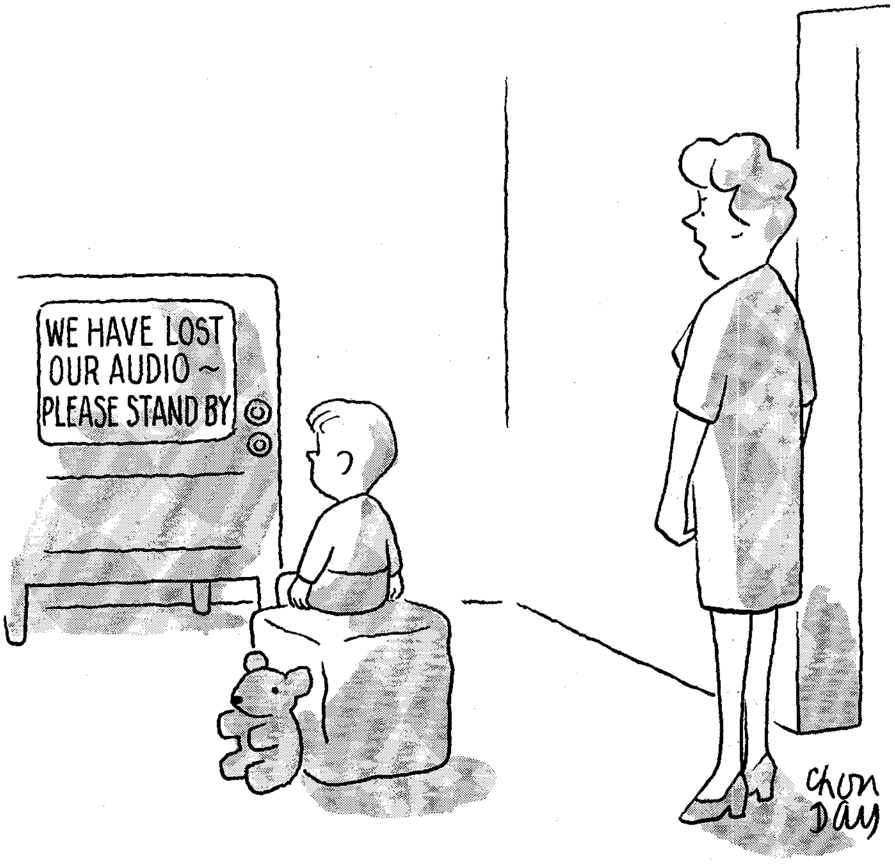
The applicable principle is deeply embedded in our common law. A leading early example is Halloway's Case (King's Bench, 1628). Halloway was the woodward of woods belonging to the Earl of Denbigh. He discovered a boy named Payne in a tree, attempting to steal wood. Payne had a rope tied around his middle, probably to aid him in climbing trees. Halloway ordered the boy down from the tree, and when he descended struck him two blows on his back with a cudgel. Then Halloway tied the other end of the rope to the tail of his horse. The frightened horse dragged Payne three furlongs, killing him. The question was whether this was manslaughter or murder, and the court held it to be murder, for Halloway knew, or should have known, the reckless and wanton risk he was taking with the boy's life. In such a case, the specific intention to kill is not required. The deliberate taking of the risk is enough. Halloway was hanged.

Students at Yale, where I teach in the law school, tell me that District of Columbia bus drivers also aimed their buses toward protesters at high speed and drove ahead without slowing down. How strange that those long-suffering civil servants the bus drivers are now guilty of reckless driving and assault, and, but for the agility of their potential victims, would be guilty of murder. Yet this is not an aberration. It is a pattern that is crucial to understanding what has gone wrong with America. Evil now comes about not necessarily when people violate what they understand to be their duty but, more and more often, when they are conscientiously doing what is expected of them. And for this evil the question of individual blame seems almost irrelevant.

Two oil tankers collide on a foggy morning in San Francisco Bay. The bay and ocean are contaminated, beaches are coated, wildlife is exterminated, a fragile beauty is destroyed for millions of people. Yet the tanker captains were doing their duty to move the oil on time, and behind them were company officials concerned with the maintenance of production schedules. No investigation, no technical fixing of blame would be likely to disclose what we have normally imagined to be the root of crime—a guilty mind or a malign heart. And what is true of the San Francisco oil spill is true of the other major evils that we see around us. From wiretapping to the prosecution of the Vietnam war, our crimes have been started and carried out by men zealously attempting to serve as they have been taught to serve.

It is this altered problem of evil that rightly troubles us in the Calley case. I believe that Calley was properly convicted of murdering Vietnamese civilians, even though the same result produced by different means is officially held to be wholly legal. Yet we must all believe that Calley, in his own wrong and frightened way, was seeking to perform his duty—to do what was expected of him. The enterprise upon which he was engaged is not condemned, only the means he chose to carry it out. Hence the profound disquiet among so many Americans, taught to serve employer or country, who cannot understand why the law apparently no longer cares about goals but only about a nicety of method. Plainly, our long-accepted criminal-law concepts do not fit the crimes of today.

THE central reality is that evil today is the product of our system of organization and our technology, and that it occurs because personal responsibility and personal awareness have been obliterated by a system deliberately designed to do just that—eliminate or minimize the human element and insure the supremacy of the system. The whole purpose of this system is to reduce the human component; that is why we have organization charts, a hierarchy of supervision, divided responsibilities, specialization. In the main, it is this rational organization of human effort that has brought us to our present stage of civilization, but we should realize that inherent in the very design of the system is the disappearance of indi-


WE HAVE LOST OUR AUDIO ~ PLEASE STAND BY
Chon Day

"It says 'Time for bed.'"

vidual blame, and hence the obsolescence of our concepts of individual criminal responsibility.

Let us follow the process of creating an evil more closely. A scientist who is doing his specialized duty to further research and knowledge develops the substance known as napalm. Another specialist makes policy in the field of our nation's foreign affairs. A third is concerned with maintaining the strength of our armed forces with the most modern weaponry. A fourth manufactures what the defense authorities require. A fifth drops napalm from an airplane where he is told to do so. The ultimate evil is the result of carefully segmented acts; the structure itself guarantees an evasion by everyone of responsibility for the full moral act. Indeed, the system, especially when it is combined with advanced technology, makes it unlikely that those who participate in the process will have any real awareness of the ultimate consequences. Neither the scientist nor the man in the State Department nor even the pilot actually sees the horrors of burning napalm on human flesh. The basic result of our system of doing things is to destroy awareness, alienate all of us from the consequences of our actions, and prevent the formation of that very responsibility which has been at the center of our idea of criminal justice.

Our traditional criminal law is based on a standard of conduct that assumes each individual to be a morally responsible human being. A man who runs a speedboat carelessly and kills someone is guilty of manslaughter if his actions fall below the standard. A man who allows his passions or desires to direct his actions so that he harms another person is guilty of assault or murder if, according to the standard, he should have controlled himself. The standard represents an ideal. Sometimes it is a cruel and unreasonable ideal, because the individual defendant lacks the capacity for measuring up to it. But the ideal does have a vital function. It establishes a large, even exalted, concept of man.

In the famous case of The Queen v. Dudley and Stephens, decided in 1884, four English seamen were cast away in an open boat on the high seas sixteen hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope. After eighteen days, they were reduced to the utmost state of desperation, with neither food nor water. Dudley and Stephens then said that if no hope of rescue appeared one of the four should be sacrificed, so that the others might live. A third man refused to consent to the plan. The

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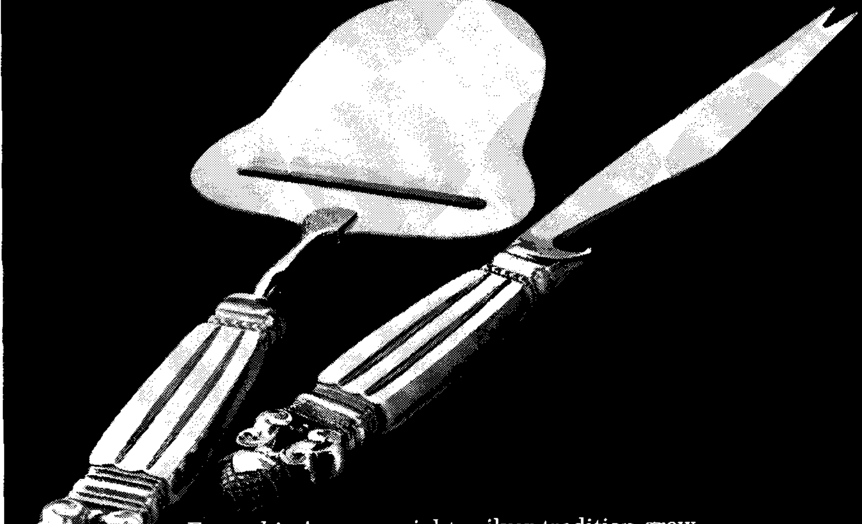

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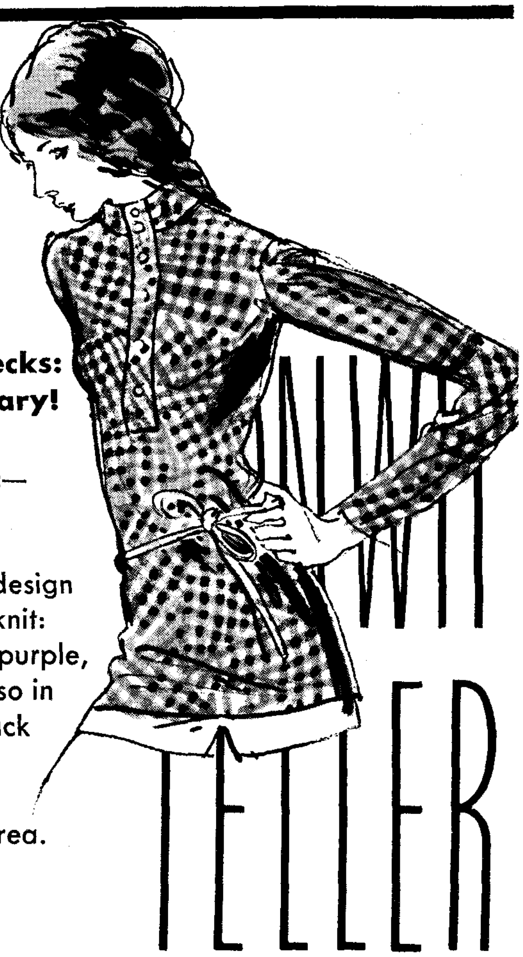

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fourth, a boy of seventeen or eighteen, was not consulted; he was then in a helpless and weakened state. Dudley and Stephens spoke of their having families, indicating that the boy should be chosen. On the twentieth day, no help appearing, the defendants, after praying for forgiveness, killed the boy, and the three men fed upon his blood and body for four days, after which they were rescued. Dudley and Stephens were brought to England and tried for murder. It was acknowledged that if the boy had not been killed all four would probably have perished before rescue, and the boy would probably have died first. Yet the two men were found guilty.

The opinion of the Queen's Bench was delivered by Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice of England. Acknowledging that the temptation had been great and the suffering awful, he declared, "We are often compelled to set up standards which we cannot reach ourselves, and to lay down rules which we could not ourselves satisfy." And he went on:

> Though law and morality are not the same, and many things may be immoral which are not necessarily illegal, yet the absolute divorce of law from morality would be of fatal consequence . . .

Rather than kill the boy, said Lord Coleridge, the men should have been willing to lose their own lives:

> To preserve one's life is generally speaking a duty, but it may be the plainest and the highest duty to sacrifice it. War is full of instances in which it is a man's duty not to live, but to die. The duty, in the case of shipwreck, of a captain to his crew, of the crew to the passengers, of soldiers to women and children, as in the noble case of the *Birkenhead;* these duties impose on men the moral necessity, not of the preservation, but of the sacrifice of their lives for others, from which in no country, least of all, it is to be hoped, in England, will men ever shrink, as indeed, they have not shrunk . . .

Although the circumstances make this case unique, the basic ideal is found throughout the Anglo-American common law. *Commonwealth v. Pierce* (1884), a classic American case, written by Mr. Justice Holmes, then a member of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, dealt with the problem of a physician whose patient died after he had treated her by keeping her wrapped in flannel saturated with kerosene for three days. Admitting that the physician's intentions were good, Holmes said that if the treatment was morally reckless, judged by the standards of a reasonably prudent man, then the defendant must answer for consequences that he neither intended nor

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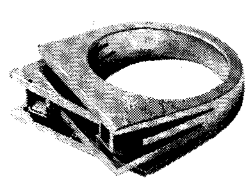

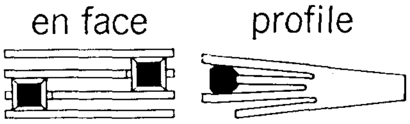

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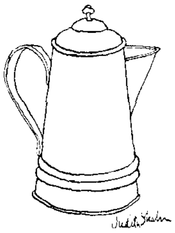
foresaw. If the treatment was dangerous according to common experience, "we cannot recognize a privilege to do acts manifestly endangering human life, on the ground of good intentions alone." Holmes also wrote:

> The very meaning of the fiction of implied malice in such cases at common law was, that a man might have to answer with his life for consequences which he neither intended nor foresaw . . . his failure or inability to predict them was immaterial if, under the circumstances known to him, the court or jury, as the case might be, thought them obvious.

Recently, I was watching the C.B.S. evening news when a few minutes were devoted to films of one of the favorite antipersonnel weapons used by Americans in Vietnam. It consists of a rocket tightly packed with many ordinary nails. The rocket is fired from a helicopter. The nails scatter widely, propelled with such force that they will go right through the body of anyone in their path. One of the advantages of the weapon, it was explained, is that the gunner doesn't need to see the target at all. The consequences can only be imagined, but what can they be except the reckless maiming of all human beings, old or young, innocent or guilty, who happen to be in the way? Lieutenant Calley is guilty, we are told, but the men who designed these instruments, the men who built them, the men who ordered them to be used, and the men who actually used them were all simply doing their duty. What a diminished view of man this purported version of the law gives us! It tells us that we are all "universal soldiers," in the phrase from one of Donovan Leitch's recordings, morally oblivious of the consequences of our actions. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge completed his argument for full moral responsibility by saying, "It is enough in a Christian country to remind ourselves of the Great Example whom we profess to follow." What has happened when the hard-working, God-fearing people of America are expected to be moral robots, making and firing the nails for mass killings?



Obviously, our thinking has been strained to adapt itself to the realities of technology and organization. That is why all those fixtures of the old criminal law, the guilty mind, the malign heart, actual or presumed malice, the common experience of prudent men, seem so out of place—indeed, ironic—in the Calley case. We all understand that such standards of responsibility are not expected of any of us. Nor would we feel more comfortable about the prosecution of high-ranking generals or political leaders under the Nuremberg theory. They, too, would be found to have been doing their duty.

The Calley case represents a momentary, vestigial reminder of the old law of responsibility. It was unfair to single out one man for such a revival of the old law, to be sure. Still, the reminder sent a shudder of awareness through all of us universal soldiers back home. It was not surprising that President Nixon hastily intervened. What led to his intervention was not just his seeming unconcern for legal processes, or his desire, as the *New Republic* put it, to coddle this particular criminal. The President insists, in every speech he makes, that we should do our small, segmented duties while he—or those in authority—assumes responsibility. The President's intervention was no surprise, because the Calley case confronts us with standards of responsibility that do not fit what the President and others insist are our duties and the limits of our duties. We are all supposed to be motorists on a highway where the maximum speed is sixty and the minimum speed is fifty-nine.

PERHAPS the best way to understand those who have resisted the draft—by seeking conscientious-objector status, by going to jail, by fleeing to Canada—is to acknowledge that they are demanding to live and to be judged by the old standards as fully responsible moral beings. They are seeking law, not evading it. Finding no acceptable standard of conduct available in today's organizational society, they have gone to standards that are not their own personal fiat but the old, traditional standards of religion, ethics, and common law. They are saying that they refuse to act in a way that common experience tells them will produce evil—evil that we know about or should know about. Theirs is a revolt for a larger view of man. And for all of us it poses a necessary question: Given that we must all live and work within large organizations, that we must all take only a small part in a large enterprise, how can we restore the awareness, the responsibility, and the law that are the moral essence of free men?

An organization is a hybrid form of machine—one part a tool or system, the other part human. We have made too little use of the human part. We have thought of the humanness as something to be suppressed for efficiency's sake, not something to be valued

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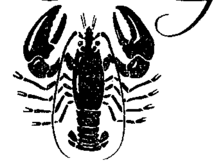

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because it might supply a quality that would otherwise be lacking. All of us who work in organizations should begin to assume a responsibility that is larger than the particular job we do, and this responsibility should ultimately be recognized, protected, and enforced by law. It might take many forms. Perhaps there should be a right—analogous to the long-recognized right to strike for economic objectives—to refuse, on a selective moral basis, to do certain work and perform certain duties. *Perhaps this right should* be guaranteed to individuals as well as to organized groups. Perhaps the organization should be answerable, on a democratic basis to those who work within it, for its policies and their probable consequences. Surely the present rigid hierarchy of authority must give way to a concept that in an organization all the members have a share of authority.

A corollary to this is that law should be based on the assumption that institutions, far more than individuals, are likely to go astray. Perhaps the primary regulatory work of law should be shifted from that of managing people to that of managing organizations while safeguarding the individuality of the people within them. Because organizations are the most characteristic element of our civilization, the scope of action by the members, employees, or consumers must be widened, and the scope of action by systems and machines must be narrowed and must be supervised by law. In the deepest sense, the purpose of such changes is nothing less than a restoration of one of our richest and most neglected resources—the human potentiality of the great mass of our people. Government by a managerial élite deprives us of the humanity of the many. Policy is made by a few, and the rest are coerced into following by laws that speak in the name of duty. The assumption is made *that those who get to the top are naturally* qualified to manage and plan for the rest of us, that we must accept what they require of us without allowing our moral knowledge to intervene. Such a neglect of our moral resources is as great a loss as our now well-known neglect of our environmental resources. We need the full participation of each individual. We can no longer afford to be a people who unthinkingly serve.

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un-Constitutional. There were arrests without cause—mass roundups, which often included any young person, however innocent, who happened to be visible to the police. Prisoners were not subject to normal arrest procedure. Many were kept at detention centers without being afforded the basic rights of arrested persons. All this, like the murderous driving, was not the product of officers gone berserk but was part of coldly rational plans sanctioned, and later praised, by high authorities. Indeed, the same high authorities have recommended that similar tactics be used again. Can the policemen and bus drivers in question say they are doing all they can to respect the fundamental law of the land if they simply follow orders? Can the civil servants who drove to work that morning, maybe sympathetic to the peace movement but afraid of a demerit, call themselves law-abiding? I am suggesting that following orders is no longer good enough for any of us—not if we want our Constitution preserved. Each of us has a permanent and personal duty to the supreme law of the land. I do not mean the "law" that the Nixon Administration speaks of—something that I would call "force," or "state power." I think the Nixon Administration is deeply contemptuous of law. We cannot count on Attorney General Mitchell to preserve the law, nor, I fear, can we count on the courts. And, from a certain point of view, that is as it should be. It is our Constitution, not theirs.

—CHARLES A. REICH

•

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: T.R. of Weymouth: "Please tell me what the difference is in seed listed as F1 and some listed as F2 in catalogs. The latter is a lot cheaper and I'm wondering if it's just as good."

First, let me explain that a hybrid is any plant that is the result of two different parents. Actually, the word "hybrid" comes from the Latin hibrida, meaning "offspring of a tame sow and a wild boar." But a much more useful animal hybrid is the mule—the offspring of a jackass and a mare. Combining strength and vigor, the mule has been invaluable to mankind both on the farm and in pioneering.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

Next question of the week.

•

Don de Louise takes over the starring role in "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" June 7 at the Eugene O'Neill Theater. The Neil Simon comedylgggkkkggkk Simon comedy is in its 18th month on Broadway.—*Photograph caption in the Post.*

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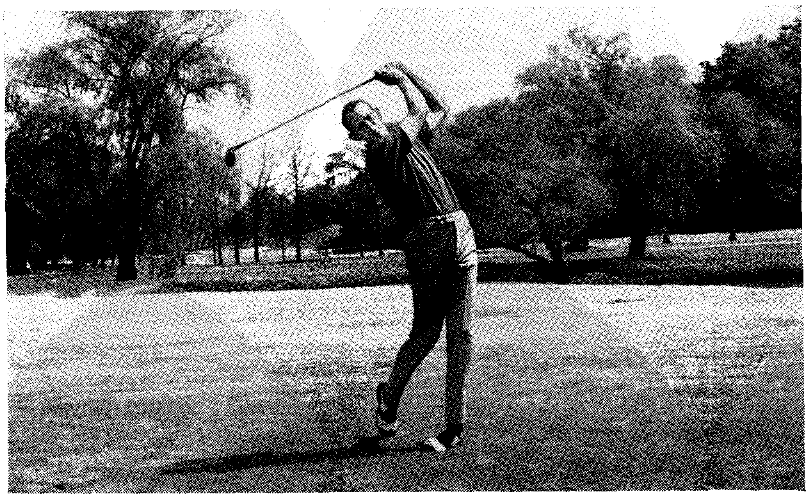

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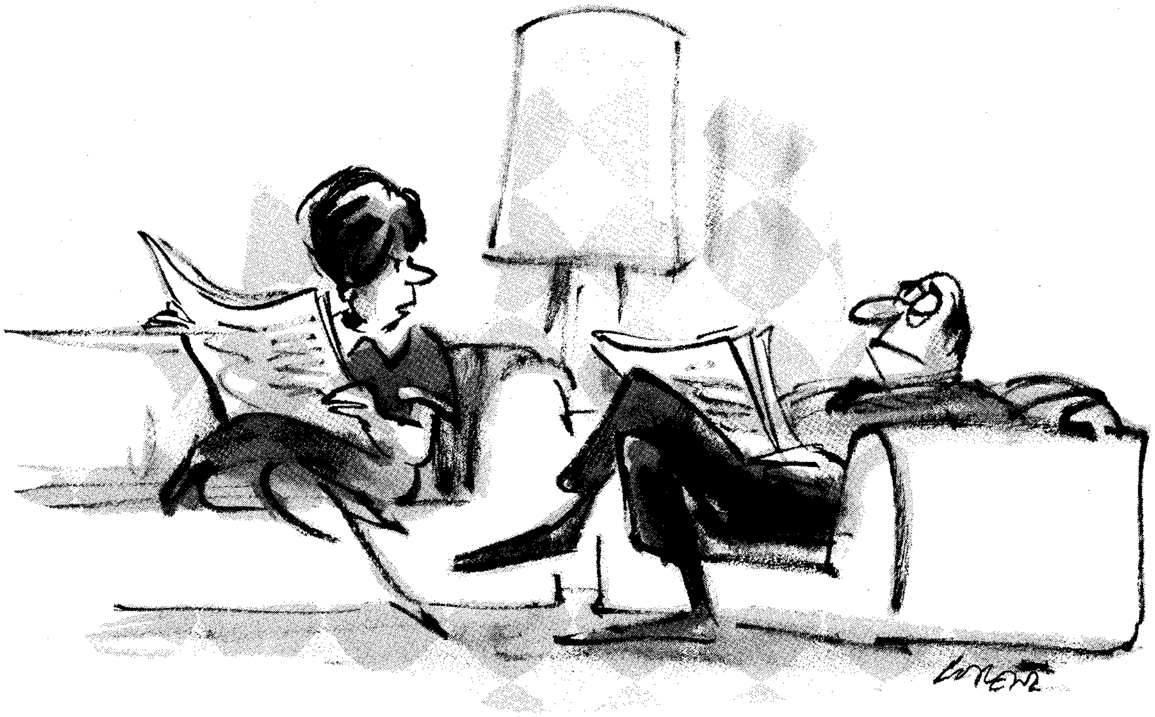
THE POLLUTION OF LAKE BAIKAL

Lake Baikal, a four-hundred-mile-long body of water in southeastern Siberia about twenty-five hundred miles east of Moscow, is thought to be between twenty-five and thirty million years old, and hence the oldest lake on earth. With a maximum depth of more than five thousand feet, it is also the world's deepest body of fresh water and its largest in volume, containing an estimated fortieth of the planet's fresh water—though one Soviet geographer gives the unlikely figure of twenty per cent. The lake is fed by three hundred and thirty-six rivers but is drained by only one, the Angara, which flows out of Lake Baikal's southwestern end to run a thousand miles northwest to the Yenisey—which, in its turn, runs another fifteen hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean. Because a large part of Lake Baikal's watershed area is surfaced with rock, its water is between twenty-five and fifty per cent lower in mineral content than that of most other freshwater bodies, and is so transparent that divers can see down almost a hundred and fifty feet. These and many of the lake's other unique attributes and resources have, for the past ten years or so, been increasingly threatened by the incursion of industry. The threat has produced the sort of confrontation between manufacturers and conservationists that has repeatedly been in the news over here. In the Soviet Union, as might be expected, the fight has been less dramatically reported than it might be in the United States, but it has been reported, and it continues—just as the apparent degradation of the lake does.

It would be hard to overestimate either the effect of Lake Baikal on the climate of the surrounding region—largely mountainous and wooded, belonging to the Buriat Republic on the east and to the Irkutsk *oblast* on the west—or the remarkable variety of its flora and fauna. The city of Irkutsk is only thirty miles from Baikal, but, since large bodies of water are slow to change temperature, the temperature in the city may be as much as twenty degrees higher or lower than it is at the lakeshore. Moreover, though temperatures in the region fall below freezing by September or October, ice does not form on the lake until late December or early January. Also, the area is blessed with an unusually high percentage of cloudless days. Lake Baikal has an average of twenty-five hundred and eighty-three sunny hours a year, whereas, for instance, Kislovodsk, a sunny resort city in the Caucasus, has a mere two thousand such hours. The quality of the air in the lake region is memorable, too. As a visitor approaches the lakeshore, the fresh, crisp air makes breathing seem almost a new experience. As for the flora and fauna of the Baikal region, more than twelve hundred organisms have been catalogued, of which seven hundred and eight are peculiar to it. Among these indigenous species are the *nerpa*—the world's only freshwater seal, of which there are thirty thousand in the lake—and the *golomyanka*, a transparent fish that bears about two thousand live young. Lake Baikal is different in so many respects from any other place on earth that those whose lives have been touched by it are sometimes inclined to believe that it has supernatural powers. The area is venerated both by the local inhabitants and by Russian conservationists.

Until a decade or so ago, there was no significant industrial development on the shores of the lake, which are mainly steep slopes unsuitable for anything but small settlements, but several cities and factories had sprung up on some of its tributaries—especially the major one, the Selenga River, which supplies about fifty per cent of Lake Baikal's water. Over the years, about fifty factories, including meat-packing plants and lumber mills, had been established along the banks of the Selenga, and only about ten of these bothered to treat their waste before it was discharged. Most of these factories are near the capital of the Buriat Republic, Ulan-Ude, which is about seventy-five miles from the lake's shore, and which also empties its sewage—untreated—into the Selenga. In the fifties, the lake was beginning to show the effects of such encroachments. The catch of *omul*, the lake's prize fish, declined fifty-five per cent in twelve years, from 91,300 centners (about ten thousand tons) in 1945 to less than half that in 1957. The decline may have begun as a result of poor fishing practices, but it was exacerbated by pollution of the lake's tributaries—especially the Selenga, the breeding area for sixty per cent of the lake's *omul*.

The industrial threat to the ecology of the region was increased greatly in 1957, when the State Institute for the Design of Cellulose



"Nixon seems awfully pleased with himself lately. Do you suppose he knows something?"

and Paper Plants (or Gipprosbum), under the stimulus of the State Planning Office (or Gosplan) of the Russian Republics, suggested that the enormous timber resources and pure water of the Baikal region be put to some use. The plans called for the construction of at least two factories—a cellulose-cord factory on the southern shore of the lake at Baikalsk and a cellulose plant on the Selenga. The planners announced their intentions in 1958, but not until July of 1960, after work on the plants had begun, was there any public hint of what such industrial development might mean for Lake Baikal. At that time—in a forty-eight-page pamphlet published by the Buriat Book Publishing Company, in Ulan-Ude—a local writer, B. R. Buiantuev, cautioned that establishing such factories on or next to Lake Baikal would create complications for the lake and its huge surrounding forestland. But since Buiantuev's essay was published in Siberia, and in an edition of only twenty-five hundred copies, it is unlikely that it received much attention.

As a matter of fact, a potentially effective law aimed at protecting the lake had been passed earlier that year by the Council of Ministers of the Russian Republics. Anticipating some of the difficulties that the new plants would create, the law had three major provisions: First, it stipulated that no factory could open until its officials could guarantee that a water-purification system was working and that all resulting effluents were harmless. This fact also had to be certified by various ministries and by a state sanitary inspector. Second, the law called for the enlargement of the Barguzin National Preserve, a six-million-acre forest area around the shores of the lake. Third, it banned the stripping—as against the selective cutting—of timber where the land sloped as much as fifteen degrees, and banned selective cutting as well where the slope was as much as twenty-five degrees, bans designed to prevent erosion on the lake's watershed. In addition, the law provided for a program of reforestation. All these provisions, it soon became apparent, were to be ignored.

New warnings, in a book by two writers named O. Serova and S. Sarkisian, emanated from Ulan-Ude in 1961, but again few people outside that remote provincial city seemed particularly interested. Until December of that year, most Soviet citizens remained unaware that factories that could pollute the lake were being planned. Then Gregory Galazy, the director of the Limnological Institute of the Academy

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of Sciences, in Siberia, issued a public warning about what was happening. In a letter to the editor of the newspaper *Komsomolskaia Pravda*, Galazy described how the plan for industrial development of the lakeshore had been born, catalogued the chemical and biological changes that the new industries would inflict on the lake, and warned that the liquid waste from the plants could not only destroy some of the lake's unique marine life but might also adversely affect the water supply of Irkutsk. Galazy went on to suggest a number of ways of averting the threats to the lake. First, he urged that the factories treat and reuse their water. But if that should prove to be too expensive, he wrote, the factories should build a forty-two-mile-long sewage bypass to the Irkut River, which does not flow into Lake Baikal. Finally, Galazy suggested that it was still not too late to abandon the whole project. He proposed that cellulose and pulp operations be transferred to the city of Bratsk, about three hundred miles up the Angara. Since a paper plant was already being constructed at Bratsk, all that would have to be done would be to expand it. The Angara's water at Bratsk was almost as good as the water of Lake Baikal itself, he said, and there would be plenty of electric power available, for an immense hydroelectric plant would soon open nearby. Whatever happened, Galazy pleaded, no waste water from the cellulose factories should be permitted to flow into Lake Baikal.

A month later, the economic weekly *Ekonomicheskaia Gazeta* printed a cautionary article, but thereafter little was heard about the impending danger for three years, until 1964. Then the debate exploded in the pages of *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, with an attack by the writer Oleg Volkov, who has since come to be known for his outspoken defense of Russian ecology. *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and *Komsomolskaia Pravda* soon joined in, but it has been *Literaturnaia Gazeta* that has continued to press the issue with the most persistence.

IN the Soviet Union, protests like those over Lake Baikal are usually directed by one government agency against the actions of another. When a government newspaper decides to publish a letter to the editor, or when it commissions a writer to write such an attack, this usually indicates the existence of an interagency squabble. Such campaigns are common in the Soviet Union, but just how the decision is made to launch them is not clear. Many instances of ecological destruction never get into the press. Moreover, there are no independent conservation groups like our Sierra Club or Audubon Society to seek out abuses. When this kind of debate does surface, therefore, the implication is that either the potential consequences are far-reaching or bureaucratic feuding has become particularly intense.

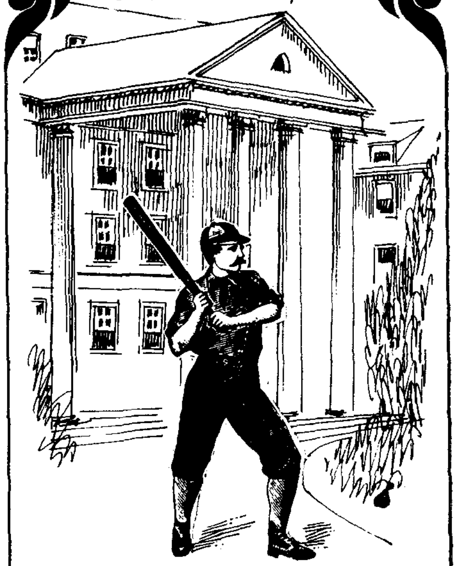
In this country, it is frequently pointed out how much private enterprise and private greed have done to destroy the environment, but in the case of Lake Baikal it was, of course, public officials running a public agency who were similarly responsible for proposals to exploit irreplaceable resources. From the state planners' point of view, it was an ideal situation for low-cost mass production of high-quality cellulose and paper products. N. Chistiakov, the first deputy minister of the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking, and E. Kuznetsov, the chief of the Cellulose, Paper, and Carton Administration of the Ministry, explained in an article in *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, in April, 1965, "We are for the preservation of the lake, but we are also opposed to underutilization of its huge wealth—its water and timber." There remains the question of whether it is possible both to preserve the lake and to exploit its resources, and if a choice has to be made, it is not hard to predict on which side the officials in the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking will be.

As for the governors of the Soviet regions and republics, they are no more concerned with conservation than officials in Moscow are. Under the country's system of five-year economic-development plans, which prescribe specific production and profit goals, an administrator's success is judged in terms of increased production. There is no space on performance charts for grading a governor on his maintenance of the quality of the air or water in his domain. Moreover, governmental and managerial officials in the Soviet Union tend to resist the allocation of funds for conservation, because this usually means that there will be less money available for expanding productive capacity. When the managers of a paper plant at Bratsk were asked why a new waste filter had not been installed, one of them replied, "It's expensive. The Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking is trying to invest as few funds as possible in the construction of paper and timber enterprises in order to make possible the attainment of good indices per ruble of capital investment. These indices are being achieved by the refusal to build purification installations." Both factory managers and political officials suffer if funds are diverted from production to conservation, and as a result of this identity of interests government officials in the Soviet Union are more apt to ignore damage to the environment than officials in societies where, along with private enterprise, there is a degree of public accountability.

It is true that most American corporate officials would prefer fewer rather than more pollution controls, because such controls make production more costly and normally less profitable, and these executives have not been especially timid in making their sentiments known to our government officials. But industry's wishes are not all that an American mayor or governor has to worry about. He also has to consider the demands of conservation groups like the Audubon Society, voter pressure groups like the Council for a Livable World, and constituents whose health is endangered by oil spills and polluted air and water. There are, of course, outspoken conservationists and suffering citizens in the Soviet Union, too, and they are often supported by the Soviet press, but for the most part they have no power to influence the government. What counts above all else is increased production.

As it became clear that no one was paying any attention to the law protecting the lake, a public outcry arose, leading to the formation of various investigative bodies. It is hard to list all the organizations that investigated the Baikal issue at one time or another, but reference has been made in the Soviet press to at least four major national groups that opposed the opening of the cellulose plants and six smaller bodies, mainly local, that approved. (And, as has happened in similar situations elsewhere in the world, the testimony of at least one of the approving experts was discredited when it was brought to light that he had served as a consultant for the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking for a fee of a hundred thousand rubles a year.) Yet while the commissions labored, so did construction workers on the sites of the plants. The commission reports fell off the presses like so many drops of the effluent that would ultimately issue from the plants—but, unlike the effluent, the reports were to have no effect. Despite all the protests, no one in a position of power took any action to save the lake. Everyone agreed that it was being threatened, but everyone also pleaded helplessness. When the fish catch diminished, for example, authorities in the Ministry of Fishing Industry complained that they had no power to prohibit the discharge of sewage into the water. Only the sanitary inspector could do that, they said, and, for whatever reason, the sanitary inspector did not do it. As for the waste from the cellulose factories, the authority to regulate such discharge was vested not in the Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Management but in the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking. That was like giving our Atomic Energy Commission control over the radioactive discharge from atomic-energy plants—which, by and large, it has. Critics predicted, furthermore, that the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking would end up transferring the responsibility for the discharge of waste into the lake to the plants themselves. Such confusion and buck-passing made it all the easier for the factory managers to get their plants operating.

A recurrent criticism by the conservationists was that the plants at Baikalsk and on the Selenga could perfectly well have been built elsewhere. Initially, the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking had insisted that Baikal's "exceptional ultra-pure water" was necessary for the plant at Baikalsk because it was impossible to make "super, super cellulose cord" for aircraft tires without it. Challenging the whole rationale for building the Baikalsk factory, the editors of *Komsomolskaia Pravda* noted that in the mid-sixties, once it was well under construction, the Ministry had decided to change the kind of cellulose to be produced, as well as the very purpose of the plant. Somewhere along the way, it seemed, the need for "super, super cellulose" had diminished, and the Ministry had decided that the factory would also make paper—a product that does not require exceptionally pure water. "In this way, the original insistence on the need to build the factory directly on Lake Baikal underwent a qualitative metamorphosis," the editors of *Komsomolskaia Pravda* pointed out. "And what remains?" they asked. "A nearly completed factory that, with a little scientific effort, could have been built



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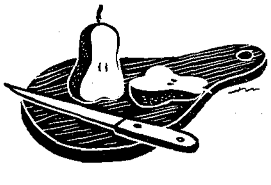
in another region of the country and thus could have spared Lake Baikal." The production plan for the Selenga plant underwent a similar change. After construction had been started, the Ministry decided that the plant should produce not only cellulose, as originally planned, but also cardboard for heavy cartons, which in no way required especially pure water. At least, said the critics, if the use of such water was essential for some products, the two plants could have been combined into one, thus localizing the area of pollution. Next, the conservationists charged that the production of "super, super cellulose" cord had been a misbegotten notion in the first place. They said that nylon cord was superior to cellulose cord and pointed out that factories producing "super, super cellulose" in Canada had closed down for lack of demand. They also asked how American factories that did not have water comparable to that in Lake Baikal could produce high-quality cellulose. Such arguments apparently had little effect. As recently as August 23, 1970, the New York *Times* carried an article that quoted a Russian official as saying that the United States was indirectly responsible for the pollution of Lake Baikal because the United States was the only other country in the world that made such strong cellulose, and it refused to sell it to the Soviet Union.



Even the economics of the Lake Baikal projects came under fire. Conservationist critics have insisted that the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking purposely understated construction costs for the plants by as much as twenty-two million rubles ($24,420,000)—a third of the total cost—in order to win initial approval. Production plans, it was said, were similarly fuzzy. For example, the planners had failed to ascertain whether the timber supply would be adequate for more than twenty-five years and had ignored the fact that the Baikalsk factory was sixty miles away from its prime timber supply. Since the end of 1966, when the factory went into operation, erratic deliveries of timber have forced it to suspend production several times. Also, the cellulose made at Baikalsk requires further processing at another plant, thousands of miles away in the Urals—where, say the critics, the Baikalsk plant could perfectly well have been located in the first place.

The Ministry was further castigated for its belated recognition that the entire Baikal region is in a highly active seismic zone, and that the site chosen for the Baikalsk plant was directly on the fault of the zone. The Selenga plant is somewhat better situated in this regard, but even so it is only sixteen yards away from the epicenter of a quake recorded a few years ago, so it seemed a distinct possibility that both factories could tumble into the water. Major earthquakes occurred in the area in 1862, 1950, 1957, and 1959, and there were smaller shocks in 1960 and 1961. During the 1862 quake, an area of land about the size of Boston collapsed into the lake. In its initial planning for the factories, the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking seems to have ignored the likelihood of earthquakes—to say nothing of its having ignored what the debris from two such factories would do to the lake's water.

Throughout the debate, officials of the Ministry maintained that the discharges into Lake Baikal by the factories would be carefully treated to protect the quality of the lake. No expense would be spared, they promised, to construct the most advanced treatment plants in the country, if not the world. Unfortunately, however, the treatment system put into use at Baikalsk was so new that it had never been tested under actual production conditions; indeed, according to one critic, it was tested "by simply using a model with two hundred litres of artificially polluted water." Furthermore, the system relied in part on the use of a bacteria culture to purify the effluent from the factory, and it is difficult or impossible for such cultures to survive in the below-freezing weather that prevails in the Lake Baikal region for eight months of the year. Also, the cultures, which feed on pulp waste, die if production is interrupted—as it has been, because of the erratic timber deliveries. Not only did the Ministry fail to test the treatment process thoroughly but—in direct violation of the 1960 law aimed at protecting Lake Baikal—it went ahead with the construction and opening of the Baikalsk factory before all the plans had been finally approved by the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Fishing, and the Ministry of Land Reclamation and Water Management. Moreover, it seemed, the Baikalsk plant had started operating before the staff of the treatment plant had been properly trained.

Some of the defenders of Lake Baikal noted further that even if the treatment plant were operating properly and at full capacity, the effluent would at best be only ninety-seven per cent pure, and the plant would be able to process only two-thirds of the emitted waste. And even though the water that would emerge under these conditions from the last stage of treatment would be drinkable by human beings, it would be yellowish, would have a slightly unpleasant odor, and could still taint Lake Baikal. Anyway, said the conservationists, if the treated water really turned out to be all that it was claimed to be, it should be recycled and used instead of new water drawn from the lake. An unplanned form of recycling was taking place anyway, the critics pointed out. Because of the peculiar nature of Lake Baikal, it seems, waterflow patterns in the vicinity of the Baikalsk plant are circular. Thus, the water from the discharge pipe works its way back around to the intake pipe, which is only two or three miles away, and the quality of the water the plant uses has already been lowered. As a result, the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking has had to provide for supplementary treatment, making the plant still more costly to run.

SO far, everything that has happened indicates that there will be damage to Lake Baikal even if the treatment facilities operate properly. Several Russian scientists—including Galazy, from the Limnological Institute—who visited the Baikalsk factory in 1968, reported some dismal findings. Valentine Kostylev, the manager of the treatment plant, was quoted as complaining that its filter had been malfunctioning for two years. Galazy reported that during one visit he made the treatment plant's oxidizing machine was inoperative, the plant's pipes were blocked up, and the aerator had broken down. In fact, he said, it had been necessary to reconstruct the whole treatment plant, at a cost of four million rubles ($4,400,000 at the official rate). In the meantime, waste had been shunted to storage pools about eleven yards from the lakeshore, and then, in the form of black slime, had begun percolating into the lake at a rate estimated by Galazy at thirty-four and a half litres a second. This apparently had been going on for most of the year (and, at last report, continued on into 1970). Although he quoted Kostylev as saying that he, Galazy, had "come just at the wrong time," it apparently would have been impossible for him to have come at the right time. The black slime that was flowing into Lake

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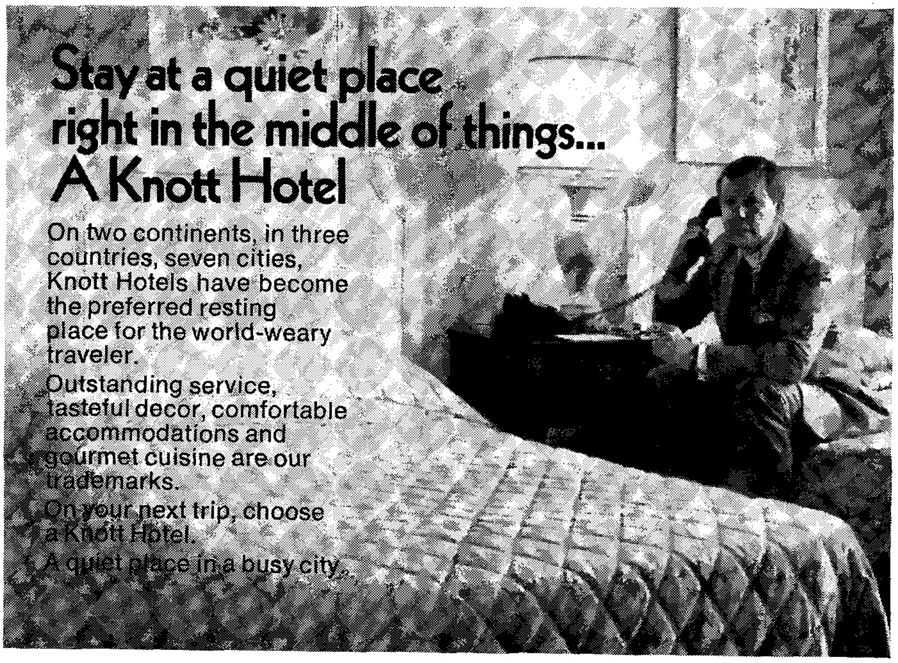

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Baikal, according to Galazy, consisted of fatty acids, methane, and organic sulphides. Between 1967 and the middle of 1968, the Baikalsk plant had dumped three hundred and eighty-three tons of these toxic substances into the lake. As a result, islands of alkaline sewage had been observed floating on or just below the surface of the lake, at distances of nine to thirteen miles from the plant's outlet pipe, for as long as two months. These islands—one of them eighteen miles long and three miles wide—poisoned not only the water but the air around the lake as well. The effect of such toxins is not hard to imagine. The office of the Limnological Institute at Lake Baikal reported that animal and plant life near the Baikalsk treatment plant had been reduced by a third to a half.

In late 1970, I was in the Soviet Union and had a chance to talk with Deputy Minister Chistiakov. I must say that I came away impressed with the depth and sincerity of his concern over the conditions at Lake Baikal. He showed me the daily reports he received about the quality of the water being discharged at the Baikalsk treatment plant, but, hard as he tried to reassure me that ultimately the lake would not suffer, the best he could do was insist that when the treatment plant was properly operational it would fulfill the prescribed norms. The purity of the lake's original water, however, was higher than those norms.

Since the treatment plant has proved so faulty, conservationists have been seeking other ways to save the lake. For the most part, they have fallen back on Galazy's suggestion of a decade ago—rerouting the effluent over the mountains to the Irkut River. The Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking continues to resist this proposal, because the forty-two-mile pipeline would cost the equivalent of forty million dollars—an expenditure that would probably make the whole operation far too costly. In any event, such a pipeline would alleviate the problem of pollution only from Baikalsk, because the plant on the Selenga would be too far away to connect up to the same pipe. Accordingly, most critics feel that the opening of the Selenga plant, due any day now, should be postponed. However, it is considered doubtful that Lake Baikal could be preserved even if the conduit to the Irkut River should be built and the Selenga plant converted to some less noxious use.

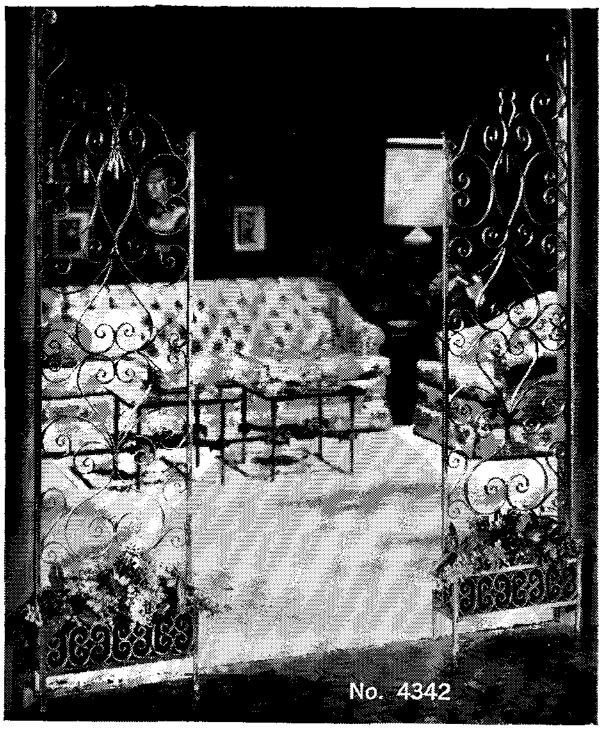
Only if both factories should be dismantled, industrial activity around the lake abandoned, and the entire shore allowed to revert to forest would there be much chance of halting the degradation of Lake Baikal. Even then, the ecological balance in the lake basin is so complex that the damage may be irreversible.

Because of the small amount of soil covering most of the watershed area, and also because of hurricane-force winds that are common in the region, it is very hard to regenerate plant growth in the surrounding forest area once trees are cut down. Heedless of these hazards, Russian lumbermen have stripped many acres bare. The recent growth of towns and homes in the vicinity of the lake has further denuded the shoreline, and the consequences have been far-reaching. With the trees gone, the soil is washed away by rain and wind—a process that increases the flow of silt into the lake and also reduces the ability of the land area to retain the moisture it receives in the form of rain and snow. In 1968, an observer reported that, owing to timber-cutting, a third of Lake Baikal's basin had lost a significant portion of its natural water-regulating capacity, and that more than a hundred and thirty streams and springs in the area flooded during the thaw and were dry for much of the rest of the year. This disruption of the ecological and hydrochemical balance of Lake Baikal's tributary streams has inevitably affected the chemical makeup of the lake itself. There has been a noticeable increase in the quantities of sulphates, chlorides, magnesium hydroxide, and nitrates in its waters. Very little of this is traceable to the Baikalsk plant; most of it arises from the destruction of the tree cover and from certain other forms of man-made assault on the area, so the elimination of factories could not in itself repair the damage.

The method of moving the cut timber causes still further damage. Large numbers of logs are rafted together and floated or towed down the tributary rivers and through Lake Baikal itself. Though this method is cheapest so far as day-to-day costs are concerned, it is expensive in many other ways. For one thing, about ten per cent of the logs sink, and sunken logs do two kinds of harm: they cover up vital fish-breeding grounds, and they absorb the lake's oxygen. In 1968, it was estimated that a million and a half cubic metres of timber had sunk over the preceding decade and that fifty streams, with a combined length of twenty-two hundred miles, were thereby eliminated as spawning grounds for fish. In some of the river bottoms, the logs were piled three or four yards high. The paper and lumber mills recently agreed to stop rafting their logs and to ship them by rail instead. But partly because such shipment requires a considerably increased cash outlay and partly because the railroads have been very slow in supplying flatcars, the logs have continued to be shipped by water, and have continued to damage the lake.

For years, it was thought that landslides would be unlikely in the region because of the predominantly cold climate. With the disappearance of the tree cover, this is no longer the case. And, most threatening of all, the cutting of the trees and the intrusion of heavy machinery into the wooded areas has unstabilized a large area of sand dunes southeast of the lake. By 1963, there were large stretches of shifting or poorly anchored sand there. Lately, observers have warned that these shifting sands are linking up with the Gobi Desert, just over the border in Mongolia, and there are fears that the Gobi will sweep into Siberia and destroy not only Lake Baikal but a large portion of the surrounding forest.

UNFORTUNATELY, no one knows how to restore virgin nature. The only hope for Lake Baikal is that Soviet industry will curb its passion for production in time to prevent complete destruction of the area. To that end, a new law regulating the use of Lake Baikal was passed by the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union—the country's highest administrative body—in February, 1969. The law provides for the establishment of a special water-conservation zone of some twenty thousand square miles, where no timber may be cut, and again forbids any lumbering on mountain slopes steeper than twenty-five degrees. The law also stipulates that submerged logs are to be removed from the rivers and from Lake Baikal, and that logs are to be brought down the mountainsides by cableways rather than dragged down by tractors. Construction of new factories is strictly regulated, and none are to be established where they might pollute the lake or its tributaries. Furthermore, the purification plant at Baikalsk was to be reconstructed before the end of the year. The Selenga factory was ordered not to start production of cartons until its purification equipment was ready, and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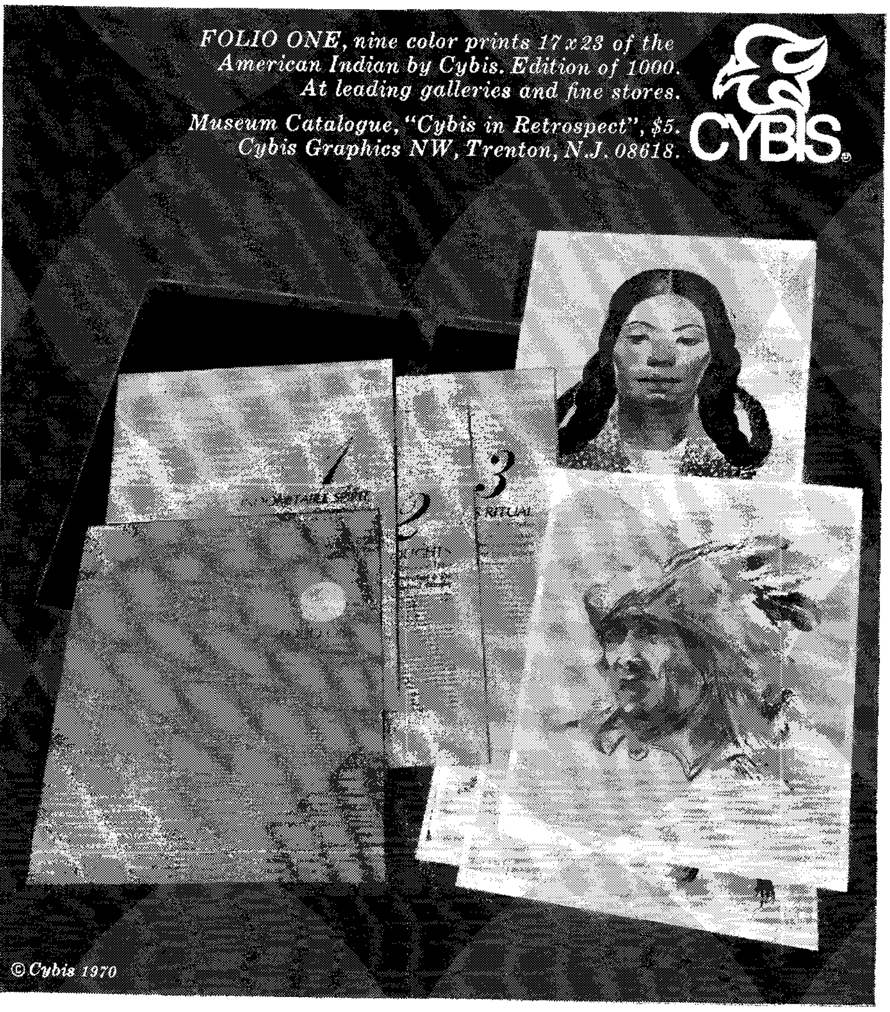
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other industries in the lake's basin were similarly restricted. The questions remain whether this new law was passed soon enough and whether it is strong enough. After all, the 1960 law addressed to many of the same issues proved to be ineffective, and there is not much reason to believe that the 1969 law will be any more so. Will the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking wait obediently once the Selenga plant is ready to operate if proper water treatment is not yet assured? If so, they will be showing greater self-restraint than they did at Baikalsk. In fact, an August, 1970, report in *Komsomolskaia Pravda* indicated that abuse of the lake had increased, not decreased, since the passage of the 1969 law.

Nor can it be assumed that worse will not follow. Though Lake Baikal is no longer untainted, it does remain much purer than anything else around. It is only natural, therefore, that various proposals for its exploitation continue to be advanced by Russian industrial planners. For example, one proposal—fortunately not acted upon—was that the outflow of water from Lake Baikal be artificially increased in order to accelerate the accumulation of water in the Bratsk reservoir. This would have resulted in a drop in the level of Lake Baikal—a change whose consequences cannot be predicted. Lately, there have been reports that the Ministry of Timber, Paper, and Woodworking is not going to confine its projects in the basin to the Selenga and Baikalsk factories, and that at least one other such plant is apparently in the advanced blueprint stage. Similarly, the government chemical ministries have let it be known that the Soviet economy would benefit greatly if chemical plants could be established on the lake's shores and could use the lake's waters. In 1968, Galazy warned that Lake Baikal's unique ecological system might be destroyed within the next decade. The industrial managers may fulfill his prophecy. In the case of Lake Baikal, at least, there seems little to choose between private greed and public greed.

—MARSHALL I. GOLDMAN

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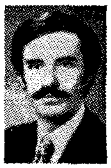
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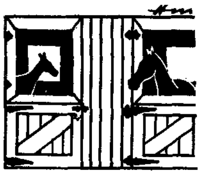
THE RACE TRACK

Great Lady

DRUMTOP, whose achievements on turf courses hardly need retelling, surpassed herself in the Bowling Green Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon. Last for a mile and a quarter, and lengths behind the leaders, she stormed around them in the final two furlongs to win by a length and three-quarters from her old rival Fort Marcy, who nosed out Practicante, once a star in Argentina, for second money. Ejemplo, who comes from Venezuela, was fourth. Quite apart from the sheer excitement of watching the race, it was a pleasure to be able to get about the stand and the paddock in the crowd of only 41,387—a little more than half the size of the one that crammed the place for the Belmont Stakes a week before.



Only seven horses paraded for the Bowling Green, but they were the best runners on the grass in these parts, and they were all remarkably well turned out. Drumtop, especially, looked bright-eyed and fit, and Fort Marcy has seldom been more pleasing in appearance. Practicante also caught my eye. I was, however, more interested in Ejemplo, who had run up a dandy score at La Rinconada, in Caracas, and was making his first start in this country. He is medium-sized, his conformation is decidedly English, and he is worth remembering. From a quick start, Chompion led for more than a mile, with Ejemplo closest and Fort Marcy along the rails. Then Ejemplo took over, and for several seconds it looked as though he might do what Canonero II didn't do in the Belmont. A furlong out, Practicante, Ejemplo, and Fort Marcy were heads apart across the track as Drumtop, who was giving weight to everything except Fort Marcy, swept past them. I wish I could report how fast she ran that last quarter, but nobody I know clocked it. By the way, remember what Rudyard Kipling wrote about the female of the species?

HORSES ran lickety-split over the sunbaked turf at Belmont last Saturday. The mile and a half of the Bowling Green was done in 2:25⅖, which lowered by a second and a fifth the mark set by Fort Marcy when he won the race last year. In addition, a new record was set for a mile on the grass earlier in the afternoon, when The Pruner beat Shelter Bay in 1:34⅕. (The old record was 1:35⅘.) This also topped the best time for the distance on the main track—1:34⅗. How's that?

CANONERO II is still in Barry Ryan's barn at Belmont, and the sale that would bring him to the King Ranch stable of Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., is in abeyance pending the colt's return to health and soundness. When that will be is hard to say. He was in a state of almost complete exhaustion for days after the Belmont Stakes, and still walks in a gingerly way, with his head down. All the horsemen I've talked to about him agree that, considering his preparation in the fortnight before the race, he was hardly fit to run the mile and a half. Juan Arias, who trains him, has admitted that because of an infection in a hoof, and other leg trouble, he hadn't done as much with Canonero II as he would have liked, but he had hoped for the best. For my part, I do not think that, in the circumstances, Canonero II has had the praise he deserves for a gallant performance. He ran his heart out going as far as he could go—more than a mile at a smart pace. He gave everything he had, and no horse can do more than that. In my book, he's the hero of the 1971 Belmont Stakes.

FOR one reason or another (one reason may be that their trainers are saving them for Saratoga), I've seen few two-year-olds worth mentioning so far this season. There's Numbered Account, winner of the Fashion Stakes, one of the last horses the late Ed Neloy saddled, and there's Plum Bold, who went stride for stride with Good Eagle for the five and a half furlongs of the Juvenile Stakes and at the end beat him by a neck. I hope there are more like them to come.

I'LL have to miss the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont this weekend. I hope Deceit wins it.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Sweetback"

ALAS!—I mean, hurrah!—there exists a furiously tasteless picture called "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song." It was made by a black man for blacks, and it is turning into a phenomenon of the industry. For the last three weeks, it has been one of the top-grossing films in the *Variety* chart; for the first two of those weeks it was No. 1, outstripping "Love Story" by far. Even though there are many more white than black Americans, it seems that blacks at the moment are much hungrier for the cinema. Given the right film—and this is evidently the first feature film that has been anything like so right—the black audience can be the biggest moviegoing public in America. The cinema suddenly has as rich a market again as it had in the Depression. A movie theatre is somewhere to go with a girl if your family lives eight to a room; a movie theatre gets you away from the rats; a movie theatre offers fables. "Sweetback" is a terrific fable. It is also a boot in the face for the wishes of moderates, black and white, who are likely to come away reeling. At three showings of the film at three times of day in two New York theatres, I saw hardly a white man and not one white woman.

"Sweetback" is presumably the first of a line of films. The next ones will get gentler, with luck, and better characterized, and signed with a clearer authorship than this, but they can never be anything like "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," or lose the tongue they have found here, which is a shock in the cinema. It is a language of energy, stamina, cheek, fury, blue jokes, clan loyalty, swagger, and a murderous skepticism. The film's whole style of overstatement is grating, and is meant to be. The film wasn't made for the approval of aesthetes. Europeans have always objected to the floridity of the five-hour color films produced in India, but India and Japan are famous for having a colossal movie output; when you think of what the Indians and the Japanese have in common with the public of this staggeringly appealing film, it may be no accident that their countries possess a style that has absorbed exaggeration, just as "Sweetback" is bent on going too far. That is the film's great sense of the popular, maybe. It is riling to the boss instinct in members of the old and the lucky nations, which warms to restraint in culture, as in strikers. But art and entertainment are natural guerrillas and troublemakers; a settled, well-off society will give them marks for taste and finesse when they control themselves and come to heel, but a place like black America will find an ally in a film that pushes its luck.

TAYLOR STA
OVES A DEVEL

The picture was written, composed, produced, directed, edited, and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who showed a distinct glint of insurgence and of a witty, self-promoting, ambitious bad taste in his earlier film "Watermelon Man." That was a comedy, with Godfrey Cambridge playing a bigot in whiteface who turns into a black overnight and so reluctantly has to loosen his grip on his most cherished character habits. He puts the change down to an overeffusive sunlamp. Van Peebles had relatively little say about the film, but he has made his new picture practically single-handed, with a back-to-the-wall belligerence that people in softer seats would find arrogant. He even put his own money into the picture—from "Watermelon Man"—and sponged from friends. Why pay bank charges? That was his basilisk-eyed question when he was talking to a white Hollywood friend about the financing. "If you believe in you, bet on you." The friend asked, "If you had five hundred thousand dollars, would you invest it all in the film?" Van Peebles reports the conversation in a paperback: " 'Of course I would.' And I meant it. 'I wouldn't,' [the friend] said, and he meant it. . . . It must be terrible to be white, I thought."

Against the usual opposition, but acting with more canniness than most, Van Peebles made the picture the way he wanted to by pretending it was a nude film. He wanted the aid of non-union people; he got it by affiliating with the lower depths of skin flicks, which are allowed by the élite cinema to operate outside union rules. The process of the film's survival was ruses and tactics, like the life of its hero, whose ethic is always to cheat the system. Van Peebles plays him. The man wears a brocade suit, a beautiful black hat at a debonair angle, and a mustache as dandyish as Clark Gable's. He looks stoic and peculiarly glamorous, although he lives at the bottom of the heap and spent his boyhood in a brothel. When he is handcuffed to a friend who gets beaten up by white cops, the cops undo the handcuff to get an ugly improvement of purchase, and after a bit Sweetback beats up the whites himself with the dangling handcuff, almost casually, and runs. No one gives him away—not a down-and-out, not a tart. The films of the Depression offered to unemployed, despairing people the idea of what it was like to be rich or to pluck an interlude of undiluted happiness out of the plodding calendar of welfare; this film holds out the image of a black frontier hero who survives every wound from whites and police, who holds enthralled any girl he wants, who makes peeping white cops nervous because a white woman wants him at an orgy, and who has more humor and self-command than anyone else around. The white authority figures in this film are a crumbling lot, amateurishly played, by a trick of casting that is certainly on purpose. The fable is a dream of weak cops and of power-driven white sensualists who have travelled beyond enjoyment. The blacks are funny, rude, unforgivable, with mouths forever closed against the other side, and equipped with blond wigs and drag wedding dresses that allow them to suggest a sarcastic hint of changing race or sex for the pleasure of a teased, yearning nobility. The glee in audiences when one of the enemy is killed closes the ranks against outsiders, but it isn't the rah-rah of "The Green Berets," where straight murderousness was so encouraged that G.I.s were cheered for killing Vietnamese and the other way round without any obvious difference in glee and with a very obvious response to its brutish sort of *verismo*. "Sweetback" is another thing. It is fiercely on the side of a minority, and it takes the shape of a fable. The film sets a tone that is bound to be followed and that will later, to judge by the past, grow fonder of its characters. This angry start is impossible, haughty, not likable, but sometimes rather admirable in its context. What would it have been like if the French people had been free to make a film about themselves before the revolution? The English of the North Country before the Reform Bill? If the West's economy-in-little of Hollywood is to carry on working in some form—and it certainly is—what step does it take ideologically from this film, which doesn't *want* dishwashers or color TV, which has openly and derisively exploited Hollywood's anomalous system of blind-eye profit-making, but which in the midst of a bankrupt industry is making an enviable mint of loot out of the pockets of the rebellious underpaid?

IN Harry Kümel's "Daughters of Darkness," Delphine Seyrig plays a classy vampire called the Countess Elisabeth Bathory. Her co-bloodsucker, who has much less style, is a younger woman, called Valerie (Danièle Ouimet). Valerie is a sulky gamine among vampires, and you feel that the Countess disapproves of her for a sort of *arriviste* impetuosity, which is a fine thing for a vampire to jib at. The Countess speaks slumberously from the fronds of a purple feather boa, whereas Valerie likes miniskirts. They stay together in expensive Belgian hotels, wandering together thirstily at night outside the windows of young couples in other bedrooms and seeming thwarted by the list of drinks available from room service. The Countess is a "Lost Horizon" figure, injecting immense alarm into the petit-bourgeois souls of fossilizing posh concierges by never getting any older. Mathematically well into her dotage, she looks twenty-eight. Every woman would sell her soul to stay young, people sigh to her. She says airily, "Oh, it's very simple. A very strict diet, lots of sleep . . ." You worry, though only slightly, about whether she is getting enough blood and whether the ravishing face is suddenly going to pleat. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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In response to the citizen suit allegations, Virginia Highway Commissioner Douglas B. Fugate says I-66 will reduce air pollution by moving traffic more rapidly, raise property values, provide a habitat for small wildlife on the highway's margin, raise the water table by reducing the total amount of impervious roadways needed in the area, and improve the flow of Spout Run, the principal creek affected by the highway.

The highway plans call for Spout Run to be diverted from its natural bed and shunted into a concrete culvert for 1¼ miles.—*Washington Post.*

Now, *that's* a real pretty habitat!

•

Science fiction writer A. E. van Vogt, who spoke on "The Frontiers of Science" last week at the University of Alabama in Huntsville, toured the Marshall Center while in the area.

The author is known best for his books "Slan," "The World of Null-A," and "The Weapon Shops of Isher." He has published nearly 40 books and is now working on 30 science fiction novels.

—*Huntsville (Ala.) Marshall Star.*

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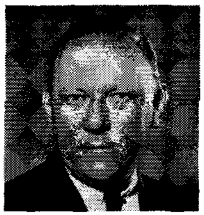

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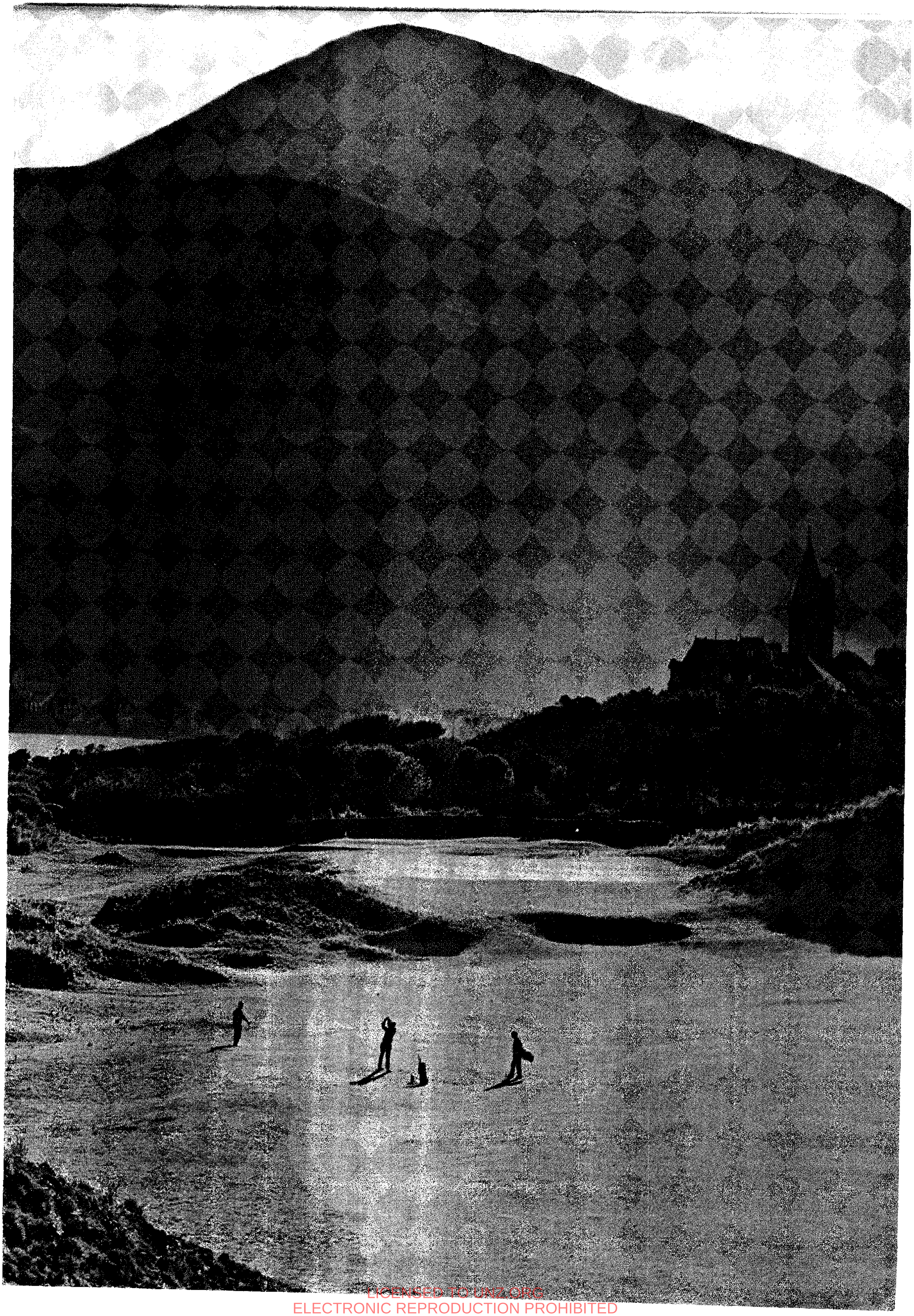

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THE SPORTING SCENE

PART OF A SEASON: BAY AND BACK BAY

BASEBALL, it seems, has declared an advance special dividend for 1971. The old mutual concern, barely a third of the way into its new business year, has rarely found itself in such splendid early fettle, and its supporters have already been enriched beyond their customary late-summer expectations. These are the latest market quotations on some of the firm's gilt-edge securities: Oliva, .371; W. Davis, .357; Brock, .352; Torre, .351; Mays, .323; Frank Robinson, .308; Kaline, .321; Brooks Robinson, .304, after a recent sell-off; and the junior Alou Frères, Ltd.—Jesus, .333, and Mateo, .316. Good performances have also been recorded by such comparatively recent issues as Kranepool (.309), Staub (.325), Murcer (a resounding .359), and a new high-flier called Garr of Atlanta (.349). Having thus bankrupted my supply of financial metaphors (even without mention of Bobby Bonds or a Blue Chip named Vida), I will go on to observe, more plainly, that the sluggers have been busily at work, too. The Pirates' Willie Stargell has twenty-one homers currently in hand, which represents something of a slump from his record opening burst of eleven in April; Hank Aaron has wafted nineteen, Johnny Bench sixteen, Bonds fifteen, and Billy Williams and Orlando Cepeda fourteen each. The American League long-ball hitters are a bit laggard, but it is unsafe to assume that Yastrzemski, Frank Howard, Harmon Killebrew, and the rest will not suddenly catch up in the course of some loud, hot summer week. And the pitching—well, the pitching, in both leagues, has been of such a quality that one cannot entirely understand who it is all these hitters have been swinging against. Vida Blue, the phenomenal young Oakland fireballer, has struck out a hundred and twenty-five batters in a hundred and thirty innings, and has a record of thirteen wins and two losses. Mike Cuellar, of the Orioles, stands at 10 and 1; Larry Dierker, of the Astros, at 10 and 2; and the Cardinals' Steve Carlton at 10 and 3. At this rate, all of them have a crack at winning thirty games or more this year. Four pitchers with six or more decisions to their credit have earned-run averages of less than two runs per game—Cooperstown stuff.

Attendance, unsurprisingly, is up—a jump of about 220,000 in the American League and better than 358,000 in the National League. The more modest A.L. mark is probably the more significant, since the N.L. totals include an artificial boost attributable to the opening of the Phillies' new ballpark, Veterans Stadium. But even the White Sox, still resident in ancient Comiskey Park and holding what has been recently considered an exhausted franchise, have almost doubled their attendance so far this year. Statistics bore everybody but the super-fan (who already knows them anyway), but these are offered with a purpose: to me they suggest that in 1971 most of the baseball news is being made out on the playing field, instead of in the courts or in the front office, its habitat in recent years. And even the kind of baseball happening that is not easily encapsulated in a box score seems to have an unusual savor in this unusual season. There has been the brief retirement of Clete Boyer, the Atlanta third baseman, who almost talked himself out of baseball because he could not bear the character of his general manager, Paul Richards, and said so, repeatedly. Also the bemusement of Alex Johnson, the Angels' defending American League batting champion, who has walked himself into semi-permanent suspension because he cannot bear to run on the base paths. Also the self-exile of Carl Taylor, a Kansas City outfielder who, dissatisfied with his own professional performance, pushed at an umpire, punched a teammate, and set fire to his uniform in the clubhouse before departing the pastime for a period of time.

Baseball thrives on personality, but the cult of the team is even more essential to its well-being than the cult of the star. Two decades ago, the sixteen major-league clubs were entirely distinguishable; one knew them by heart and could recognize them as quickly and surely as one recognized the different flavors in a jar of sourballs. Now there are twenty-four teams, split into four subdivisions, and, because of expansion and the shifting and scattering of franchises, there sometimes seem to be no more than half a dozen teams that are *known* to us—not just the names of their stars or managers but the way they play ball, the way they look on the field, the way they are remembered. Only sharper competition, marked by the arrival of new challengers at the upper levels of contention, can alter this, and it is precisely that phenomenon which has brought such a sense of quickening and excitement to the young season. Who does not know the news? The Baltimore Orioles, who so admirably and drearily discouraged all opposition in their division for the past two years, took wing in rather leaden fashion this year, thus permitting hope in such unexpected places as Boston and Detroit; the world champions have only recently retaken their accustomed topmost perch, and there may be a good deal of teetering and flapping there before all is secure. Meanwhile, the American League West has been entirely dominated by the startling Oakland A's, a team heretofore notable only for its white baseball shoes and the Caligulan whims of its owner, Charles O. Finley, who has fired ten managers in ten years. The National League East is once again the scene of a two- or three-team fight that may not be resolved until the final days or hours of the season. The contenders—the Cardinals, Mets, and Pirates—have offered a sustained lesson in different styles of winning baseball; the best of the three may be the Cardinals, back from two years of utter despond, whose new style is hitting. The Cincinnati Reds, last year's pennant winners, are in disarray, their pitching almost nonexistent and the other parts of the Big Red Machine sputtering badly or in the repair shop. Their demise was predicted even before the season started; their successors at the top of the National League West, everyone agreed, were to be the Dodgers—an excellent prediction entirely ignored by the San Francisco Giants, who almost ran away

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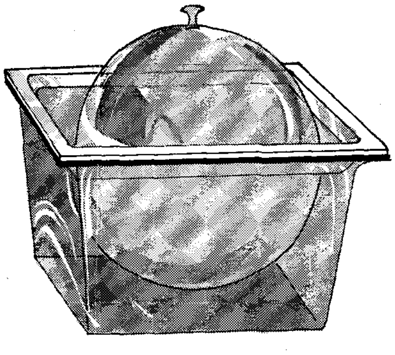

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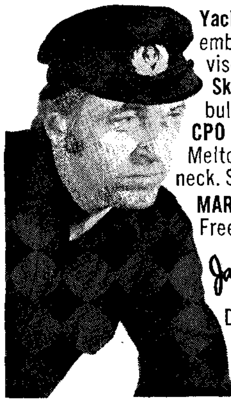

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from the field in the first six weeks. Many of these clubs, it will be noticed, have honored, familiar names, but as 1971 contenders they are not at all the same good old clubs we thought we knew—as we may discover when we call on the good old (or, in most ways, much better and not so old) Giants in their airy seaside home.

Before that journey, though, a brief further look should be directed at the Mets, whose baseball personality has subtly altered. Last year, the memory of their brilliant, unforgettable success of the previous autumn seemed to hang on them like a sea anchor. They played sombrely, warily, and, in the end, exhaustedly, as if they had forgotten how many games they had once captured on sheer exuberance. This season is much more like '69; the players are mature, but one sometimes catches glimpses on the field of that same mad young expectation—the conviction that the team just might win every single game from now to October. This is a hope still unreinforced by such baseball realities as the long ball. The team has won on hitting by gentle belters like Jerry Grote, Dave Marshall, and Bud Harrelson, and by the surprise of the year, if not the century, Eddie Kranepool, now in his tenth summer in a Mets uniform. The pitching has been excellent, of course—most especially the bullpen of McGraw, Taylor, and Frisella—and Nolan Ryan has succeeded Jerry Koosman as the stopper next to God, Tom Seaver. Watching Ryan work can be wearing; a typical Ryan inning (as confirmed by my scorecard of a recent game against Houston) consists of a walk, another walk, a swinging strikeout, another swinging strikeout, *another* walk, and a line drive straight into the glove of the right fielder. One way or another, he gets the job done—he has won six games so far, and has an earned-run average of 1.72. For that matter, watching the Mets in almost any game can be exhausting; things are often settled, along about the ninth or tenth or eleventh inning, by a piece of wild baseball luck—an enemy drive that *just* falls foul, or a Metsian screamer that suddenly becomes the game-closing D.P. This kind of baseball requires a superior infield, enormous team courage, and stronghearted, insatiable fans—exactly what the Mets have the most of.

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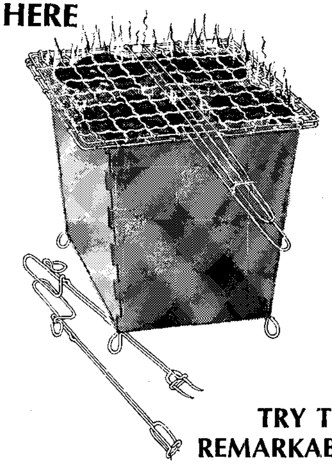

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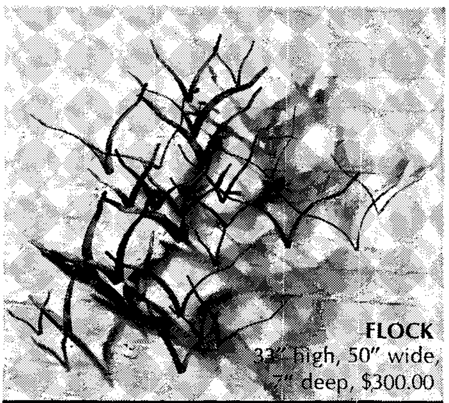

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habitually in second place, the fans have stayed away from Candlestick Park in notable numbers. It is in many ways an excellent place to avoid—a dour, wind-whipped gray concrete tureen that is currently being enlarged, of all things, so that it may similarly test the loyalties of pro-football fans this autumn. When I arrived there on a Friday night in mid-May, I thought for a moment that I would be just in time for the 49ers' opening kickoff, because the fans around me were accoutred in mackinaws, scarves, gloves, and watch caps, and carrying steamer rugs and thermosed fortifiers. But they were baseball fans, in sensible Bay-side evening attire, who had finally appeared in real numbers to see the beginning of a three-game set against the Dodgers and warily to encourage their Giants, off to the greatest start in their history, with a lead of eight full games in their division. The Dodgers added to the wind-chill factor with two instantaneous runs on a long double by Willie Davis, but reassurance was quickly supplied. The second homesider to come to the plate was Chris Speier, a thin twenty-year-old shortstop, still only in his second year of organized baseball, who has nailed together the Giant infield for the first time in a decade and driven San Franciscans into an uncharacteristic tizzy of admiration; he lofted one of Al Downing's pitches up into the westerly gale, which carried it over the right-field fence. The next pitch was hit somewhat more firmly by Willie Howard Mays and disappeared in the direction of San Leandro. It was Speier's first major-league homer (he waved his clenched fist in the air as he rounded the bases), and, with its successor, it raised the record for most combined home runs by a still active shortstop and center fielder on the same team to six hundred and thirty-seven.

The game was a brisk, noisy affair that kept us continuously, if not warmly, entertained. The Giants went ahead on the second of Willie McCovey's three hits, were passed in the fourth on a two-run Dodger homer by Duke Sims, and then put the game away, 8–4, in the seventh on a long succession of singles, walks, sacrifices, and Dodger mistakes. Dodger manager Walter Alston made two defensive infield shifts in this inning, and each of his specialists committed an error—the kind of gift that streaking teams like the Giants accept without surprise.

The next afternoon, another big crowd, now fortified by the Giants' *nine*-game lead, saw an even better game—a vivid pitchers' battle between the Dodgers' Bill Singer and the perennial Juan Marichal, who has won more games for the Giants than anyone except Carl Hubbell and Christy Mathewson. The innings zipped along, and, washed in sunshine and a river of clean ocean air, I had plenty of time to admire the new Giants and sympathize with the new Dodgers. The Los Angelenos' Willie Davis, now resplendent in the largest Afro in baseball, is hitting the ball and playing the outfield as never before in his life; his celebrated new teammate Richie Allen is also hitting the ball as never before—which is to say that he is hardly hitting it at all. The Giants, so far, have been entirely free of such mysteries and bad luck. Willie McCovey has sore knees, but they do not prevent him from batting with his old, exciting, scythe-swinger's style. The pitching, recently no deeper than Marichal and Gaylord Perry, has been firmed up by admirable younger arms belonging to Ron Bryant and Steve Stone and a reliever named Jerry Johnson, whose E.R.A. at this writing is 0.70. The outfielders—Mays, Ken Henderson, and Bobby Bonds—are wonderfully fast afoot, an essential attribute on Candlestick's slick AstroTurf, which now covers the whole infield except for dirt cutouts around the mound and the bases. (The all-chemical lawn is perhaps forgivable at Candlestick, for it has done away with the appalling dust storms that used to swirl among the cowering participants.) Chris Speier, I suspect, is a model of baseball's infielder of the future, the AstroPlayer—wide-ranging, with extremely quick hands and the ability to get off deep, rifle-shot throws with almost no visible arm-cocking or windup. Old-time Giant front-office men think he may turn out to be the finest Giant shortstop since Travis Jackson, back in the early thirties. (Speier, by the way, is a local product, who still lives at home in Alameda, across the Bay. His fourteen-year-old brother, Bill, one may imagine, is grappling with something of a sibling problem this year. When a reporter recently asked Speier if Bill gave him much back talk at the family's breakfast table, the new star shrugged and said, "Not much. I mean, what can he *say*?")

Candlestick's classic pastime—and the best entertainment in baseball this year—is watching Willie Mays. Now just turned forty, and beginning his

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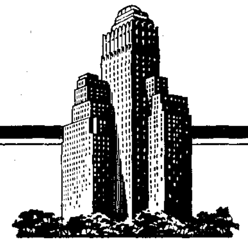
twenty-first year in the majors, he is hitting better than he has hit at any time in the past six or seven seasons, and playing the game with enormous visible pleasure. Veteran curators in the pressbox like to expound upon various Maysian specialties—the defensive gem, the basket catch, the looped throw, the hitched swing, and so forth. My favorite is his baserunning. He may have lost a half second or so in getting down to first base, but I doubt whether Willie Davis or Ralph Garr or any of the other new flashes can beat Mays from first to third, or can accelerate just as he does, with his whole body suddenly seeming to sink lower when, taking his turn at first and intently following the distant ball and outfielder, he suddenly sees his chance. Watching him this year, seeing him drift across a base and then sink into full speed, I noticed all at once how much he resembles a marvellous skier in mid-turn down some steep pitch of fast powder. *Nobody* like him.

No one knows how long Mays can sustain all this. He will sit out perhaps thirty or forty games this year, resting, but the only other concession to age is his habit, in a Giants' half when he is unlikely to come to bat, of sitting down with the pitchers out in the right-field bullpen, thus saving himself the trip to the dugout. His real race with his years is measured—in the mind of the public, at least—in that perpetual comparison with Babe Ruth's home-run record of 714. Willie is at 641 as this is written, and he will need three homer-productive years—say, twenty-five more this season, then thirty, then twenty—to make it. I doubt whether he will quite run the course—but I care much less about his breaking the record than I care that the last Mays homer, whenever it comes and whatever its number, be struck with joy.

The Singer-Marichal match-up sailed scorelessly along into the later innings, with the Dodgers seeming to have a little the better of it. Singer was striking out Giants in clusters, while Marichal—who throws like some enormous and dangerous farm implement—was putting men on but still managing to get through innings on no more than eight or ten pitches, which is sometimes the better way. Mays led off the seventh and took a huge cut at a Singer fast ball, kicking up a puff of dust in the batter's box as he missed. Singer now craftily essayed a curve (the strategy of pitchers is limited), which Willie leaped at and lined into deepest left field for a double. It was the Giants' first hit of the game, and a



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few moments later Dick Dietz, the excellent Giant catcher, delivered the second—a single that scored Mays with the only run of the afternoon. Afterward, in his clubhouse office, Giant manager Charlie Fox poured a little Galway Mist for a visiting reporter and said, "It's always *useful* to watch him play this game. You know he moves the players around out in the field? Hell, he's been in this game twenty years—he's picked up a couple of pointers. Yes, it's a nice feeling to come to the ballpark every day and know he's on your side. The leader is still leading."

Charlie Fox, who has been in the Giant organization for thirty years, ascending to the helm last May, gets along splendidly with Willie Mays. ("We're like brothers," Fox says, "only I'm the big brother.") The center fielder, who has a distaste for time-wasting, occasionally posed difficulties for some of Fox's less accomplished predecessors. A few seasons ago, when Willie was suffering through an epochal slump, striking out repeatedly or popping up in crucial situations, it occurred to the Giant management that their star might benefit from a checkup by an oculist. Somehow, neither the manager nor any of his coaches nor anyone in the front office felt any eagerness to make this suggestion to Mays, and eventually somebody approached a San Francisco sportswriter named Charles Einstein, who is a biographer and close friend of Willie's, and asked if he would undertake the mission. A little startled, Einstein agreed, and a few days later he greeted Mays near the batting cage. The exchange, Einstein says, went like this:

> EINSTEIN: Er—say, Buck [some of Mays' friends call him Buck], have you noticed how many players are wearing eyeglasses this year?
>
> MAYS: Like who?
>
> EINSTEIN: Well, let's see. . . . Oh, yes—Howard. Frank Howard is wearing glasses now.
>
> MAYS: He ain't hittin' either.

The subject was never reopened.

On Sunday, a sellout crowd confidently turned out to watch another Dodger-Giant pitching classic—Claude Osteen vs. Gaylord Perry—and a further extension of the home team's infinitely extensible lead. It was Cap Day at Candlestick, and the rows of kids in the top deck, each wearing a dark baseball cap with a white central insignia, looked exactly like a congress of raccoons. Noise and delight everywhere—except, it turned out, on the playing field. The ball kept coming loose in

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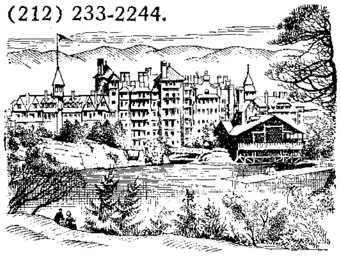

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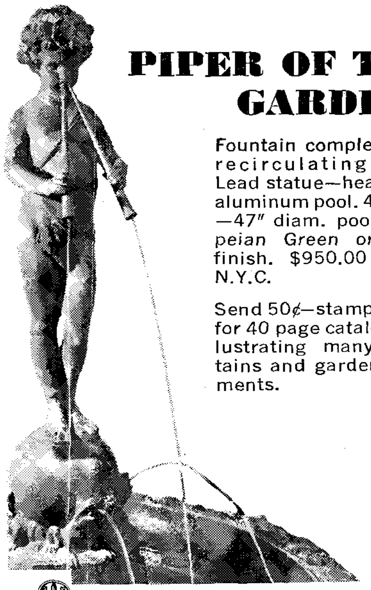

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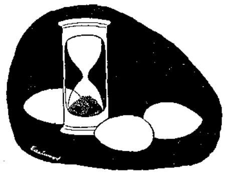
the infield; there were four errors in the first two innings and eight errors in all, and at one point Tito Fuentes, the Giants' second baseman, struck out on a wild pitch and eventually came around to score. That kind of baseball. Still, all seemed saved when the Giants pulled ahead on a three-run homer by Bobby Bonds in the sixth, but then Don McMahon, the Giants' elderly relief pitcher, found it impossible to get anybody out during his eight-hundred-and-forty-ninth (and perhaps his worst) lifetime mound appearance; Chris Speier, in an admirably eager and youthful but absolutely hopeless and mistaken attempt at a double play, threw a ball away that he should have held on to; the Dodgers scored six runs in the last two innings, beating their old rivals by 9–6; and the San Francisco fans went home with the anxiously renewed knowledge under their new caps that the season still had a few weeks to run after all.

TEN days later, I paid a visit to the American League side of San Francisco Bay, calling upon the other surprise of this baseball season—the Oakland A's, who, like the Giants, had opened a startling lead over their Western Division rivals. The two Bay-area teams have coexisted amicably since the A's migrated from Kansas City in 1968, competing only for the annual regional low-attendance crown, which the Giants carried off by a whisker last year, 740,220 to 778,355. The A's, in spite of their recent and discouraging success at winning ballgames, have come back bravely this year, opening up a margin of over a hundred thousand fewer fans than the Giants in their first twenty home games; this time the issue may not be settled until after the World Series. My first view of the handsome new triple-decked Oakland Coliseum, just before game time on a cold Tuesday night, suggested that the tenants of Candlestick Park held an unfair advantage, but then I observed that almost every one of the fifty thousand shiny, brightly painted seats in the place was entirely visible, being empty. The umpires and the teams—the A's and the visiting California Angels—took the field; a serenade played by a strolling jazz combo echoed thinly among the few hundred patrons scattered between the two dugouts; the familiar icy Pacific winds whistled up my pant legs; and I sensed myself, as in a Terence Rattigan bad dream, exiled to a dying seaside resort in January.



Nobody knows why northern California has taken so gingerly to big-league baseball. The population of the immediate area—perhaps three and a half million, if Sacramento is thrown in—is probably too meagre to sustain two baseball teams, but this has not proved to be a difficulty for the two pro football teams, the two major college football teams, and the professional basketball team that also sell tickets in the region. The subject is endlessly speculated upon in local bars and press-rooms, and the only sensible theory I have heard put forward suggests that there are a good many other things to do outdoors in the summer in the environs of San Mateo and Marin and Contra Costa Counties. The owner of the A's, Charles O. Finley, has attacked the problem in characteristic style, with a numbing flood of promotions, but it is still possible that his talented and exciting ball team, with its incomparable new hero, Vida Blue, may eventually succeed in attracting more people into the Coliseum than have yet turned out for Hot Pants Day, cow-milking contests, or a gate prize of two free season tickets to the home games of Charles O. Finley's hockey team, the Golden Seals.

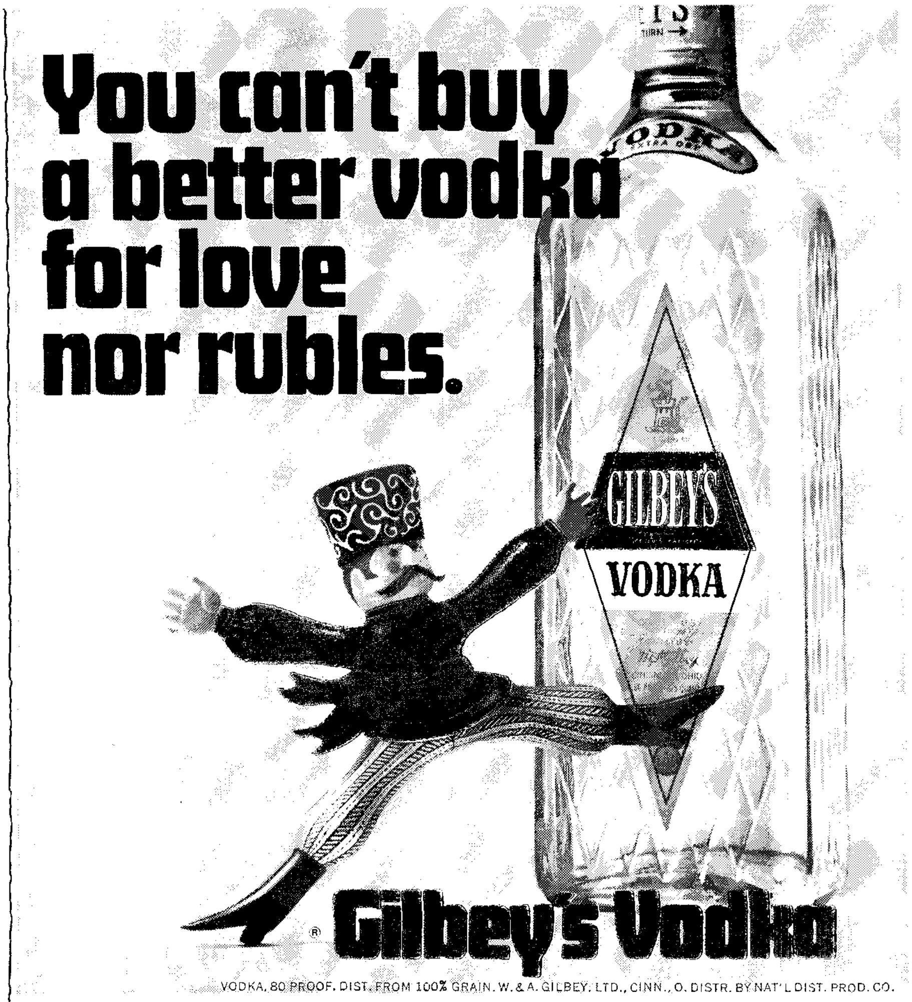
The game that first night went to the Finleyites, 7–5, in thirteen gelid innings; the next evening the Angels reversed matters by the same score in twelve. The two games, in fact, had a weird, mirrorlike similarity. On Tuesday, the Angels jumped away to a 3–0 and then a 4–1 lead on home runs by Ken McMullen and Roger Repoz, but the bottom of the Oakland batting order kept bashing the ball, too—a homer by catcher Dave Duncan, a three-run job by second baseman Dick Green. Duncan, a tall young receiver with a pleasingly mobile style behind the plate, hit a double in the seventh, but when he came up to bat with two out in the ninth, the A's were still one run shy. He ran the count to three and two and then lined another homer to left. I was startled. More accustomed to the sight of looped two-hundred-foot bingles in Shea Stadium, I had forgotten about this style of baseball. Bob Locker, a veteran relief man for the A's, now entirely muffled the visitors with his sinker ball, and in the thirteenth Dagoberto Campaneris, the Oakland shortstop, got on via an error and then stole second—quite unnecessarily, it turned out, because his teammate Reggie Jackson hit one way,

way out, to end matters. It was the fifteenth home run for the A's in seven games—fifteen homers hit by nine different players.

The next evening (before an enormously increased audience of 4,354), the Oakland starter, Catfish Hunter, in search of his ninth win in a row, was staked to an early five-run lead, which he slowly but obdurately threw away, surrendering twelve hits to the visitors, including, of course, a tying ninth-inning homer, by Jim Spencer. The winning round-tripper (the tenth of the two-game series) was struck in the twelfth by pinch-hitter Jim Fregosi, the Angels' All-Star shortstop, who has been absent most of this season with an ailing foot. The visitors' lineup also included a stranger named Alex Johnson, who had been sprung that afternoon by manager Lefty Phillips from the most recent of his many suspensions for languid play; *almost* languidly, Johnson lined out three singles.

The Athletics (to give them their honored ancient name, which the front office is, for some reason, phasing out) are a poised, eager, and extremely dangerous equipage. Their speed and power (an unusual combination that also distinguishes the Giants) are personified in Bert Campaneris, who has won the A.L. title for stolen bases in five out of the past six years, and Reggie Jackson, who hit forty-seven homers in 1969. Jackson had a miserable season last year, full of sulks and strikeouts, but he seems to have flowered under this year's manager, Dick Williams (who might even be next year's manager, too); he has twelve homers and also leads the league in assists by an outfielder, which, translated, means a deadly arm. Among the other regulars is Sal Bando, an experienced and hard-bitten third baseman. Only the pitching, surprisingly, may be a trifle below championship calibre; the bullpen, for instance, is mostly untested, having rusticated through a span of weeks this spring when two starters, Vida Blue and Catfish Hunter, ran off a string of eighteen wins without defeat.

Vida Blue. The name (it is pronounced "*Vye*-da") could have been invented by Ring Lardner or Damon Runyon—Lardner or Runyon on a *good* day. It can be sung with feeling (I have heard it) to the tune of "Lida Rose," the quartet from "The Music Man." It suggests other baseball monickers—summertime names, now all but lost to memory: June Green, Jimmy Lavender, Lu Blue (a switch-hitting first baseman with the Tigers, long ago). It also suggests, to current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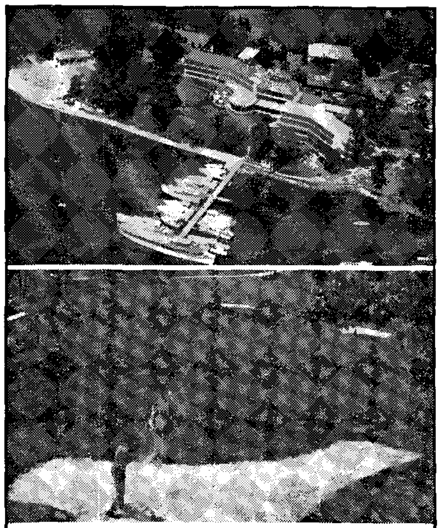
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American League batters, a quick and unrewarding day's work. Blue, still only twenty-one years old and playing his first full season in the majors, has struck out about three times as many batters as he has walked, which is phenomenal control for a young fireballer; his 13-and-2 record (at this writing) includes five shutouts. Last year, up from the minors for six late appearances, he threw a no-hitter and a one-hitter. I did not see Blue pitch in Oakland (I had a better plan), but I had no difficulty in picking him out in the clubhouse, or even on the field during batting practice, for he went everywhere with a small attendant cloud of out-of-town and local sportswriters. Their task was unenviable. Every one of them was there to ask what is, in effect, the sportswriter's only question—the question that remains unanswerable, because it scratches at the mystery that will always separate the spectator from the athlete: "How does it *feel* to be you?" Vida, to give him credit, did his best. One day, pushed for the hundredth time to explain what he, a young black ballplayer from a small town in Louisiana (Mansfield, thirty-five miles south of Shreveport), thought when he heard himself favorably compared to Sandy Koufax and Bob Gibson and Bob Feller, Blue said, "I find it quite astounding."

Vida Blue, by the way, is not the most publicized member of the Oakland A's. That honor goes, by a wide margin, to Charles O. Finley, who must be the only baseball executive whose biography takes up more pages in the team's souvenir yearbook than the space given to any of his stars or to his manager. He is the sole owner of the A's and, in effect, their stage manager. He designed the team's horrendous uniforms ("Kelly Green, Wedding Gown White, and California Gold") and put his ballplayers into white spikes, a combination that makes them look like members of a tavern-league bowling team. At each home game, his signature, spelled out in lighted script on the scoreboard, begins the announcement "Charles O. Finley presents his Million Dollar Baby. . . . I hope you find her very entertaining." He has pushed hard for multicolored bases and for the awarding of first base on three balls instead of four. He is, in short, an embarrassment to baseball and an infuriating goad. Only one thing can be said in his defense: The Oakland A's are *his* ball team. Through player development, through trades, through drafts, through planning and hiring and spending and firing—all

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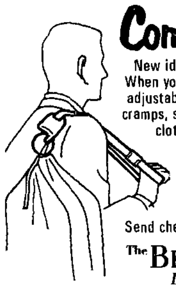
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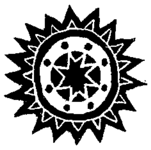
MY better plan about Vida Blue was to see him pitch in the proper surroundings—in front of a crowd. That happened just two nights later, on Friday, at baseball's prettiest diamond, the Bijou of the East, Fenway Park. The game promised wonders. It simultaneously matched up the league's two division-leading teams and two best pitchers. Blue was coming into the game after those ten straight wins, having lost only on the opening day of the season; five of his victories had been shutouts, and he had not permitted an earned run in his previous twenty innings. His opponent, the Red Sox' Sonny Siebert, stood at 8 and 0 for the year, and, going back to the middle of the 1970 season, had won seventeen of his last twenty decisions; he had surrendered a total of four runs in his last four games, and not a single home run this year. Vida, a southpaw, would be pitching for the first time in Fenway Park, whose hovering, over-adjacent green left-field wall is known as a ravenous devourer of lefties. There were other vibes: Dick Williams, the Oakland manager, was returning to the park in which, from the opposite dugout, he had led the Red Sox to their extraordinary pennant in 1967. He was fired two years later, when the Red Sox slid to third place. That 1969 season ended for the Red Sox, in effect, during a disastrous June series at Fenway Park in which the visiting Oakland A's—Kismet!—scored thirty-eight runs in three games; in one of those games, Reggie Jackson bombed Dick Williams' pitchers for ten runs batted in.



None of this was lost on the Boston fans. An hour before game time, there were standees stacked three deep behind the seats back of home, and a swarm of young human flies had alighted on the rooftop billboard behind left field. The paying crowd—35,714—was the biggest at Fenway Park in more than three years. What we saw fulfilled every wish—a firework that went off in a succession of quick, brilliant explosions and, almost before we could believe it, was done. Reggie Jackson, third up for the A's in the first inning, banged a Sonny Siebert pitch into the right-field bleachers; Reggie Smith singled off Vida Blue in the bottom half, and Rico Petrocelli, batting cleanup, bombed a Blue darter ten or twelve rows up into the triangular fold of bleachers above the wall in exact center field. Enormous noises rose into the spring air.

The two pitchers, thus quickly relieved of several of their statistical burdens, now settled into stride. Vida Blue, I discovered, is a pitcher in a hurry. Each inning, he ran to the pitcher's mound to begin his work and ran back to the dugout when it was done. (He also ran to the batter's box to take his licks—and ran back, three times, after striking out.) In the field, he worked with immense dispatch, barely pausing to get his catcher's sign before firing; this habit, which he shares with Bob Gibson and a few others, adds a pleasing momentum to the game. His motion looked to be without effort or mannerism: a quick, lithe body-twist toward first base, a high lift and crook of the right leg, a swift forward stride—almost a leap—and the ball, delivered about three-quarters over the top, abruptly arrived, a flick of white at the plate. His pitches, mostly fast balls and always in or very close to the strike zone, did not look especially dangerous, but the quick, late cuts that most of the Red Sox batters were offering suggested what they were up against. Siebert, for his part, was retiring batters just as easily, but with a greater variety of stuff; he fanned Dave Duncan once on three pitches delivered with a sensitive yet thoughtful selection of tempi—*presto*, *largo*, and *allegro*, *ma non troppo*.

Now, in the bottom of the sixth, Vida made his first mistakes. (The Petrocelli homer had been struck off an excellent fast ball.) Yastrzemski lashed violently at a high, first-pitch delivery and, catching it just a fraction too low, flied out to Rick Monday in deep center. Petrocelli then swung quickly and economically at the very next pitch and stroked the ball into the screen above the left-field wall. 3–1. All at once, the game had altered; it no longer belonged to the pitchers. Moments later, in the Oakland seventh, Dave Duncan sailed a Siebert delivery even higher into the screen, to bring things back to 3–2, and in the bottom of the same inning Siebert himself drove Reggie Jackson all the way to the bullpen to collar his line drive. Jackson was similarly disappointed in the top of the eighth, when Billy Conigliaro, with his back flattened against the fence, pulled down his shot to center. In the home half, Smith singled, and Dick Williams came out to

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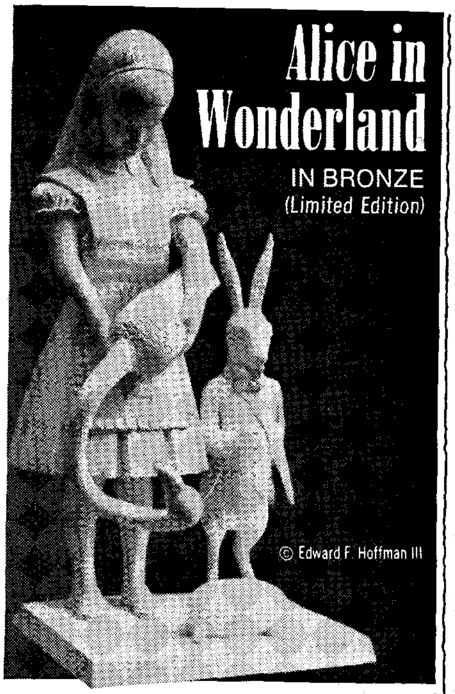

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the mound, patted his pitcher on the rump, and excused him for the rest of the evening. The happy cries of the Boston fans turned to prolonged waves of applause as Vida left the field. George Scott then brought Smith home with a little roller, hit off Bob Locker, that just got through between Bando and Campaneris.

Almost over now. Everyone was standing, clapping, laughing. Oops!—there went *another* Oakland home run into the screen, this one by Bando, to make it only 4–3. With two out, the count on Dave Duncan ran to three balls and one strike, the last two pitches floating up to the plate with so little zing that it was suddenly plain that Siebert had damaged his arm. He departed, amid plaudits, and Bob Bolin took his place on the mound. Warmed up, he stretched and threw, and Duncan rocketed the pitch to left, up and out and—a long pause—*foul!* The consensus was four inches. Bolin threw, and Duncan whacked another foul into the upper darkness—four feet, maybe five. Bolin threw again, Duncan swung and just ticked the ball, and catcher Duane Josephson held it and jumped straight up into the air, with ball and glove held high.

THE season hastens toward its summer discoveries. Vida Blue, drawing enormous audiences on the road, has launched a new winning streak, now three games long. The Red Sox, after beating Vida that Friday, lost five games in a row and eventually surrendered first place to the Orioles, perhaps forever. The Giants' June swoon—at one point, eight losses in nine games—is in full flower. One of their few recent successes was a victory over the Mets that was achieved almost entirely by their first baseman, who tied the game with a home run in the eighth inning, saved it three times in the next two innings with spectacular infield plays, and then scored the winning run in the eleventh. The first baseman, filling in for McCovey, was Willie Mays. Six days later, Mays beat the Phillies with a home run in the bottom of the twelfth inning. The leader is still leading.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

Chief Oliva praised the Auxiliary Police stating "the residents of the Town of Mt. Pleasant are most fortunate to have a dedicated Auxiliary Police serving our community. There has not been a single occasion when called upon that they have not failed to respond."—*Pleasantville (N.Y.) Journal.*

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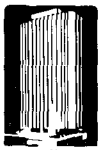

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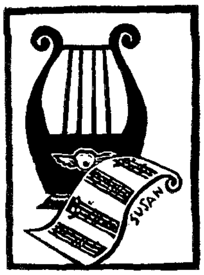

NEWS kept popping out of the Metropolitan Opera House last week. Rudolf Bing was knighted by the Queen of England, presumably for services to the realm as assistant to Carl Ebert at Glyndebourne many years ago. Goeran Gentele, who will take over as general manager in 1972, announced that Schuyler G. Chapin would be his assistant manager, and, at long last, the official announcement was made that Rafael Kubelik is to be the new musical director. I must express particular pleasure at the latter announcement. Although Mr. Kubelik is not the most brilliant conductor in the world, he is a figure of sufficient authority to fill this post, and the Met has been badly in need of a musical director ever since Max Rudolf, the practical, if not the nominal, occupant of that position, departed. It has been quite a number of years since Mr. Bing began operating without a musical director, and the results have been only too apparent. We have had important singers, lavish stage spectacles, and, sometimes, good stage directors and good casting, but we have only from time to time heard *music* at the Met—and then only when a conductor of stature was in charge, which has happened rarely under the Bing administration. Mr. Bing's first productions, twenty years ago, were generally superb. No one is likely to forget the "Don Carlo," staged by Margaret Webster and conducted by Fritz Stiedry, with which his career at the Met began. But things have since gone downhill. There has been much obvious waste in the expensive staging of rather poor productions, most of which nowadays cost up to a half-million dollars. There has been a noticeable absence of outstanding conductors, and a noticeable lack of authority for those important conductors who *did* appear from time to time. It is true that there have been plenty of "stars," but not all these stars have been great singers. (The preoccupation with stars, and the shouting that occurs when they appear, are evidences of immaturity in an audience. This quasi-sexual rite is for the mob, not for the cultivated operagoer, and it involves the claque, which Mr. Bing has done little to discourage.) The Met needs the greatest of singers, but it also needs the discipline that is imposed on these singers by great conductors. Otherwise, ridiculous distortions, like Mr. Corelli's treatment of "Celeste Aida," are sure to appear.

I have been very much impressed by Mr. Gentele, who, at a lunch several months ago, disclosed to me some of his plans. He is a thorough professional; he has been an actor, an opera director who has presented practically everything in the standard repertory and a good deal that is not, a director of the Stockholm Opera, and, for eight years, its general manager. He comes to us with a great deal more experience than Mr. Bing had when he took charge. I saw several of Mr. Gentele's productions during the Montreal Expo season, a few years ago, and they all gave evidence of a fresh and ingenious approach to operatic direction. I can only hope that he will take time off from his duties as general manager to do some directing himself at the Metropolitan. He is a likable man who will probably be popular with his staff, his conductors, his singers, and even the American Federation of Musicians. He will employ persuasion rather than the whip. And he is particularly disposed to the engagement of American singers, whenever they are as good as, or better than, imported ones.

Mr. Gentele is going to have a hard time next year, which is Mr. Bing's "lame-duck" season. Mr. Bing, having hired Marilyn Horne and James McCracken for the opening night of Mr. Gentele's first season (1972-73), suggested that Mr. Gentele open with "Tannhäuser," which is one of the Met's shoddiest productions. (Since top-rank singers nowadays have to be engaged three years ahead, Mr. Bing has had control of most of the casting for Mr. Gentele's first season, presenting Mr. Gentele with an unfortunate *fait accompli.* The singers of his first season will not all be of his choice.) Mr. Gentele, no fool, has instead proposed opening with "Carmen"—not the old Jean-Louis Barrault monstrosity but an entirely new production. I am not sure that Miss Horne and Mr. McCracken are the ideal singers for this opera, but time will tell. At any rate, we will have a general manager who is going to worry about music as well as about singers, about fair treatment of American artists, and about the Met as an institution and its place in the future of opera in America.

LAST Friday night, I went to the Metropolitan to hear "Don Giovanni." The evening was not without interest. Eugene Berman's excellent set, dating from the earlier years of Mr. Bing's regime, is still an eye-catcher. There was a new Don Giovanni, Ruggero Raimondi, and the remainder of the cast was acceptable. Like several other presentations of the June season, this was a rough-and-ready performance, with perhaps one stage rehearsal, if that. Kurt Adler, the conductor, did not succeed in keeping the ensembles together, and the balance between orchestra and singers was often faulty. Under these conditions, improvisation often took over, and sometimes went to extremes of sloppiness. That irrepressible clown, Fernando Corena, crossed himself and threw up his hands after the murder of the Commendatore, milking a huge laugh from the audience. From that moment, the atmosphere was ruined, "Don Giovanni" was played for laughs, and what one saw onstage was a comedy about the quaint sex life of a seventeenth-century Spanish nobleman. The great drama of crime and punishment that Mozart had created went out the stage door. Given the circumstances, Mr. Raimondi turned in a remarkably good performance. He has, as I have remarked, a beautiful and powerful bass voice. He is a handsome fellow, though he is a bit large and not very light on his feet. For one brought up in the Italian tradition, he sings Mozart quite well. In fact, he has the makings of a great Don Giovanni. All he needs is proper direction and adequate rehearsal. The impressive singer in the cast was Teresa Zylis-Gara, who made a splendid Donna Elvira. Edda Moser sang the role of Donna Anna with pleasing style and adequate agility, but her distinctly lyric voice seemed a bit small for so heroic a part. Rosalind Elias had difficulties with some of her higher phrases as Zerlina, and no wonder; this is no role for a mezzo. George Shirley made a more virile Don Ottavio than most singers do, though his long phrases in "Il mio tesoro" seemed to reach uncomfortably toward the limit of his staying power. John Macurdy was acceptable as the Commendatore, and Theodor Uppman is always the perfect Masetto. As for Mr. Corena, the Leporello, he is a good *basso buffo* and a

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very funny fellow. I wish he could keep his funniness under more control in an opera as great as this. He played the role, and sang it, much as though he were doing Donizetti's Don Pasquale.

On Tuesday night of last week, I attended one of those events known collectively as Alice Tully Hall Samplers. What attracted me was a program of "piano music for one to six hands," which, I learned, had been fixed up by John Gutman, of the Metropolitan Opera Studio. Not all the music that evening was of the highest quality, but it proceeded with amazing thoroughness to be just what it had set out to be. Three young pianists, all of outstanding talent—Judith Alstadter, John Ryan, and Marshall Williamson—participated. First, Miss Alstadter performed Scriabin's Prelude and Nocturne for the Left Hand, Opus 9, an early, melodious, and difficult work. Then she played Fauré's Valse-Caprice No. 1 in A Major, Opus 30, which was the evening's only work for two hands. Next came Johann Wilhelm Hässler's Sonata for Three Hands, in which Miss Alstadter used only her right hand, while Mr. Ryan supplied the two others. (Works of this sort were at one time written for teacher and pupil, the teacher taking the two-hand part while the student followed an upper part with his right hand.) After that, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Williamson did the more familiar four-hand job, with minor works by Weber, Dvořák, and Brahms; Miss Alstadter and Mr. Ryan did some Rachmaninoff duos; and Miss Alstadter and Mr. Williamson did the Six Valses for Four Hands, Opus 33, by Ignaz Moscheles—pleasing if not world-shaking items. It is extraordinary that anybody could find a work for five hands, but, sure enough, one turned up—a sonata by Johann Friedrich Hugo von Dalberg, an amateur of Beethoven's day, and his piece is not a bad one. It employed all three pianists, and so, naturally, did the six-hand numbers—a Rondino and a Fantasy on Irish Airs, both by Carl Czerny. Good, clean fun, if not exactly memorable.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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The bullmastiff, bred to guard the large British estates and game preserves from preachers in the late nineteenth century, is in increasing demand today.—*The Times.*

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BOOKS

Innocents Abroad

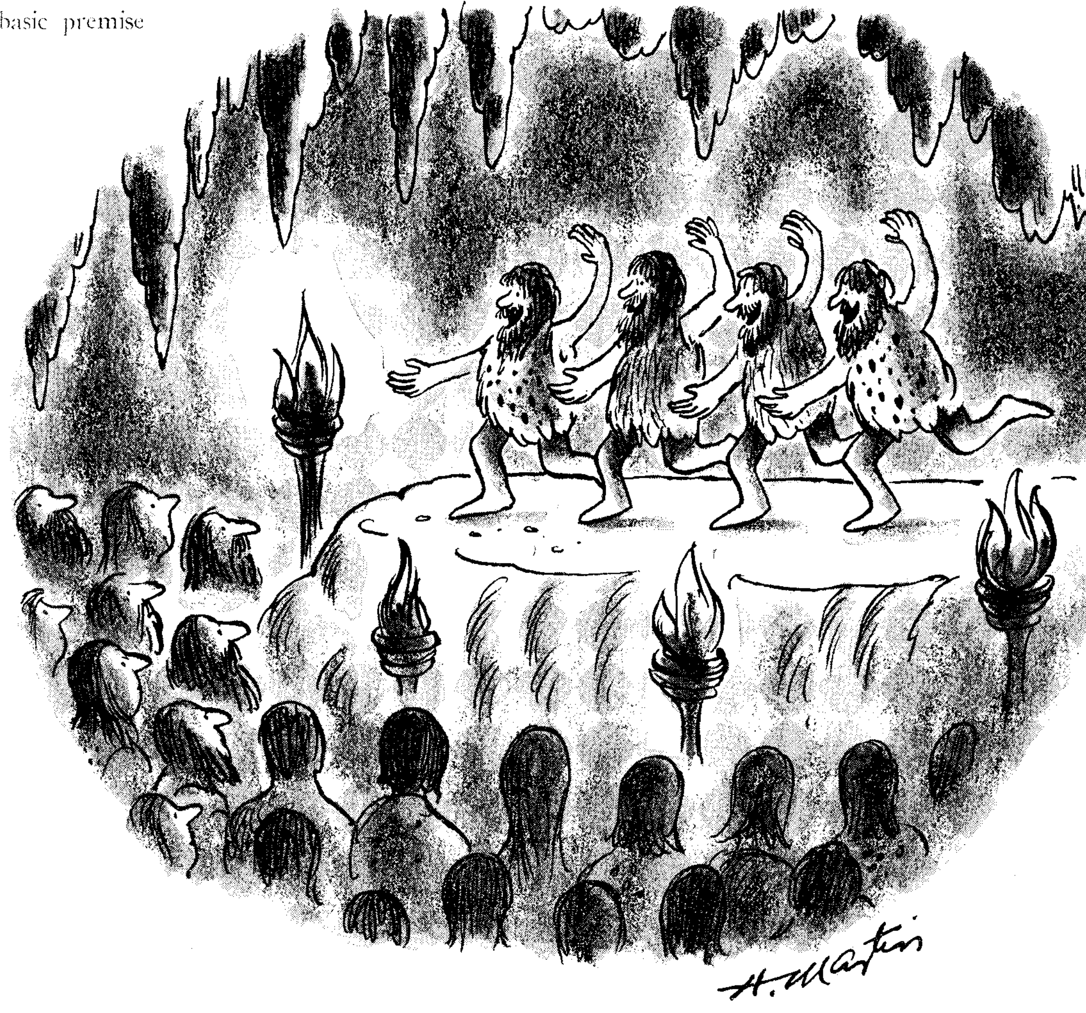
THE Kennedy Institute, or (more formally) the Institute of Politics in the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, is probably best known as an academic hotel where unemployed liberal intellectuals can respectably take their ease while they await the election of a more sympathetic President. But the Institute is also beginning to generate a distinct intellectual product—a challenge, rooted in awareness of the way large bureaucratic organizations work, to the traditional theory of international affairs. "Alliance Politics" (Columbia University Press), by Professor Richard E. Neustadt, who is director of the Institute, is the first expression of that challenge to be published for a general audience.

The traditional theory of international affairs was reared on the sacred egoism of nations. The basic premise is that states are the only significant actors on the world stage. "Diplomacy," in Sir Harold Nicolson's classic definition, "is the organized process of negotiations between sovereign states." These states are presumed to be separate entities run by sovereign leaders able to define national interests. The leaders deal with one another through military and diplomatic professionals bound to their sovereigns by loyalties superior to the self-interest of ordinary men. Thus the élite aura that still surrounds the military and diplomatic services, and their insistence that they are above politics, which is supposed to end at the water's edge.

As a sapper of the traditional theory, Professor Neustadt goes back quite a way. In "Presidential Power," published in 1960 (a book President Kennedy cited when he made Neustadt an adviser in the formation of his Administration), Neustadt argued that a modern President is not sovereign in the fashion of bosses who hand down orders. He is, instead, a highly visible figure who works at the center of large bureaucratic organizations, each with interests and an outlook of its own. Decisions are not acts of individual will but the result of an infinite variety of bargains between the President and various government bodies. In Neustadt's nicely turned sentence:

> Underneath our images of Presidents-in-boots, astride decisions, are the half-observed realities of Presidents-in-sneakers, stirrups in hand, trying to induce particular department heads or Congressmen, or Senators to climb aboard.

Presidents in sneakers have their counterparts all over the world—in premiers, prime ministers, chancellors, and even Communist Party secretaries, who all have to work through large bureaucratic organizations. What Neustadt has done at the Institute is to show that leaders working through bureaucracies practice a kind of foreign relations unlike that envisioned by the "theorists who reify the state into a single calculator, rationally pursuing its determinate self-interest." The world stage unveiled in "Alliance Politics" is peopled not by monolithic states but by many actors working loosely in national frameworks—political leaders, of course, but also congressional committees, Departments of the Treasury, the military, career diplomats, political parties, corporations, trade unions, and universities. Through the international press, each actor has instant knowledge of what the others are up to. Nationhood thus acquires a "sievelike quality. . . . The membrane between sovereign states is paper-thin and porous." What used to be known as international relations can more properly be called transnational politics; the actors on the stage increasingly use it as a forum for



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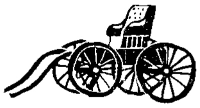
As evidence, Neustadt presents case studies of two major breakdowns in the even tenor of relations between the world's most intimate allies, the United States and Britain. The first is the Suez crisis of 1956, the second is the unpleasantness in 1962 when the United States stopped production of the Skybolt missile, which Britain was using as the basis of its nuclear-deterrent force. In each case, Neustadt shows that the governments in Washington and London took irrational actions largely because they did not consider the interplay of bureaucratic relations in the two capitals. Anthony Eden and Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan pondered Eisenhower's attitude toward their projected invasion of Egypt and decided that, as Macmillan put it, he would "lie doggo." They did not reckon on the powerful influence Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey could exert against providing the financial help to Britain that would be required by the closing down of the Canal. For his part, Eisenhower did not understand the insulation of the British armed forces from any political interference. He assumed that if the Eden regime had a go at the Canal, it would be a lightning stroke, not a long-drawn-out affair that, in the midst of an election campaign, would be a visible contradiction of his claim to be the candidate of peace and prosperity. As for the Skybolt, the British had plenty of warning that cancellation was a possibility. Kennedy and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara assumed that Macmillan would ask for a suitable substitute. They did not reckon that the British armed forces would deem the request a denial of the Tory claim for nuclear independence. Macmillan and his Minister of Defense, Peter Thorneycroft, assumed that McNamara, whom they perceived to be the strong man in the Kennedy Cabinet, would offer a substitute. They did not know that the Secretary was loath to be a "poacher" on the domain of the State Department.

By themselves, these cases are too special to justify the Neustadt theory—the more so as an insuperable incongruity sets Suez, a historic event, apart from Skybolt, a mere episode. But by means of a faculty seminar—the Research Seminar on Bureaucracy, Politics, and Policy—Neustadt has stimulated at the Kennedy Institute a collegial effort that promises to produce a great deal more evidence: a study of the German-Austrian entente, one of the origins of the First World War, is under way, and so is a study of the Washington Naval Conference of 1922. Graham Allison, the first rapporteur of the seminar, has been circulating in manuscript a monograph on the Cuban missile crisis which contains findings that are startling. For example, it is generally believed that moderates in the Executive Committee of the Cabinet that was set up to figure out what to do persuaded Kennedy to apply a blockade instead of a surgical air strike. But Allison has this to say:

> The Services had prepared and coordinated a contingency plan for military action against Castro—in case an opportunity should arise. The plan deeply reflected the lesson that these organizations had learned from the Bay of Pigs: the Kennedy Administration could not be trusted to do what was required in the heat of military action. When *these* leaders wanted military action, they would have to sign on to a plan that called for massive military force. . . . In preparing the "Ex Com's" surgical-strike option, the Air Force planning unit simply took the existing contingency plan out of the safe and made modifications aimed at the Soviet missiles. . . . Thus the air-strike option served up by the Air Force called for extensive bombardment of all storage depots, airports, and (in deference to the Navy) the artillery batteries opposite the naval base at Guantánamo, as well as the missile sites. . . . The surgical air strike the governmental leaders wanted, and which they thought was being discussed, was never examined in detail by the Air Force planners.

Soviet bureaucratic routine was just as hampering. Khrushchev had undertaken an operation that depended on secrecy. The most meticulous precautions surrounded the shipping of the missiles to Cuba. But missile construction sites had never been camouflaged in the Soviet Union, so there was no camouflage in Cuba. The sites "were built to look exactly like the sites in the Soviet Union." And this similarity led to the American discovery of the missiles.



A dissident at one of the Neustadt seminars suggested that the session be entitled "The Last Hurrumph, or Bureaucracy Über Alles." That shaft carries more than a donnish joke. Presidents and Party secretaries are not mere clerks, and the most confident bureaucrats do not easily go against the grain of national leadership. Only special political circumstances make it possible for agents to push their superiors around. Kennedy was vulnerable to Air Force pressure because of his unavowed doubts about his toughness in standing up to the Communists. Khrushchev could not dictate to his forces, because he had been bluffing for years about the overwhelming strength of the Soviet Union.

Still, the recognition that a political logic determines bureaucratic infighting only reinforces the basic lesson in the work of Professor Neustadt and his associates. The world stage really is crowded with presences. The public that is concerned with foreign matters is the whole political public. Ventures abroad, accordingly, require mass support, and the condition of mass support is a straightforward relationship between ruler and ruled. The whirlwind is sown by leaders with presumptions of greatness who bluff and dissemble, who mask purposes and play deep confidence games, who pretend that something can be had for nothing.

—JOSEPH KRAFT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

EVERYBODY KNOWS AND NOBODY CARES, by Mason Smith (Knopf). Mr. Smith's only problem here is how to get his hero, one Ogden Jones—an over-age Stanford graduate student with a nice wife and three children—out there on the American Road with his knapsack, his sleeping bag, his fly rod, and his thumb cocked for a ride. The solution is a bit makeshift, but it serves, and the rest is a total delight: over the Sierra Nevada, across the Utah desert, up into the Wyoming trout country, then an interlude with a delicious girl, then heading home. This is not "On the Road" or "Five Easy Pieces," for Mr. Smith is a joyous writer, with something of the sweetness and honesty of the early Hemingway and much of the happy amorality of David Garnett. At home outdoors, at home with people, at ease with life, he is a writer to rejoice in.

THE BIRDS ON THE TREES, by Nina Bawden (Harper & Row). An English family story, middle-class, about grandparents, parents, and teen-age children, all of them very real, and at times even touching, without ever being completely interesting, which is odd, considering what a good writer Miss Bawden is. Charlie and Maggie Flower, affectionate enough, have brought more insouciance than consideration to the upbringing of their three children, and Toby, the eldest, has turned out resentful, moody, and generally so shaky that he is expelled from school

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just before his final examinations. At nineteen, his life seems to be in danger of being totally ruined. Without exactly pitching in and all pulling together, the family, including Toby's maternal grandparents, rally to the crisis in the tentative, puzzled, willing way common to ordinary people in ordinary life—nobody hoping for a miracle but everybody on the alert for a chance to do something positive. In the end, Toby saves himself by falling in love. Is it as simple as that? the reader might ask. Yes, it is as simple as that. Miss Bawden is a really convincing writer, but in this book her low-keyed writing is perhaps too low-keyed. One has the feeling of too much left unsaid.

GENERAL

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: AN AMERICAN LIFE, by Kenneth S. Lynn (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Because of his family's poverty (his father was a brilliant ne'er-do-well), Howells, after a spotty education, had to go to work at ten in his father's trade—printing, editing, and newspaper reporting in Hamilton, Ohio. On the side, he wrote poetry and studied literature, and his formidable diligence helped him rise. Yet Howells always felt guilty for indulging himself in (comparative) luxury when all around him industrial America was breeding abominable poverty; his sensitivity was tortured by inequities and injustices to which he saw no practical solution. (He believed in Socialism without much hope.) His sense of displacement—of having, quite literally, no home in the United States—was very much a product of his period. When he arrived—in both senses of the term—in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1866 as an assistant editor on the *Atlantic*, he was regarded as a cross between a scholarship boy and a noble savage, because he came from Ohio. Howells' pleasure at infiltrating the then citadel of American literary culture did not blind him to the limitations of that culture. But the alternatives to Cambridge—the small towns he had come from, drained of their vitality, and the big cities that had drained those towns—did not attract him, either. Howells' life, then, was a thwarted pilgrimage—a journey on which he found one pretty cup after another but never the Grail. Still, the quest was noble, and Mr. Lynn intelligently demonstrates what Howells was seeking in each of his works. Thirteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

GERTRUDE STEIN IN PIECES, by Richard Bridgman (Oxford). In pieces, the author says, because the whole of her work can be comprehended only by examining the fragments; in pieces because Gertrude Stein, with all her undoubted accomplishment and all her gifts, never told her story, or her stories, straight but offered them "obscured, askew, incomplete." This book is a study—one of the most sympathetic, unbendingly scrupulous, and fair we have had—of the Stein canon, combined with a full-length portrait of Miss Stein in which Mr. Bridgman relates her written works, in the order of their occurrence, to what was happening in her life. The book's achievement is that it furthers our understanding of a woman who, despite her seeming arrogance and her true independence of mind and spirit, craved understanding above all. That she was worth the trouble she had no doubt. Nor should we, with a book like this at hand. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: "Living Well Is the Best Revenge," Calvin Tomkins' Profile for this magazine of Gerald and Sara Murphy, has been published by Viking. The author has added a chapter on Gerald Murphy's work as a painter.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LONG WATCH, by Alan White (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). An elderly French chemist imprisoned by the Nazis near Chartres has scientific information (something to do with the bonds in aromatic hydrocarbons) that the British think might quicken the road to victory, and Mr. White dispatches one of his wild, snarling, dedicated Commando teams to obtain it before the old man dies or spills the beans to the enemy. Nothing, of course, goes right. The team parachutes into an ambush, foolproof plans must be revised on the run, there are turncoats everywhere, British blood is poured by the gallon, but in the end—ragged, limping, wrangling—the survivors escape in triumph.

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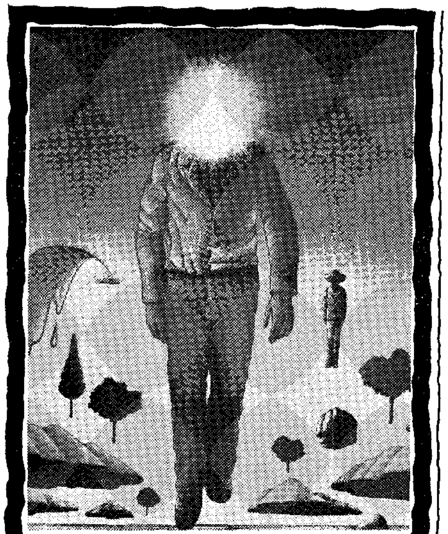
Asked if they supported women's lib, 47.5% said they did, 44.3% said they did not, and 8.2% had no opinion. Broken down by sex, 48.9% of the men favored the movement, compared to only 45.4 of the women.—*The News.*

Just give the statistics, please.



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